The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1913 JOY AND CONGRATULATION We can never take any pleasure in cynical remarks about the closing exercises of our halls of learning. These remarks may be?but the outpourings of the world-weary or the disappointed, or of those whose sensibilities have been roughened with life's content; but whatsoever the source they, to our mind, do not ring true. For Commencement Day is associated with joy, with beauteous promise and wondrous achievement. It means the going forth to battle and to victory. The clear eyes see but the shining highway aglow with the sunlight of youth, crowded with knights in golden armour on quest for the Holy Grail. They do not see the noisome glens on either side, the stones that wait for their feet, the shadows and darkness that will blot out for the time being the glory of the road. Theirs is the heritage of the young - the heritage that makes the blood tingle and sets every "bush afire with?God." And that heritage, an anodyne for every pain, afashioner of the strength that, when going hand in hand with humility, laughs at danger and of the vision that sees behind every lowering cloud a glint of the blue can be theirs for aye. For we can be always young. Though the hair be shot with grey and the years make the steps falter, the heart can be as fresh as in the days when life was a story that held neither sob nor sigh. Worldly success may be ours without preventing decay of the heart. Achievement may be the product of here in Canada is fast growing the our energy and yet be as ashes on Canadianism that knows no discrim our lips. But whether we have ination in civil and political matters cheque books or be acclaimed by the in the lines of race, color or creed. voice of notoriety, we can, if we do our work enthusiastically and constantly, build up within us a store of joyous memories - a house into which we can go and find comfort. We can be commonplace or live on a high plane. On the heights it is

sometimes cold, but they who dwell

there are vouchsafed visions which

are denied to those who live in the

valley. It is betimes monotonous,

but the consciousness of duty done

is more than ample compensation.

We think that we may expect from

our graduates the proof that their

of the world beyond the spheres.

They should be light-bearers in the

darkness of materialism. They

world of easy sensuality. They

should walk securely, for they

have the lamp of Catholic principles

for their feet. They should be sol-

and a source ever at hand of sacra-

be leaders, ever ready to give assist-

ance to the solution of social prob-

lems, and anxious always to reach

out to others the helping and guid-

ing hand of brotherly love. To be-

come one of the "crowd," to live on

its thought, to be swayed by its in-

fluence, to fear its antagonism, were

unworthy of those trained to live for

the beautiful and true. To see a

Catholic graduate become so impreg-

truth which he claims to possess should

shine forth in act and be a beacon

for all but the blind. There is no

limit to the influence of a good Cath-

be austere in

BOLS ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY MARGARET E. TABOR We are of the opinion that a book of this nature should be penned by one who is sympathetic with the subjects and dowered with the gifts of study and scholarship. It can be as dry as a broken cistern, or vital with life and color. It can be suggestive and stimulative or a mere transcript of statistics. While we eyes have been opened to the beauty are averse to any display of hypercriticism with regard to this little treatise, we must say that Miss Tabor, if not scholarly, is industrious. Clerk-like, she checks off the subjects with never a line to make us think of cloisters in which the saints lived and died. Occasionally she makes, due perhaps to injudidiers for they have a glorious cause, to haste, a statement that is not in mental help. And more, they should harmony with statistical methods. When she tells us, for example, that St. Theresa was a woman " of a fervid and somewhat morbid temperament," her tone, always unsympathetic takes on an element of dissonance. A little knowledge, and there are good biographies of St. Theresa, would have spared Miss Tabor this glaring exhibition of misinformation. One can be brief without being inaccurate; and even in a nated with worldliness as to love his guide book written at high speed one individuality, and to be shorn of can refrain from dismissing an emin Catholic characteristics, makes us sad ently practical woman as of "some and indignant. For he should be what morbid temperament." Her better than others. The love and the life shows that she was a woman of extraordinary analytical gifts and of a character that was impregnable to opposition. Within her frail body was fount of courage and enthusiasm olic. It is a force indestructible and that inspired and carried her along fruitful. It colours thought and from one triumph to another. And shapes action; it awakens conthey who read the "Book of Foundascience and compels those who are tions" in which she narrates the story touched by it to put on the garments of the convents founded by her and of purity and truth. It is all-pernote how the brave, tranquil spirit, suasive in its application, and works strengthened from above, went on silently and more effectively than despite obstacles and difficulties, will not assign her a place among the morbid temperaments.

DO HIS SHARE

words, however eloquent.

The graduate of to-day should contribute his quota to the making of history. He can draw indeed upon the wisdom of the past and extol its glories, but he should make them subservient to his own thought and action. The deeds which are chronicled in letters of fire upon the pages of history should impel him to give toil of self-sacrifice and industry. To close his books means mental

atrophy. For his education is but a to the realm of knowledge: his college is but a workshop wherein his faculties have been tempered and developed for future use. Hence to imagine that when the doors of Alma Mater fade into the distance his education is finished is the climax of folly. For him is the work of feeding both mind and heart, so as to make him capable of coping with emergencies and of rendering service of enduring value. Hence he must always be keyed up to concert pitch. In other words, he must be in the firing line. Any man can stop with the commissariat wagons, but to be where there is work to be done, even at the cost of personal comfort, demands not only courage but vision, not only enthusiasm but pertinacity. And should it entail death the angels will look down and smile at the man unafraid, dead in his harness, true, and to the end unwavering in fidelity to duty We are of the opinion that to-day there are more opportunities than ever for Catholic graduates. They can minister to minds diseased with false principle, and befogged in the mist of materialism. To others they can give the example of men who see and measure things by the light of eternity. By their attendance at and participation in public meetings they can foster the formation of enlightened public opinion. Their sphere of usefulness is as large as they wish. The prizes which this country has to offer are to be won by the strongest and best. Let them give no quarter to the pretexts of coward and weakling. The shadow of bigotry may fall athwart their path, but they should remember that

THE SAINTS IN ART

WITH THEIR ATTRIBUTES AND SYM

In near intimacies, we are ninety nine times disappointed in our beg garly selves for once that we are dis appointed in our friend; that it is we who seem most frequently unde serving of the love that unites us and that it is by our friends' conduct that we are continually rebuked and yet strengthened for a fresh endeavor.-Robert Louis Stevenson.

God's words are always words of love, no matter whether they words of promise or of warning.

BISHOP FALLON IN

ECEPTION OF THE M'GRANE TOUR ISTS-HIS LORDSHIP PRESENTS AN ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER

From Rome, 26th July The third pilgrimage of the year touring under the auspices of Comm. McGrane arrived in Rome on Satur day evening last. Numbering sixty-five it is under the spiritual direction of Mgr. Fallon, Bishop of London Ont., and includes, besides several American priests, the Revs. M. J. Brady, P. McCabe, and D. J. Downey rom His Lordship's own diocese, the latter acting as his Secretary while Introduced by in Rome. Introduced by Mgr O'Hern, Vice-Rector of the American College, Bishop Fallon and the pilrims were received in audience in he Consistorial Hall on Wednesday

morning. His Lordship's address to the Holy Father ran as follows: " Holiness : It was written that love will not ear chains of iron or of gold and that it knows no limits either of time or space. As we left the shores of Canada and the United States, one thought, one heart-beat moved us the thought of seeing Your Holiness the heart-beat of devotion to the threshold of Peter. Holiness, it is not only the children of the cities of Europe who kneel at your sign, weep and rejoice at your tears or your smile-far off, amid the sweet virgin gardens of the new land, in the busy cities of the new world, where Slav and Syrian mingle with Anglo-Saxon and Latin in heart and mind and tongue, there too, in the whirl of that beat for You, minds that think with Yours. How great the joy of a pilgrim in placing foot on this land whose every yard is to the traveller a record of a hero, a genius, a martyr; how great in front of the eloquent undying harmony. But how

records of this city, Imperial, Byzan tine, modern, the indestructible footsteps traced by sword and art in an measurably greater the joy of the pilgrim before the Successor of Peter, living and imperishable monument of the Fisherman of Galilee How to describe our joy, the affection that moves us, Your children! Holiness, it is to show this affection that we have come to Your feet from fa shores. In front of the civil world, scrutinising and observant, amid the whirl of modern thought, we, humble children of that Holy Church that You represent, have come, too, to celebrate the famous Edict of Constantine, which sixteen centuries ago gave peace and liberty to the bark of Peter, then harried by tempest, raised above paganism and the innumerable passions of the interests of the world. We have come to declare our living faith in Christ. the close bond which unites us to the successor of Peter, to congratulate Your Holiness on restored health, to thank God Who has deigned to leave to the love of Your children You His Vicar on earth. In this year of Jubilee, in which You are receiving

the homage of all Your devoted chil-

lren, in this year of joy and pardon,

with the ardent homage of Your other children, receive, too, ours. It comes from humble hearts; it tells You of our devotion to the Faith. Accept it, Holy Father, as a sweet virgin flower from the fields and forests of the nev land : bind it with the others offered You ; make of them a mystic wreath and offer it to the Heart of Him in Whose name You speak and ac Accept it, and grant me, the last of Your devoted children, Your blessing; and may that strengthen ever more the attachment of our hearts and minds to You and to Our Saviour of Nazareth.' His Holiness in reply thanked the

Bishop for his address. He thanked too, the pilgrims for coming so far to see the visible Head of the Church on earth; He hoped that Christ the invisible Head would bless them for it. He granted the spiritual favors the Bishop asked for them; the Apostolic blessing for those present and for their relatives and dear-one at home; permission for the priests to give the Apostolic Blessing once he blessed all the religious object they had brought with them, specially indicating the Brigitine Indulgence for the Rosaries. Plenary Indulgence Toties Quoties in the hour of death

for the Crucifixes. After Mgr. Fallon had translated for the pilgrims the Holy Father's address which was spoken in Latin His Holiness imparted the Apostolic

Benediction. After leaving the Consistorial Hall the pilgrims visited His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State. In-troducing them to His Eminence Bishop Fallon said he wished to present a pilgrimage of Catholics of the United States and Canada who had just come from the augus ace of the Vicar of Jesus Christ and had been strengthened there in their faith and attachment of the Holy See by the Apostolic Benedic imparted by His Holiness. He thought it only fitting that should present their homage to His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, so closely united to the Holy Father in the administration of the affairs of the Church. Those who came from Canada remembered with

the deepest affection His Eminence's presence and work in their country; his name was a household word in every Catholic home on the great American continent. They humbly asked His Eminence's blessing that their lives might be actuated by some

small portion of his wonderful devo tion to the Holy Father.

Replying, His Eminence said that for them who had just come from the presence of the Holy Father him-self, his blessing could but be a small thing. He was very glad indeed to receive pilgrims from the United States and Canada who had come to present their homage to the Holy Father. He himself had always re tained the deepest love for Canada and all Catholics in it nor could any thing diminish his affection for the Catholics of the United States. Of one thing they had spoken with absolute accuracy and the deepest truth—his entire devotion to the Holy Father. For that reason it gave him great joy to grant his blessing in the sense in which their

Bishop had asked it. re leaving Bishop Fallon pre sented the pilgrims individually to His Eminence who gave his kindly greeting to each.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

ATTACKED BY VANDALS .- Some of our Chinese missionaries have suffered much at the hands of the victorious rebels. Father Sebastiano Ceccherelli, O. M., is one of these.

He writes that it would be impos sible to describe the barbarities committed by these vandals in his Armed with guns and district. swords they went from house, sacking and killing all who offered opposition. Those who were not killed were imprisoned: those who attempted to escape by flight were pursued and mutilated.

Towards the women," tinues, "they behaved like wild Earrings were snatched from their ears, bracelets from their wrists. A young girl of eighteen years, the wife of the defeated general, and a convert, is said to have been seized and killed after a most cruel torture."

Father Ceccherelli incurred the wrath of the rebels because of his friendship with one of the generals of the opposing party. About thirty of them broke into his house and one fired a shot that just grazed his forehead. His coolness quelled them and they were bidden by their leader to desist from any further attack. However, they continue to spy upon him and surround his house with a guard that they may

know just what goes on.

Meanwhile he finds himself in a deplorable condition. The bank where he kept his money was sacked and he has therefore lost everything. Besides this his Christians turn to him for aid in this, the hour of their misfortune, and he is unable to relieve them.

"In our Lord's name." he writes. 'see if you can help me a little. This mission, fifteen days ago so flourishing, is fallen into a most deplorable misery. But we must be brave and remember that the Lord's trials are meant to purify and not to destroy. However, we can do ery little to repair our mis unless some one comes to our aid with material assistance."

NEW CHINESE PAPER .- Our attention has been called by Father Morel, a missionary in Northern China, to the publication of a Chinese Catholic weekly known as "Kwang-i-loo" (The Public Good.) In the beginning it was a modest little paper with about one hundred subscribers, for according to the intention of its founder, it was merely an organ for the Propagators of the Faith, a local ssociation in the district of Tientsin. Now, fourteen months since its foundation it has more than one thousand eight hundred subscribers in the forty-eight vicariates of China and even in foreign lands-Italy,

"We do not enter into religious controversy with Protestants or heathens," writes Father Morel, "nor do we devote our pages to political matters, save a short summary in our supplement. We seek only Catholic interests, giving the important news items of all Christendom. Before we knew of The Pilot we had little news from Catholic America, but now we have plenty, and I assure you it is of great interest to our Chinese Catholics who look to America for all things.

"You must know how difficult it is to found and sustain a paper, even in your own country. Then think what it means to us here in China where ve have nothing but our intellectual resources. We would appreciate any ssistance no matter how small Perhaps some Chinese Americans could be found who would like to subscribe to our paper. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year."

NATIVES BEG FOR MISSIONARIES.-Bishop Biermans, of Africa, recently-took a trip through the outlying districts of his province. It was six weeks' tramp through a very dangerous country. The native boy who accompanied him, on his return home had much to tell the Sisters concerning the trip. "O. Sister."

said he, "it was a very bad country. There were no bananas and the people went about with spears and arrows in their hands. We had to stay in huts which were not like our nice clean ones but dirty and bad smelling.

The Bishop, however, was very happy to find that in some of the laces visited the natives are very anxions to have missionaries comnd teach them. The chiefs begged him to send them permanent mission aries, and altogether the fields in this part of the Lord's vineyard are white for the harvest.—Sacred Heart Review.

INFLUENCE OF THE MADONNA

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offense they are one of the parts of the Cath olic faith which are openest to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialistic temper of the reformation. But, after the most careful ex amination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catho licism for good and evil, I am per-suaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length breadth and of Europe during the whole period of vital the whole period Christianity in which agined presence of the Madonna not given sanctity humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women and every brightest and loftiest chievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden. "He that is might hath magnified me, and holy is His name."-Ruskin.

THE SWISS GUARD STORIES

For the last week we have been reading in the Roman papers the most extraordinary accounts of what the Swiss Guards at the Vatican have been doing and not been doing. If they had been literally true, a timid the duty of alms giving, participate person might really have hesitated in a great spiritual work of mercy, efore approaching the bronze doors. And-again on that suppositionone hoped that this unprecedented "mutiny" would have no adverse effects on the Holy Father's health, now so magnificently re-established But it required no expert knowledge of the Liberal Press of Rome to be sure that such reports contained a great deal of imagination built a small foundation of fact, and the exact extent of the fact we now learn from the Osservatore of last evening This is what the Vatican paper has

to tell us: "Something which, though in itself deplorable, is not of such gravity as might appear, has occurred in the Pontifical Swiss Guard. On Thursday, the 17th, twenty one of the Guard who should have gone on duty refused to take up their positions unless satisfaction was given them by the removal of Captain Glesson. This officer, being nt, and being taken t did not get a proper grip of the situa-tion, and instead of issuing his orders or calling his superior, Major Glanz-mann, argued with the men. The argument was heated until a sergeant quieted the men. Colonel Repond, who is on leave in Switzerland at once recalled, and Captain Glesson who is not, as some papers have said, his nephew, was provisionally retired. Colonel Repond, arrived in Rome this morning, and at once en quired into the facts. He found that Captain Glesson has no longer the personal authority necessary position, especially after the damage aused to his prestige by the events of the 17th. He will be asked to hand in his resignation. The position of the Swiss Guard requires that its officers should be possessed of a degree of authority which is is the reason why it is impossible for Captain Glesson to remain at his post, in spite of the notable services he has rendered in the training of the corps. As soon as the degree of personal responsibility of the men has been established, they will be punished. It is to be noted that they are almost exclusively late recruits unaccustomed to military life, and desirous of introducing into it the customs of the strike and of free discussion prevalent in civil life. The greater part of them do not seem to have any idea of the gravity of their For the rest, complete conduct. order has been re established since last Thursday in the ranks of the Swiss Guard, but, it will not be pos sible to form a complete judgment of the event for some days yet. What is quite certain is that military discipline will be maintained at all cost in the ranks, and that such as do not wish to wish to submit to it will be eliminated."

The necessity of military discipline among the Swiss Guard has come to e realized, particularly during the last year or two. It is necessary that the Pontiff, being a Sovereign, should have a force round him suffic-

ientfor his needs, and in these days it is necessary that that force small as it is, should be trained to be able to act if need arise. The Person of the Pontiff is sacred; the Giordano Bruno Society, the worst and most violent anti-clericals in Italy, are established almost within a stone's throw of the Holy Father's windows Their "Down with the Vatican aims are stated in public meetings and it was in the power of the Italian Government to prevent this—it is for instance, an obvious infraction of the Law to Guarantees. Nor has the insult of the body of Pius IX, which the Government did not prevent, een forgotten. Many an ordinary Italian, and European, citizen has a revolver handy these days for the protection of himself and his property. Therefore Colonel Repond is determined that those whose busi ness it is to stand guard over the Person of the Sovereign Pontiff shall be put in a position, through drill, discipline and proper arms, to do so effectively. It seems that some recruits have come to Rome with a very up-to-date conception of what "duty neans. And the Vatican having no need for such, they will go back to the places from whence they came. Roman Letter of Tablet.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. raser, the Canadian missionary to

China. There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields

are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser.

Here is an opportunity to discharge and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of

REMITTANCES

Previously acknowledged.... \$1,659 25 Friend, Bowmanville.... D. J. Byrne, Montreal... Woman's Lazaretto, Tracadie, N. B. 5 00 Mrs. J. Wells, Grimsby...... M. E. Donovan, Crystal City Geo. Hammond, Hamiota... A Friend, Rossland..... Anthony Cobus, Renfrew ... A. Enright, Toronto A Friend, North Sydney... Alfred Diebolt, Morse, Sask.. Tessie Carson, Thessalon... 1 00 REMITTANCES TO FATHER FRASER cheque April 25, 1913..... \$780 00 May 15, 1913 (Special)...

July 11, 1913..... ANOTHER LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER We have received the following

etter from Rev. John M. Fraser,

Missionary to China, acknowledging

a special donation of \$5.00 Catholic Mission,

Taichowfu, China June 30, 1913.

Dear Mr. Coffey,-Yesterday I said High Mass in honor of St. Ann as requested by a reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD of Penetanguishene, Ont Will you please thank her for the \$5.00 she sent. The good intention this kind person expresses of send ing me pecuniary aid is indeed en couraging. Every friend I make gives me new strength to go one step further into the wilderness of pagan ism. You will be glad to hear I have begun to build a first Catholic Church in the Tientai, one of my cities. I have three cities and thousand towns and villages in my parish. I am exceedingly grateful to you and your generous readers.

J. M. FRASER.

HIGHER CRITICISM

Higher criticism is now getting in its deadly work. After our separated brethren had taken the Bible as the only rule of faith they began to tear it to pieces, each one according as humor was upon him. After they had satisfied themselves as to the nature of the book along came the higher criticism and taught them how to examine it "scientifically."

At the meeting of Methodist

ministers in New York a week or two ago, it was the cause of bitter dispute and has since then devoted herself among the members of the assembly The New York Sun reports that Thomas B. Nealy defended the Bible at this meeting, and Rev. many to the Church. She holds Dr. George P. Main attacked Bishop Nealy for so doing.

CATHOLIC NOTES

According to statistics cited by a correspondent of the Lamp, one-half of the population of the Island of Malta receive Holy Communion every day of the year.

Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant, former Episcopalian chaplain at Wemyss Castle, Fife, England, was received into the Church at Dunbar. England, by Father Long.

In Italy, it is now unlawful for a military employee of the Government, to join a secret society such as the Masonic lodge, or to have any

part or connection with such. The diocese of Menevia, in Wales, is ancient, dating from the middle century. The magnificent Cathedral was formerly Catholic. It contains the tomb of St. David. The restored diocese is rich in relics of

the Ages of Faith. A new council of the Knights of Columbus was instituted on Sunday, July 6, at Asheville, N. C., and among the sixty-five charter members received into the new council were the Right Rev. Bishop Haid, Vicar Apos tolic of North Carolina.

In Madrid, Spain, in a church in relic of the True Cross, six thousand workingmen recently spent hours before it in veneration. Ten thousand children also paid homage to this venerated relic.

In Switzerland, the Catholic popu lation is 1,590,792. Of this number 52,777 belong to the Volksverein (Catholic Union) and reside in 181 places. The Catholic Women's Union numbers 40,328 members in 20 differ-

ent towns. Recently there has been established a Catholic mission for the Japanese colony in Vancouver, B. C. work was made possible by the zeal and charity of a Miss O'Melia, a convert to the Church, who for several years has devoted herself to the instruction of the Japanese.

Rev. John Janssen, P. D., first Bishop of the Diocese of Belleville, Ill., died July 2, aged 78 years, after an illness which dated from April 24 last, the day before he had arranged to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration

Under the Church of St. Paul at the Tre Fontane, Rome, is the actual tomb of St. Paul the Apostle. On one of its marble slabs is engraved rudely the words: Paulo Apostolo Mart.—Paul the Apost. Martyr.

The Knights of Columbus have very nearly completed the \$500,000 endowment the order started to raise for the Catholic University in Wash ington. Only \$5,000 remains of the amount required, and that will be secured before the supreme convention of the order in this city is

The New World of Chicago tells us that Miss Melva Beatrice Wilson, sometimes called "America's foremost woman sculptor," has become a nun. The young woman went to New York from the Middle West a decade ago, and attained a success that was almost sensational. Wilson is a daughter of the late Judge John Lafavette Wilson of Ohio. and is a convert from Episcopalian ism.

Atn of Paris about \$40,000 a year to pay 5 00 the salaries or wages of its Catholic teachers; the Diocese of Angers, \$200,000 : the Diocese of Cambrai \$325,000. Catholics in France are making heroic efforts for their schools.

> The tyranny of the revolutionary Government of Portugal is producing a marked renewal of religious faith and practices, as in France. In Oporto and its neighborhood the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul have been doubled. The Communions, es pecially of men, during the Easter season were, it is said never equaled in the memory of the people.

The "Association Catholique des Chefs de Famille," organized to combat the secularization of French schools, is increasing rapidly in strength. At the time of the first congress, held last year in Paris, fifteen dioceses only belonged to the association; thirty-eight now adhere, and it counts fifty thousand heads of

After a long struggle, the German Jesuits, exiled from their own coun try but settled in Tokio, have obtained the authorization to open a university. Minister of Public In struction Hasabu has sent to Father Dahlmann the solicited authorization with the intimation that the official name of the university will "Jochi Daia Kou," or "High School of Wisdom.

Emily Hickey, the convert daughter of the Protestant rector of Mack-mine Castle, Enniscorthy, County Wexford, has been decorated by the Pope with the gold cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice. Her grandfather had also been a Protestant parson. She became a Catholic seven years ago to social and philanthropic work. Her book, entitled "Thoughts of Creedless Women," has attracted Cambridge University first class honors.

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XIX

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE IS ENGAGED AT

LAST

Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."-Young I felt a shock—a shock as if a large bucket of icewater had been suddenly dashed over me. I stood still, in the middle of the road, fern in hand stupefied and speechless. So this was what he called friendship! Had heard aright? My ears had not deceived me.

"You will marry me, won't you, Nora?" he repeated, somewhat abashed by the undisguised amazement reflected in my ever tell-tale face. "Surely you have known my feelings this long time? Make me happy; say you will be my wife."
"Impossible," I answered, blushing

furiously. And why impossible?" eagerly. " I thought you only cared for me

friend ? A friend? Pshaw! I fell in love with you across the dinner table the first night I ever saw you! There is no such thing as friendship between a man like me and a girl like you it must be love or nothing."

But you said you were my friend,'

Yes, very true; friendship is the beginning of love, the outworks of the citadel. And now, Nora, tell me, my dear little girl-do you care about -do vou love me?

I do not; no, certainly I do not." I replied, with great resolution

and flaming cheeks.

"But you like me," he answered, unabashed. "Your auntie told me that I might—hope. I have her best wishes in the matter. Nora, surely you will listen to me; with even liking I will be content to commence

'I-do like you-I like you very much—better than any other man except uncle—but I do not love you," If you love no other man, that is

enough for me; you are sure there is no one you care about?" he asked in a calm, judicial manner. No one," I answer, firmly.

"Then you will marry me, Nora—liking will soon ripen into love," he urged, in a tone of subtle persuasive-

"But I do not want to marry any one," I replied with a woe-begone face, and on the very brink of tears. Surely no one would guess from my face and attitude that a heart and coronet were figuratively at my feet!

Oh, come now, you know that's all nonsense! Some day you will marry, as a matter of course. I give you a day to think of it, Nora? Shall I come for my answer to said Major Percival, stand ing right before me, with an air of resolution, and an inflection in his voice that told me he was a deterned man, and one not to be denied. Very well," I faltered, eagerly

grasping at the proffered delay ou can talk it over with you (oh, crafty Major Percival!) and this time to-morrow I will come for my answer; you don't know how anxious I will be, nor how I shall be counting the minutes till I know my fate. May I walk home with you now?"

No, not on any account !" I an swer, pettishly. "I see uncle coming this way," casting my now discarded fern among the bushes. "I will go I see uncle coming with him; I want to be alone, and to think. You have taken me so much

I kept my word; I thought a great deal. I lay awake for hours, revolving the matter in my mind. Percival was much older than I was, and I did not love him; but many marriages were exceedingly happy, despite disparity of years, and I asked myself, over and over again, could I love any one? Was I not, although hot-tempered and impulsive in everyday matters, of a really cold and undemonstrative disposition? It was a magnificent match. Auntie's heart was set upon it. She had talked to me eloquently for hours before I went to bed, and discussed Major Percival's character, his position, and my prospects of happiness, and had summed up; and, in her opinion, the verdict should be, Yes.

Think, my darling girl, if any thing were to happen to us, how alone in the world you would be, without any near relatives, without any man of your own kith and kin, to take care of you and look after

I thought of Maurice, and became

After all, I made up my mind to say "Yes;" and "Yes" I did breathe in Major Percival's rapturous ear when he came to hear his fate, that lovely April afternoon, in our dim, jasmine-scented drawing-room. But -there were conditions.

I have some stipulations to make Major Percival," I said, as he took me by both hands, and drew me to ward him.

Anything, everything, to the half of my kingdom," he exclaimed gayly.
"The first is, that our engagement remains unknown to any, save our immediate relations, for the next six months-in case we should change

"I agree. I shall be in England all the time," he answered cordially

But my mind can know no change."
"At the end of that time, you can come and see us at Mulkapore, and the matter may be made public; but I shall not marry you for at least a

hk it is rather hard lines."

Percival's consent, and that was sufficient, and the matter was to be think it is rather hard lines."

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE crimson, and breaking down alto-Is-what? Something easier than

the last, I hope."
"Do not think me very foolish, or be very angry with me; but I have a nervous horror—of—of—of " (making a superhuman effort and bringing out my words with a gasp)—" of any

man kissing me."
"But I am different," returned Major Percival, boldly putting his arm around my waist.

"No, no, you are not," I answer, scarlet and trembling; "If I thought you—would—I should dread every

me I saw you."
Major Percival's sore answer was time I saw you." to put his hand under my chin, turn my face towards his, and, before could move, without a word of warning, the dreaded kiss had become a hateful fact. It was (peedless to re-mark) the first time a man had ever laid his lips on mine. I struggled, I shuddered, I tore myself from his arms, and casting myself down on a couch, buried my face in the cushions, and burst into a storm of tears-tears of shame and terror. I wep and sobbed so long and so bitterly that my betrothed was beside him self with amazement and constern-

He came and sat by me, smoothed down my rumpled auburn locks, and overwhelmed me with fond epithets and endearments, and vague apologies; but I was deaf as the traditional adder to all his carresses; and he was almost at his wits' end.

"If I never kiss you again without our leave, Nora, will you be satisfied? e asked at length, in a low voice; never again without your permis

ear-stained face and sitting upright.

but averting my eyes. "I give you my word of honor," placing his hand in mine. There was a long pause. At length my sobs ceased, and Percival broke the silence. "You little goose," he said, reproachfully; "well, I give in. I know I am a great fool for my pains; but I agree to all the conditions. And now, Nora" (looking at me with the air of a triumphant proprietor)—"now you and I are engaged to be married."

'Yes," I answered, with a watery "Here is your ring," producing a ttle blue velvet case. "I bought it

little blue velvet case. "I bought it on chance," he added apologetically, displaying a splendid sapphire and diamond marquise ring, and placing it on the third finger of my left hand. "But I do not wish to wear it yet; we are to do nothing—nothing de-

cided-for six months;" I answered hastily. "Oh, you have given me your word: and now there is no going back. You belong to me," he replied, firmly. You don't know how proud I am of you, Nora. I felt, the very first time I ever saw you, that you were just the style of girl that I would like to make my wife. You are so aristo-cratic-looking: your lovely face would

adorn the highest position; your manners are so natural and so fascin ating; and yet there is a tinge of hauteur about my little Nora that will sit very well on Mrs. Hastings Percival," he concluded complacently. The few days intervening before the morning of Major Percival's departure he spent almost entirely with us. We walked together, sat

out in the garden together, and did a considerable amount of talking together; but there was no more kissing. My flance was evidently well eased with his betrothed, and I felt it quite possible that we would be a very happy couple. My future husband—how odd it sounded—was clever, gentlemanly, much sought after, and evidently very much in

love with me. I had but little sentiment in my composition; and no scenes of hysterics, smothered sobs, or wild protestations need be expected from me when the wrench of parting came. I was sorry-moderately sorry-I was really surprised and ashamed within myself that I did not feel the leavetaking more acutely. I saw mylover whirled away in a Madras Carrying Company's carriage, while I stood at at our gate waving my handkerchief with tearless eyes. It was not proper; it was not natural; "my heart It was not proper; it was not natural; 'my heart is as hard as granite," I said to my self reproachfully, as I turned away and walked slowly toward the house. A few days later I likewise went

down from Ooty, an engaged young lady, in the charge of a very complacent chaperon. During the long down-hill drive, thirty-four miles, had ample time for reflection, and by the time we had changed horses at Kular I had thoroughly and minutely reviewed my career during

the past three months; and came to the conclusion that, on the whole, I liked Major Percival as well as could possibly like anybody; and that I was—as auntie said—an extremely fortunate girl.

True, uncle could not endure him

but that was mere narrow-minded prejudice. He declared that "Major Percival could not hit a flying hay-stack, nor ride a dhoby's donkey The fellow is too old; he is a dandy, he added, "and not the sort of hus band I would choose for my little

Nora! "I suppose if she is satisfied, that's the main thing," said auntie, pointedly

"Oh, of course, of course; but, all I can say is, that there's no accounting for tastes," he retorted, as he once more subsided behind the Pioneer newspaper.

It was a cruel trial to auntie that the engagment was to be kept quiet, and not immediately blazoned forth. agree to that also—though I But I was firm. I had Major

ouried in silence for the present.
"And why?" asked auntie, irritably

months' freedom before I am branded as that public curiosity, an engaged young lady—who is to have no more social cakes and ale, and is supposed to care for nothing but love-letters and the moon!

The day following our return Mrs. Fox (who had preceded us to the plains) came stepping over the wall connecting our compounds, thirsting for news, but news there was none. There was evidently no engagment Major Percival's name was not even mentioned in the course of conversa tion; and as I looked fagged and haggered (after our long journey), she immediately leaped to the wel-come conclusion that I had been very badly treated. She veiled her cod-dolences but scantily; talked in a general way of unprincipled male flirts engaging girl's affections (gazing impressively at me with an air of grieved interest), and then

leaving them the lurch!
"Dear, Mrs. Neville," she said, pressing auntie's hand, as she was eaving, and looking into her face with deep compassion, I know what it is: I can feel for you sincerely. You remember that terrible business our Mossy's and the unpardonable way Major Walker-

Really, Mrs. Fox," interrupted auntie, coloring and drawing hersel 'I am at a loss to understand you; there is no occasion for your sympathy, I am happy to tell you.

Oh, of course, of course; keep it as quiet as possible!" returned the irrepressible matron, nodding her with indescribable significance and backing toward the door. indeed I feel for you, although you will not trust an old neighbor like me." So saying, she hastiiy departed, in a high state of jubilation; and tongue, or her presence of mind, our visitor was already compassionate over the adjoining wall and back in

her own domain.
"It is too bad, really quite too I shall tell her of your engage ment, Nora," said auntie, pacing the room in great excitement; " such commiseration is not to be tolerated.

No, no!" I exclaimed eagerly Remember your promise: and if yo tell her, you may just as well an it in the Mulkapore Herald. I'm sure I don't mind; I think it is a capital joke."
"A joke?" echoed auntie. "Well

I fail to see the point of it. Now here comes Mrs. St. Ubes," as a close carriage drove under the porch Look here, Nora," said auntie de cisively, "I shall certainly tell her. She is a friend of Major Percival's. and she ought to know; and she shall, giving her cap a tug to emphasize the fact.

I had no time to remonstrate; Mrs. St. Ubes was already sailing languidly into the room, an elegant vision of cream surah and crimson. She, too, came to condole; and was possessed with an insensate craving "hill news;" having also preceded us to the plains.

After a little desultory talk about our journey, the heat, the dust, the people who were still at Ooty, and the weddings that were, and were not coming off, she casually inquired for Major Percival.

He did not leave his heart behind him, at any rate. He is a shocking flirt, I can tell you, Miss Neville, and never means anything; as no doubt you know. But he is quite too charming is he not?" she remarked to me in her most pointed manner.

I did not know exactly what to reply. He is one of those gay cavaliers who love, and then ride away. Ha, ha! I hope you kept a tight hold of

your heart?" she proceeded, with an air of would-be graceful badinage.

Auntie now came into action, and,

A stare of the rudest incredulity was the only answer she received to her announcement for nearly sixty seconds. Evidently, it was not agreeable intelligence to our fair seconds. Evidently, it was visitor. She became very red, then very white. At length she found words, and asked, with a little hysterical laugh, "Are you in earnest, Mrs. Neville ?"

Auntie replied in a tone that must have carried conviction to the most

disbelieving.
"Then it is really all settled," re turned Mrs. St. Ubes, who had now recovered her usual color and her presence of mind. "All settled," she reiterated, eying me with a look

of deadly import.
"Yes, quite settled," auntie, almost humble in her tri-

umph.
"Well, it is certainly a magnificent match for your niece," observed Mrs. St. Ubes, in a tone that King Cophetua's relations might have used when speaking among them selves of his betrothal.

You must feel yourself of some mportance now, Miss Nora," turning to me; " may your former a quaintances presume to touch the hem of your garment?".
"It is not to be known to any one

in the place," I answered compos edly

"But knowing you were such a friend of Major Percival's," inter-rupted auntie, "I thought you rupted auntie, "I thought you ought to be let into the secret, as was certain that you would be pleased to hear of Nora's good for-Oh, simple-minded, singlehearted auntie!

Mrs. St. Ubes glared at her hostes during this most unfortunate speech. If her face was any index to her feelings, her pleasure was imperceptible to the naked eye; to tell the

truth, she was in a highly volcanic state—a condition the laws of goodbreeding, and a colossal outlay of self-command, alone enabled her to restrain. Turning to me with forced smile, she said :

Well, I hope you will be happy, in a tone of voice that expressed the gravest doubt. "You may rely on ne. Your little story shall not go any further," rising. She threw vast emphasis into the word story, and accompanied the thrust with a look baffling all description. "I suppose we shall see you at the band this evening, Mrs. Neville?" she said, kissing auntie with an appearance of almost filial affection; and patting me on the shoulder, with an air of negligent patronage, she marched off, drums beating, colors flying, and, in fact, with all the credit of an honorable retreat.

Major Percival had no association in my mind connected with Mulka pore; and at times I could scarcely believe that I was engaged to him My weekly letter and auntie's occas ional remarks alone reminded me of the fact. I liked him. him very much indeed. I was proud tellectual and popular a man; but I was not one atom in love. They say that " absence makes the heart grow fonder;" but time and distance h had no effect upon mine. The fact was, I could not be "in love" with was, I could not be any one; it was not my nature, I told myself over and over again. The love of which I read in novels was simply as unintelligible to me as one of the dead languages. Different people had different dispositions, I told myself; and although I was impulsive and readily carried away by anger, grief or joy, I was really and truly of a cool, unimpres sionable character. My surround-ings as a child had withered up my tenderest sensibilities. I had neither father, mother, sister, nor brother, and the affection I would have gladly bestowed on grand-father or Miss Fluker had been to a great extent returned on my hands so I had grown up a hardened little creature—not that I was this by nature—but simply because no one cared two straws whether I loved them or not. Now that I had some scope for my feelings they were not readily forthcoming. If I had been asked whom I cared for most in all the world—on my word of honor I would have said auntie first, and then, perhaps, Major Percival; but

even of this I was not very sure. TO BE CONTINUED

THE MISTRESS OF WIRRIBIRRI

Ellen M. O'Sullivan in "The Southern Cross Adelaide, Australia

It was late afternoon on an early December day, and the giant gums threw long shadows over the Wirri-birri homestead and over the big dam at the garden's foot, darkening the delicate green of the willows that tenderly kissed its cooling surface. The magpies had awakened from their afternoon nap and were filling the air with rippling music.

The master of Wirribirri was lying on a cane lounge on the cool south ern veranda, nursing his left knee, hurt in a fall he had had a couple of weeks previously while schooling a new hunter over some rather stiff ences. The necessity of careful inactivity at first palled almost unpearably, and it required all Mrs Moyle's — his housekeeper — most earnest persuasion to keep him in bed for one week and the threat of Shane O'Shane, his right-hand man and the counsellor of his whole life-

time. Put one foot out. Master Kevin. he had said, "and as sure as the sun rises to-morrow I'll leave you in spite of my nods and signs, for good and all and go gardening speedily declared the real state of for old Brown at "Letherton." So for good and all and go gardening there's for you now, my boy-you do it and I'll do it." So he had consented, and was at length moved out to the veranda, where he lay dreaming on this bright Decem ber day. The dream was one that had haunted him for the last five years, and it gave him exquisite pain and pleasure—pleasure because of the unspeakable beauty and lovable ness of the girl who came to him in it and pain because of its utter in

tangibility.

The crunching of a horse's hoofs on the gravel of the drive brought him back to the everyday world around him as Shane rode up with the mail bag swinging over his shoulder. He gave a long, low whistle, and a black boy came from where he had been enjoying a siesta under the big mulberry tree and took the horse away. Shane slowly mounted the steps and came along

"Those confounded ewes will have to be sold, Master Kevin," he said
"I met two of the boys out at the two-mile gate with them now. They found the lucerne flats last week and they've lived there since, and you might as well try to stop the tides from flowing as those sheep from go

ing back there now."
"An' there's the mail, and a good big one it is, too." And he sorted the letters and papers and laid them convenient to his master's hand and threw himself into the deck chair opposite and surveyed the master with a look of tender solicitude.

"How does the knee feel to-day, laddie? You've got pale and thin. It's the lying still that's done it." And without waiting for a reply he went on: "Sure, every living soul in the township was after me to know now you were. The doctor said he'd run out some evening, and his wife said to tell you that she was coming, too,

and going to bring her sister. And a fine-looking girl she is, too," and Shane glanced out of his eye at his master's face, which was unper turbed as he answered slowly:

It's very kind of her." "Brown was in the township, too, Shane continued. "He was asking about you, and said to tell you he girls will ride over some day next week to see you. He sold two mobs of fats from 'Letherton' didn't make much of them, either and Father Lyons wanted to know every mortal thing about you, from your temper and your weight to what you eat and read, and he said to tell you that the new organ has come for the church, and as soon as you are able you're to go and try it.
And you're to be the organist, and he won't have any parley about it. He has given his orders, and you're to obey. The only other fingers he'll allow on it are those of the mistress of Wirribirri, and if you'll provide her well and good. Meanwhile you're organist, and Mrs. Connor is quite frantic about it. Miss Kitty is home from the city wearing such a hat!
Oh, Lor'? It is as big around as as—as—that rose bed yonder, and there is quite a bushel of flowers cast about it; and they're both set on her being organist. But Father Lyons said either the master or the mistress of Wirribirri, and no other. and that's all about it."

"Father Lyons is absurd," Kevin O'Neill impatiently. Connor or any of the Brown girls would make a much more competent organist than I, but because it hapens that I presented the instrument insists that no one else shall play it. I'll have to remonstrate with

"He hasn't said 'no one else Master Kevin," said Shane cautious "He said one other might, and as he says to me, "Shane, why doesn't that man marry? He should, you know; and there's many a

nice girl who—"
"Shane," said Kevin, sitting erect drop it. The world only holds one girl that I'd marry, and as I'm never likely to meet her again, that's an end to it."

He gave his knee a little twist that shriveled him with pain and drove the moisture to his brow. Shane in stantly had him in his arms, and laying him down again, gently straightened the injured knee.

"Ah, laddie, laddie, you shouldn't flare; you hurt yourself, you see. It's wholesome advice, and you know, lad, I've not known you from your babyhood, aye, and loved you, too, for nothing. I feel an interest in you, and I'm getting to be an old man: and when I have to meet your sweet little mother on the blessed shores of eternity I want to be able hands. The little mother said to me that very last night: 'Shane, take care of my wee lad, and see that there are always good hands to tend him, and I promised her."

Kevin's strong, young right hand

went out and clasped those of the

old man, who for the last twenty-five years had served him and his so faithfully. He had come into his ife when he was only a baby, when ne had brought his gay, handsome young father home lifeless from where he had found him, crushed peneath his disabled horse, and he had been the young widow's right hand for the few years she lived after her husband's death. And then he had been father and mother to the orphaned boy, until he was ment and drive for himself. Severa times since the boy had grown up a spirit of unrest had taken possession of Shane, and many times he was on the point of setting out to "explore each time he hesitated and then settled in his little cottage on Wirribirri again and became interested in the doings of his young master. But the feeling had returned with renewed strength, because—there was

I was thinking, Master Kevin. he said when the sharp pain had passed, "of getting out and having a good look over the face of the earth before I have to leave it, but I'd wish to see you safe in good hands before I go.

Kevin's hand tightened on his Don't. Shane," he said shortly "Don't, for it seems to me when a fellow goes far afield he stands greater chances of meeting troubles which, had he staved at home, he would never have come in contact

with. In fact, I found it so." The old man shook his head. "My mind is made up, lad. I'm going to be a wanderer for the next year or two. Indeed and indeed I must. I'm getting old, and I've two duties to see to before I leave this old world, and one is to see you safe with good hands to tend you and the otheris what's calling me out.'

Kevin O'Neill carefully lit a cigarette and thoughtfully blew the blue rings of smoke heavenwards. Preently he spoke

"Shane, I'll tell you a dream of mine I've dreamed it every day and night for the last five years; dreamed it sleeping and waking, until at times it seems so real that I nearly cry aloud in my joy, and again it is only so utterly a dream that the pain is intolerable. Anyway, five years ago 've not breathed this to a living soul before, Shane—you remember I went travelling, and one August morning I found myself in an English village, and went looking around the little town. On the outskirts I came upon a little church. I went in, and I remember distinctly every detail—the old notched seats, the tall, narrow windows, the statue of our Lady, with a crudely blue

mantle, the perfume of a thousand white roses massed about her feet; the silver sanctuary lamp of exquisite workmanship, the Stations of the Cross, beautiful in the extreme, in frames that were hideous. Oh, and a hundred other things. I was tell-ing my beads and enjoying the cool when some one commenced playing the organ, softly and tenderly at first, a miracle of delicate melody, then swelling and rising until it was a perfect paean of glorious sound. It was only a common little instrument, I discovered afterwards; all the magic was in the player. Preently I ventured to look just above the organ I could see a drooping white hat and the lower part of a girl's face, a dainty chin and an exquisite mouth. I to the altar again and drank of the melody that welled around me. music ceased, and I followed the player out. She was a tall, graceful, white-clad figure. I had forgotten back for it, and when I came on to the street again I was just in time to see her take an over-dressed young fop by the shoulder and seize a whip

with which he had been beating a little dog, break it in two and throw it over the fence into a field, and taking the poor, bruised dog in her arms, carry it away with her. Late that afternoon I met her again on a country lane, and she was kneeling binding the wound on a poor old tramp's foot and laughing with him and cheering him. It was then spoke to her, offering my services.
'Thanks so much,' she said, in a voice that was peculiarly deep and musical. 'I've just finished nicely now, but I'd be so glad if you'd help this poor old fellow back into the village. I'm going the other way and my people will be anxious about me if I'm out late. Otherwise I go myself.' She stood up beside me and looked at me with those sea blue eyes that have haunted me ever

Of course, I said I would Indeed, I'd have done anything she might have asked me. She came back a little way, helping the old chap along, and when leaving she gave him her hand. 'Cheer up,' want ?" of my child, to know if she is happy she said brightly. 'Why by to-mor-row you'll never know know you had a cut on your foot. I wager you'll be ready for football or a race. And then she placed that firm white hand in mine and thanked me shyly and when she took it back again

Shane, she took my heart with it. The next day I determined to discover her name and her people, but I could do neither. They were tourists, and they had left that morning. suppose it seems odd to you, Shane the girl I saw for that brief while is the only girl I shall ever call wife. I close my eyes a thousand times a day and I can see her moving about Wirribirri. I can see the glean of her red-gold hair down there among the roses. I meet the direct blue eyes and I see the rare weet face in the light and dark, and the music of her voice comes to me

at will. I love her, Shane; she is my 'one woman' my dream wife, the mistress of Wirribirri and of me. That closes the matter, Shane, and we won't mention it again, please You're going down to the cottage now? Well, take those papers. now? You'll probably find something of interest in them, and I won't want them before to morrow."

Shane O'Shane rose and, taking the papers with a soft word of thanks went slowly down to his cottage, where Billy, his black boy, kept everything in the pink of sweet perfection. He threw the papers on the table and himself into an easy chair-the master had seen that his chair left nothing to be desired-and, closing his eyes, went back into the st and saw many things, but chief among them was the tall, graceful figure of a woman, who smiled on him with a sweet, tender mouth and sea blue eyes that held a world of love, and on whose shapely head lay coiled masses of red-gold hair and in whose arms there nestled a little child. The night came down unheeded: the past held him securely, and it was only when Billy came in and lit his lamp that he recalled himself and with trembling hands took the paper that lay nearest and opened it and on looking down its columns

read, at first uncomprehendingly, and then again and again the following: eturned to Australia from abroad after an absence of twenty-five years and taken up their residence at Winifrid's," at Mosman's Bay. They are accompanied by their two daugh-

ters.
"'Tis them; 'tis them," he said aloud. "Ah, dear Lord. After twenty-five years. Oh, my little girl, my little babe! I must, I must! Oh, surely I may just look upon you —just once—no more. I swear no more. 'Tis God's doing. Just when I'm about to search the whole world over, to just set eyes on you, He brings you here so close to me."

Then out of the night the past came leaping back again, and he lived through the most poignant anguish of his life, just as he had done one night twenty five years be-fore, and when the first faint rays of the morning came creeping into the room he aroused himself. He had a cold bath and some breakfast, meanwhile making his plans rapidly. He called the black boy.

"Billy, saddle Jess and bring her around for me quickly. I want to get into the township to catch the

The boy went for the horse, and Shane hastily wrote a note to the master, telling him he was going down to Sydney for a couple of days, but not giving any reason. It was the first time he had gone further "Like Johanna, is she?"

than the township since he had come to Wirribirri twenty-five years before. He gave the note to Billy.

"Take it to the homestead," he told the astonished boy, "at dinner time and gave it to the master. time and gave it to the master.
Mind the cottage, Billy, and I'll be
back in a couple of days, please God."
And, mounting his horse he rode away.

On the following morning, when the first rays of the sun were tipping the treetops with gold and burnis ing the crest of every wave that broke across Sydney's harbor, an upper window of "St. Winifred's, at Mosman's, was thrown open, and the morning light glorified the girl that looked out, turning her red-gold hair into a halo and deepening the depths of the eyes that were as blue as the sea she looked out upon.

She drew a long deep breath and withdrew, and presently emerged from a lower door, swinging her bathing dress and towel, and ran lightly down through the grounds to the private bathing beach.

In about half an hour along the way she had gone came Shane O'Shane. With white, set face and cautious step he worked his way around to the back of the mansion and hesitated.

"Dear Mother of God." he breathed "help me. Let me just see her and know if she is happy. I'll not break my word. I'll go then.

As he paused a door close to where he was standing opened and a woman came out-one of the servants early astir. He started and faced her, and she threw out her hands with a startled exclamation. "Shane O'Shane!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Man, why have you here-how dare come here-how right have you?" you-what

The right of a father," he an swered flercely, fearing he was going to be deprived of the chance he

watched so long for.
"Shane," she said sorrowfully,
"are you mad? Do you know what you are doing? What is it you " Not much, Alice-only the sight

and if they've stood fairly by he Tell me of her. Alice: tell me, and I'll go without even seeing her.'

The woman looked at the white face and the quivering lips.

"There is much I would tell you, Shane. Come with me to my own parlor. There are none astir vet. or likely to be for some while, unless it's her. Come with me, though. Heaven knows what the master would

say if he knew you had been under the roof.' He followed her silently into a dimly-lighted room. She closed the door and left the blinds undrawn, and motioned him to an easy chair.

"Sit there, Shane, and I'll tell you of her," and she drew her own chair close, and neither of them noticed a wet bathing dress and a towel thrown on a chair, or the girl who was on a couch on the further side of the room, her damp, red-golden hair falling in a shower over the end to the

"Shane," said the woman softly, were you wise to come?"
"I dont know, Alice, but when

one's heart hungers as mine did, one doesn't count what is wise or foolish, or the cost of it. For twenty-five years my heart has called for its own and last night when I read that the St. Johns had returned to Australia could stifle it no longer. If I could just look on her once and know she was happy, I could die content. But now could I face her mother-ah, how could I meet my wife and tell her that I knew nought of the little girl she left me; that I gave the child of our own flesh and blood to others; that the task alone? Oh, gracious heaven none know what I suffered that night! I was mad, I think, and ah! how often have I lived it over again. I was kneeling by my dead wife and my helpless babe was clasped in my arms, when Mr. St. John burst into

the room.
"'O' Shane,' he said, 'our baby is. dead. Man, it will kill my wife when she knows. The doctors say she will never have another child, and this

babe was all the world to her.'
"I looked up to him. 'I wish God
had taken my babe,' I said, 'and
spared me Johanna.'
"'O'Shane,' said he, 'give me the
child. We'll take her for our own.

It will save my wife, and the child will be as our own. She'll never know want, and she'll have all that

money can do for her.' 'I got up and I put the child in his arms. 'Take her,' and thank God.'
And then he made me swear that I'd never attempt to become known to her; that I'd never, by word or act, make it known that she was not their own child; that I'd give her up, my little babe, body and soul, into their the babe, body and soun, into the keeping for life, and I swore over the dead body of my Johanna, and I'm not going to break my word. I only want to look upon her and to know if she is happy. And sure, isn't God good to me to send you in my way, the only other soul who knew that my girl and the daughter of the millionaire were one and the same. Tell me of her. Do they call her Johanna? That was her name, you

know. 'No, Shane; they call her Joan. And they're good to her, and they're proud of her, and they love her as their own, though God did give them

a daughter of their own since."
"What is my Joan like, Alice?" And the quivering face turned away. "What is she like, avick?" And the woman gently rocked herself to and fro. "Ah, what can I say she is

"Yes, Shane, surely; but oh, much more beautiful. She is like a May norning, and like a sweet wild flower She is a queen. Her portrait hangs in many a gallery in the Old World. Her hair is like a shower of burn-ished copper, and her eyes are like the sun-lit sea. Her face is like the Madonna's, and her soul is like snow, avick; and her heart is gold-pure monds, the talk of the Old World cities. I've seen her carry a poor bruised dog home in her arms and tend it herself. I've seen her ride over fences and hedges where every other one feared to follow. I've seen her peerless; among beauty and rank and I've seen her kneeling in poor cottages weeping with those who wept. She has all the world can give, avick, but I think there are where his heart craves for something else. Her nature is dif-ferent, Shane. There are times when I think she needs her father."
Shane sobbed softly, "Ah, my little girl, my little girl, I did it for the

best. They have given you what I never could, and you don't know, and if I suffer, what matter?" Out of the gloom rose the figure from the couch, the glory of hair falling about her shoulders; and coming straight to Shane, she knelt at his feet and put her arms about him and drew his white head down

on her shoulder.

"Oh, my father, my father!" she cooed. "My poor, brave father. Your daughter has found you, and never again will you leave her. Oh, my own, my own! Kiss your little girl. We shall have our Christmas together, daddy. Where you go, I go, too. Wherever your home is, it is mine, too. Oh they were good and kind and loving, but they're not my own. I think my heart told me so at times, and he should not have tempted you then. Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad, my own father!"

Alice was wringing her hands and moaning. What will the master say, alan-

nah! Think before you act. They'll turn me off in my old age. Alanaah; where did you come from? I thought you were in your bed."

You dear old goose, they won't turn you off. They wouldn't lose their oldest and most valued servant for all the world; and if they do, why you can come to us. I went out early to bathe, and then came back here to wait until you would come along to get me a cup of tea. I had fallen asleep, and then your voices woke me, and then—I found my father. Get him some tea, like a dear soul, and then we'll go home. Where is home, father? And she looked at him eagerly.
"Ah, sweetheart, it's a wee cottage

on a station many good miles from all that stood up in the cart, his anywhere, where we have a jolly hands tied before him, and his black boy to mind us and the best young master in the world."

She smiled and ran off, and then went slowly up the luxurious stairway to her own dainty room. She locked the door and in a storm of silent weeping threw herself on her knees before an " Ecce Homo."

"Oh my suffering God," she prayed, 'give me strength. He is my father, with him, be he rich or poor. Give me strength to do right." She dressed herself plainly, took a few necessaries and then hastily wrote:

My Dears-May heaven bless you for all your loving goodness and kindness to me, and dears, forgive me for leaving you without a goodbye, but I dare not trust myself. The gulf between us is a great one now, for I have found my own father-your old servant, Shane O'Shane - and my With my heart's love. Joan.

Billy's eyes goggled when they fell on the radiant vision that sat beside Shane when they drove up to the cottage in the gloaming, and as he took the horse away he walked backwards, gazing. The doctor's wife and her sister had been to him ideal, but this girl—he was amazed.

Shane gently draw his daughter into his little sitting-room.

"Welcome home, my own brave child," he said brokenly. "It's not much I have to give you but the pent-up love of my lonely, longing heart." Which is all in the world I ask, my father."

The low, thrilling voice brought the man who sat dreaming in Shane's easy chair to his feet with a bound that apprised him of the fact that he still had a very weak knee. He sank down quietly with a smothered groan.

Shane, old man," he said. sorry I startled you, but I've been awfully anxious about you, so I came down to wait and see if you'd turn up. I gave my knee a little twist ; it does take a while to strengthen.

"Master Kevin! Why, God bless u boy. Sit there and Billy will you boy. Sit the bring the light."

Billy brought the lamp along and revealed to Kevin O'Neill's waiting eyes his "one woman "-his dream

He staved at the cottage for tea and heard the whole of the story, and when Shane said: "Praise God for when Shane said: "Praise God for working it out in His own wonderful way," he answered a fervent "Amen."

There was some little trouble about the organist for a while.

"No," said Father Lyons: "no one else shall play it. It's either you Kevin, or the mistress of Wirribirri." And so there was no music in the little church, and the organ remained

How could I," Kevin told himself go fumbling with my clumsy fingers while her magical ones are there?" But one joyous day he ran into the

presbytery.
"Father," he exclaimed, "you are

going to have your organist and Wirribirri its mistress!

Father Lyons extended both hands "I'm glad, my boy, glad, Who is it ?"

Kevin's eyes dropped. "Why, Joan O'Shane," he said softly. "Good! cried the genial priest. "Good! The grandest soul and the noblest heart I know. God bless the

THE CROSS

Those who have observed that the spires of Protestant meeting houses that were built in the last century generally bear aloft a disastrously symbolical weather vane, will under stand "The Point of View" of a writer in the June Scribner's who

asks:
"Hamlet said he was 'but mad
"Bara we but north-northwest'; are we but religious north-northwest also, or east, as the wind of opinion may blow? It is unpleasantly suggestive of faith rationalized, faith that is a matter of changing thought, not of steady, heavenward-pointing hope founded on something more solid than the play of mere intellect. The old-fashioned Catholic Church does symbol on its spires; there shines the cross, against the blue of noonday, or golden against gray gathering clouds; and there is no gainsaying, no evading, its unchanging significance.

Nowadays, however, Protestants seldom build plain meeting houses surmounted by weather vanes, but erect more often "churches" and even "cathedrals," which are adorned with far more crosses and graven images than can be found, as a rule, on the exteriors of our own temples of worship. But we should rejoice at this, for such edifices will require but few alterations to convert them some day into excellent Catholic

A STORY OF PIUS IX

One day nearly ninety years ago a strange cortege was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funeral aspect. They were hooded brothers of a pious confraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting in a mournful cadence. They were fol-lowed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundreds who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo to see the procession pass asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminshaggy head cast down in a sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano the most notorious revolution ist plotter against the State, and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason of the highest degree and was sentenced to be exe cuted. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge, a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble im pulse he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God's sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides, the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic Palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XII. and throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life, in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew, rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the pro cession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in com mand had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope, forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo's. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful to live at any cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of his de liverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the

was connected. He was known to the boys as Padre Giovanni. Years rolled by, Leo slept with hi predecessors, Gregory XVI. succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and rested in St. Peter's. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX. had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest, dressed in the simple cassock and farrainlo of the Roman clergy, presented himself at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there was a prisoner confined therein called Gaietano. Yes he was answered, but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from

vicinity of a hospice for little boys

called Tata Giovanni, with which he

the governor of the fortress. The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, "What do you want?" "I come," said the visitor to bring

you tidings of your mother."
"She still lives," exclaimed the captive, "O God be thanked!" captive, "O God be thanked!"
"Yes she still lives, and she sent

hope for better days."
"All the angels are not in heaven; years of his living death.

I have done so time and again without effect," was the reply. "Another petition," he continued, "would the same fate as the rest. It would never reach Gregory XVI."
"Gregory XVI is dead; write to

Pius IX. "And who will present my petition? Myself: write, here is paper and

pencil.

the paper, he said:

"Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your come to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajetano."

"The Pope alone can grant it," said the governor. Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote: In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajetano at liberty immediately." Pius IX.

There was no mistaking the signature. The order was obeyed on the instant and when Gajetano sought his mother, his liberator had already disappeared. She told him how a certain young priest called Giovanna both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal and finally. Pope.

DESTROYS FREE WILL

SOCIALISM WOULD FORCE ALL MEN TO BELIEVE ONE WAY

Due to its faulty conception of human nature, Socialism advocates the very evils which it pretends to combat and eradicate. For Socialism, of itself and by itself, can do nothing to diminish or discipline the inordinate and materialistic desires of men, because Socialism, in itself, is the most exaggerated and universalized expression of their lust yet

known to men.

The first condition of man's nature is free will; hence, free choice be-tween good and evil. This free choice on the material side, is provided by private ownership; on the material and spiritual side by the Christian family, and on the purely spiritual side, by religion. The Socialistic system attacks every one of these three conditions.

Socialism denies the existence of free will; hence, makes man irrespon-

sible for his acts. It is anti-Christian, because is has for its philosophical basis pure materialism. Its religious basis is pure negation. Its ethical basis consists in the theory that society makes the individual of which it is composed, whilst the contrary is true, because individuals make society, which could not exist without them. Its economic pasis is the theory that labor is the finally, is found in the industrial revolution.

may try to change the form of their doctrine, the principles of Socialism will always remain the same; to-wit, substitution of public for private

ownership. The consequences of such a principle are far-reaching, because they attack the very foundation of society. It eliminates, first of all, religion.

"The worker must not seek re-demption beyond the grave; he must find it on earth. He must become his own redeemer. Thus he will need neither God nor eternity.

'In the Socialistic state, religion will die a natural death. The school must be mobilized against the Church; the schoolmaster against the priest. If I were prefect of police for only twenty-four hours," blasphemes Rigault, "my first official act would be the arrest of God. Should He refuse to submit to arrest. I would condemn Him to death, and have Him publicly executed in effigy."

Time does not permit to enter into

nore details. I can but call your attention to the pernicious doctrine in regard to private ownership. This is strenuously opposed by Socialism; for it forms a bulwark around the Christian home. This, too, Socialism tries to destroy. Nor are the leaders any way backward in acknowledging their aversion to marriage. riage," says one of the writers," is the first crime committed by capitalism against society." And again, Marriage is the greatest of all existing evils in present day society. To be married is synonymous with

slavery. Socialism is, therefore, logical in advocating divorce, not because it forms a plank in their system, but it provides, for the time being, at least,

'Divorce." says a writer, " for the time being, is the best remedy against moral corruption." No, Socialism cannot provide an efficient remedy against the moral, social and econo mic evils that afflict modern society This is easily understood when it is real sect. It is an economic and moral heresy which has for its ulti- on that of others.

me to console you and tell you to mate end the dethronement of God and the debasement of man. It preaches a crude materialism with I see one before me." said the penitre tent criminal. He then narrated all in general, and of the Catholic Church that he had suffered during the long in particular. Instead of strengthening society, it weakens its already tottering foundations by de Christian "Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?" said the izing the schools; by the destruction of private property and by the aboli-tion of the Christian family. Indeed, filled to the bursting point, like the frog in the fable, with the concupis cence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes and the pride of life, it has proved a dismal failure in the attempt of curing the social cancer of which our godless age is rotting

away."
No, Socialism was never cut out to be the remedy for the present-day illness; the only cure for such illness The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received loyalty. When the priest received loyalty. When the priest received loyalty work awaiting you, and it is through your united you, and it is through your united work that our social problems must efforts that our social problems must be solved. Maybe we cannot see the memorial. Courage, my friend, and end of it, but we can lay the founda-pray to God for Pius IX." He left tion upon which the coming generathe cell, and presenting himself to tions may rest, in a Catholic atmosthe governor of the castle said: "I phere, the atmosphere of Catholic schools and Catholic homes, and by coping with the weapons of Catholic intelligence and truth. Thus may we expect victory once more to perch upon our banner, and this banner is the cross.

The present year witnesses the centenary of the first public triumph of the cross. We of the Catholic Federation hear the same consoling promise repeated to us, as it was given to the great Constantine, "In hoc Signo vinces." "In this sign thou shalt conquer." The Cross must be our standard, and this standard we must hold aloft. The Cross once more must be carried publicly before the minds of the people. In the Cross there is salvation, and in the Cross only, because only the truth can make us free."—Rev. Leo Gassler in address before New Orleans

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM

The words of our Lord Himself, Whom some Socialists are desirous to claim as the first of their number, are quite explicit to this effect. We read in St. Matthew's Gospel (chap. xix.)—and the same event is also recorded by St. Mark and St. Luke that a rich young man came to our Lord, and inquired what he should do to have life everlasting. Our Lord told him that he should keep the commandments; and on the young man's asking Him what command ments He meant, He mentioned several of the Ten Commandments of the Decalogue, adding also that of loving one's neighbor as oneself. One of the Commandments He men-tioned was, "Thou shalt not steal." The young man answered that he had kept all these. Our Lord did not say, "No, you have not, for you have no right to possess private property of your own, for you, in doing so, are taking what belongs to the community." No, He acknowledged community." that the lawful possession of private property is not stealing. But on the young man asking what yet was wanting to him, Our Lord said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou shalt, and give it to the poor, surplus value produced by labor, but stolen by the capitalists. Its juristic heaven; and come, follow Me." In basis consists in the right of labor to its whole product. Its historic basis, You will notice that He told the young man to sell what he had. But other's presence, and each showing how could he sell it, if it was not an intensity of purpose that seemed really his to sell these words of Our Lord were in reply to the young man's repeated question. He told him to sell what he had and give the money to the poor. But He did not absolutely require this. He told the young man to do this, if he wanted to be perfect. Now the Catholic, and really the

only possible explanation of these last words is that there are some things which a man may do to please God, but which are not required as of obligation, or under pain of sin. These are known in the Church not as laws, but as "counsels of perfection." They principally come under three heads: namely, the renunciation of property, of marriage, and of one's own will by obedience to someone to whom one gives a right to require it in the name of God. This obedience, of course, only extends to actions not contrary to the laws of God, or of some regularly constituted general authority—as that of the Stateacting also, of course, in a way not

contrary to the divine law. Let it be thoroughly understood

then, that 1. The Church does not reject Socialism in the sense of voluntary agreement as to the renunciation of individual property, or the sacrifice of the individual will among a certain number of chosen souls called by God to this renunciation and sacri-fice, and specially aided by His Grace

to carry it out.
2. She does absolutely reject it as far as it teaches that individual ownership is forbidden to all, or that the only right condition of things in any nation is the thorough subject ion of all to the State system which Socialism proposes.
3. She holds that this system, so

far from being the only right system. is fraught with great dangers to the liberty which we all so highly prize since it is not in human nature, unaided by a special grace, to carry it out in the perfection necessary to its success: and that, therefore, corruption is sure to ensue in it, and the borne in mind that Socialism is a virtues which it requires to become tyranny on the part of some, slavery

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Now, in conclusion, it must also be thoroughly understood that the Church fully realizes the great evils which have grown up by the accumu lation of immense amounts of wealth in the hands of a few, which threatmankind to a condition of practical slavery, and that she sympathizes with the advocates of Socialism in their desire to abolish these evils; but that she simply rejects this special plan as being primarily founded on statements as to human rights which are absolutely false, and which, if carried out in practice, would tend to increase these very evils rather than to abate them

IS THE MASS AN EMPTY FORM?

"On a recent Sunday I attended service at a Catholic Church," says a correspondent of the North Western Christian Advocate. "The priest went through his role without a wrinkle in his gown, the choir did their stunt without a discordant note, and the people went away as they came. It was all passing show 'for man's illusion given.'

The emptiness, as we Catholics know, was not in the hearts of the people who attended Mass piously but in the head of the man who knowing nothing of the meaning of the service, set down such an ignor-ant statement as that we have

Far different have been the thoughts and sentiments evoked by the Mass, in numberless non-Catholics who have brought to the service not a cheap, cocksure attitude of mind, but a sincere desire to know what the Mass means to those who. hot or cold, rain or shine, faithfully attend church every Sunday and holyday of the year, and many other times besides. Here for instance is what Mr. Stanley E. Bowdie, a non-Catholic correspondent and publicist writes, (as quoted by Church Progress) of a visit to Mexico City:

'I attended Mass there morning. At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling in the Cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere out in this setting of majesty, solemnity, and historic association, a picture of touching eloquence. And hey knelt throughout the services. for Mexican churches are without

seats.
"I stood in the shade of a pillar, to render my Protestantism less conspicuous. . . There was no rustle of skirts; no vain, studied spicuous. stride: no looking about to see the milliner's creation worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to to high seats. It was one tremen--the rich, the poor, kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the to say: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" The thousand Masses they had attended had brought no callous ness. Time had but intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, for they seemed to

see no one save Jesus.' This is only one of many similar testimonies that might be quoted re garding the effect of the Mass upor the souls of those who attend it. That there may be some Catholics who come away empty from Mass we have no doubt. But it is their own fault. They are those who allow themselves to be distracted from contemplating the stupendous Mystery at which they have been assist-With most Catholics, however, attendance at Mass is an act of the deepest devotion; and they bear from it a soul charged with strength to persevere in the faith and love and service of God.-Sacred Heart Re-

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION Mr. Thomas Coffey 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 strong Catholic sale that it is imbued with a strong Catholic sale that it is imbued with a strong Catholic sale that it is imbued with a strong Catholic sale that it is imbued with a strong Catholic sale that it is remounly yellow the catholic humber of the country of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country relation to the country solid sale with the country solid sale with the country and it will do more Catholic homes. I therefore, earn-saly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blassing on your work, and best wishes for its con-lessed success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your stimable paper the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congravate you upon the manner in which it is published to matter and form are both good; and a ruly 2atholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with Pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

† D. Falconio, Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1918

THE AGE OF HUMBUG

Bourke Cochrane has been dubbing President Wilson the Apostle of the Age of Humbug. Without discussing the appropriateness or otherwise of the epithet as applied there is no question that in a great measure it is true that we are living in the age of humbug. And amongst the greatest humbugs of the age of humbugs is the movement for the "emancipation" of women. By this we do not mean the agitation to extend the franchise to women; this is but a phase, and, perhaps, the least important phase of the feminist movement. However, since it is a phase it cannot be considered entirely apart from the movement itself considered as a

whole. The National Association opposed to Woman Suffrage has just issued from its Washington headquarters a reply to the reiterated question "Why not simply permit the suffrage sisters to secure the vote since the antis' will not be compelled to vote if the ballot is given to women?'

They answer: "We, more than any other organ ization, believe in woman's rights. We are fighting for woman's rights. First in the catalogue of woman's rights is the right of exemption. By that we mean exemption from entrance into active politics and all We have an that it involves. We have an abiding faith in both the justice and the necessity of this exemption, because by virtue of it woman is able to do her half of the world's work. Deprived of this exemption, woman becomes an incongruity. Called upon to do double duty, she will face the failure which is the fruit of an unnatural task.

The anti-suffragists are absolutely right when they object to the deprivation of the right of exemption from many things degrading to woman hood in the name of a right to vote. If the right to vote with all its logical consequences be thrust on women then the right of exemption from many things is forfeited. Behind the ballot is the bullet. Inexorably those who have the right to make the laws have the duty to enforce them. Women are now exempt from military and police duty. How claim such exemption when they claim the right to exercise the franchise? Well may the antisuffragist women say :

"By no juggling of the phrase ' woman's rights' can the suffragists, who number only 8 per cent. of the of America, justify their claim that the lawmakers of this country should force the burden of the ballot upon the remaining 92 per cent. who protest against it or are unwilling to have it.

Much has been made of the pastoral of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco calling upon good women to vote. Naturally, where women have the right to vote, this right should not be exercised solely by white slaves and white slavers. Where the franchise is a right it is also a duty. Therefore the anti-suffragist Women's League are perfectly logical when they say:

When the suffragists define the ballot as a woman's right they manifest a distressing ignorance of political economy. The franchise is not a right nor a privilege. It is a duty, a stern duty, imposed by the State upon that class of persons by the State to be best

equipped to perform it.
"Most particularly is the franchise

not a plaything to amuse idle wo It is not something which can be used or ignored at the will of the person to whom it has been given. The suffragists do not appear to realize this fact when they degrade their doctrine with the absurd declaration that those women who do not want to vote may remain away from the

As a matter of fact, we consider the franchise to be so big, so sacred and so binding an obligation when once it has been conferred upon women that we ask all our members and sympathizers in suffrage states to go to the polls at every primary and every election. We have just done so in Illinois, although we are con-vinced that the limited suffrage for women was obtained in that state in an outrageous manner.

"We believe that the annals of American politics show no duplicate of this act, in which the Legislature of a state arbitrarily franchise on the women of that state without giving them an opportunity to be heard even through the votes of the men. We hope and expect to see this law repealed, but while it stands on the statute books women, having had the responsibility of the franchise thrust them, must exercise it as good citizens of the state.

We are pleased, therefore, to see that Catholic women have organized to counteract the tendency of radical women's movements, the suffrage agitation being, as we have already said, but one phase.

Mrs. Joseph Frey, the honorary president, has this to say, the Catholic tone and spirit of which we unreservedly commend:

"The feminist movement," said Mrs. Frey, "is being promoted by women whose views are decidedly pagan. If their demands were to be realized the Christian family would cease to exist and women's condition

would lapse into paganism.

"While the Catholic Church has nade no pronouncement on the natter of woman suffrage, the Catholic Philosophy of life is opposed to it. However, we are not centering ur activities in opposition to woman suffrage, but rather in a well-formed plan for the future. The present un-rest has resulted in the enfranchisenent of woman in several state These women would exert an evil nfluence by means of the ballot if a conservative body of women was not in the field to counteract their in-

CATHOLIC WRITERS

Some time ago we had something to say about Catholic journalists who complained of their small remuneration. And we pointed out that thousands of Catholic priests were undergoing harder conditions uncomplainingly in their singleminded efforts to advance the cause of Catholic truth, Catholic practice, and in upholding Catholic ideals. We have just run across something from Monsignor Bickerstaff Drew (John Ayscough) which is so much along the same lines that we feel we have been corroborated by one who has the highest right to speak for Catholic writers. John Ayscough has an international reputation as a Catholic writer of the most versatile sort. Nevertheless it was John Ayscough, who, in a paper read before the Catholic Congress at Plymouth, England, last month, gave expression to the following sentiments.

services of Catholic writers he said : "The hidden priest far away in the poignant isolation of some inland where almost the only friend with whom he can exchange a word is the Great Friend who never leaves the Tabernacle except to go with him to cheer the dying or to bless the gathered hamlet from His throne—that the work of such a lonely, earth - forgotten priest more splendid, so he does it, than that of any writer of us all; that he breeding up the best Catholics he can, is inaudibly, invisibly, doing a thous and times more for the conversion of England than if he wrote dozens of books for hundreds of reviewers to praise or belittle. And what is true of him is, at all events, not less true of the weary, over-toiled priest of the great city, who has hardly time to read, and only time to think of the amazing patience and tenderness and pity of God; whose one half-hour in the day to himself is not to himself Jesus Christ in the blissful Mass; for even his Divine Office he must say where and how he may, -here a scrap and there a scrap -whose oratory has to be often hideously public; but there, per haps, while preoccupied with a psalm of the great Poet-King, or a hymn of the Angelic Doctor, he, too, may be helping to convert some half-perplexed watcher, who has simply never seen a man praying before But his great work, as it is the other's, is that of making good Catholics, and of keeping them, and so of maintaining everywhere little out posts in the enemy's country, that else would be all abandoned."

We believe that precisely because the CATHOLIC RECORD has always, recognized that one of its highest has said, to confirm and to imple-credit Russellism tells us that it is

ment his work; for precisely this reason, priests everywhere real ize that in promoting the circulation of the RECORD they are ensuring the results that their own earnest efforts are put forth to achieve. Without them the RECORD could do little. Without the RECORD their most earnest efforts fall short of what they would attain if the weekly silent yet eloquent visitor did not reach their good Catholic families to recall, to supplement, to confirm and quietly to insist upon all that their heroic lives and earnest words are striving to inculcate.

FALLON HALL

That a few words on Fallon Hall might not be out of place has been borne in on us by numerous, we might almost say, innumerable, inquiries regarding it. Some otherwise intelligent and friendly critics have spoken of it as an institution of higher learning. Higher education does not begin at 5 nor end at 12.

It is destined to be a school for boys, say from 5 to 12 or 13. In every diocese it is found necessary to establish orphanages for the main tenance and education of the children who cannot be taken care of in the homes and schools that are entirely satisfactory in normal cases. Either one or both of the parents are dead or they are unfit or unable to look after their children; then the children are taken in charge by the orphanages.

Now there are cases where the parents, (or one of them,) are quite able and willing to look after their children either personally or through others. It may be a case of a mixed marriage, where the mother, let us say, is a non-Catholic. The children are to be brought up Catholics. The home is not a proper place to instruct them and prepare them for the sacraments. Both parents are entirely willing and able to send them to such a school as Fallor Hall. Hitherto none such existed. It will be a boon to such parents. Sometimes the mother is dead. The father can dispose of his little daughters satisfactorily. What can he do with his little boys? There have been cases where little Catho lic boys have been sent to non-Catholic schools. On the priest's remonstrating, the father has expressed his entire willingness, his eager desire even, to send them to some

Catholic institution. Up to the opening of Fallon Hall none such existed. We might go on enumerating abnormal home conditions which necessitate, or make desirable, the sending of young boys away to such a school. No such in-

stitution existed in Canada. A generous Catholic, who, by experience, realized the need of such an institution gave \$100,000 to found and endow such an establishment. The only reason that such munificent charity finds its location in Canada and in London is the reputation of tionalist. The donor believed that if the institution bore the name of the Without any wish to belittle the Bishop of London its success was doubly assured. No institution of learning bearing Bishop Fallon's name would need commendation either in the United States or Canada. And no institution bearing his name would be allowed by the Bishop of London to be unworthy of the confidence the name Fallon Hall inspires.

This was the reason given by the generous founder when our great Bishop consented to allow the institution to be called Fallon Hall. People interested may rest assured that even if the reputation of the Ursulines should not guarantee the high standing of the school, the Bishop who allowed his name to be connected with it, will see to it that it fulfil the highest expectations of those who place their trust in the school because it bears the name of Fallon Hall.

"PASTOR" RUSSELL

A correspondent in Toronto has sent us a goodly parcel of literature pertaining to the sayings and doings of Pastor Russell and his sect-Strong language deprecatory of these people is used in a paper published in the city named, entitled "Jack Canuck." If Pastor Russell is guilty of a small portion of the things charged against him he would be a most undesirable citizen indeed. It | is claimed that he is wearing the livery of a clergyman for the same reason that influenced the late Mr. duties is to supplement the work of Barnum to enter the show business. the obscure priest, to recall what he One of the circulars issued to dis-

parading under a well assorted lot of plaining his attitude in regard to lisguises. He does business we are told in various parts of the world under the firm names of "Millenial Dawnism," "Zion Watch Tower," 'International Bible Students' Associations" and "Laymen's Home Mission Movement," all of which is declared by said circular to be the deceptive product and blasphemous religion of Charles T. Russell. He is cartooned, too, is Charles T. Russell, for in Jack Canuck appears his picture, the face bearing an extreme sanctimoniousness while he is carrying about his person in the fashion of a sandwich man a placard bearing a large number of dollar marks. We do not desire to enter the lists in defence or approval of the course of Pastor Russell or his critics. Escapades such as that the Pastor is en gaged in have come to us times with. out number since the dawn of that unfortunate rebellion which drew people away from the rock of Peter. We may say to the contestants that all this furore in the camps of the various sects existing without the barque of Peter is but the natural outcome of the principle of private interpretation of the Scriptures. Pastor Russell, Dowie, Mrs. Eddy, and the rest have just as much claim according to this principle to advance their theories in regard to the Bible as have the Rev. Mr. Jackson and the other clergymen of the non-Catholic sects in Toronto or elsewhere. All this ado must surely bring to reflecting minds the thought that after all there is but one secure resting place for sincere souls-the Catholic Church. Amongst the members of that great body of Christians there is no variety of opinion as to what this or that passage of Scripture means-no restlessness-no de fiance of the authority of the Church -no spirit of disobedience amongst the flock in regard to the teachings of their pastors. There is ever

feeling of peace, of security, of trust

-Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, priests

and people forming one compact

body-the sheep of the flock ever

hearkening to the voice of the Shep-

herd. When, as sometimes happens,

a sapless bramble presents itself it is

cut from the parent tree as a wither-

ed and lifeless incumbrance. There

is no such thing in the old Church as

different shades of belief. We must

be either with it or against it.

A CREDITABLE ACT We made short reference last week to the meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge in St. John's, Nfld. The St. John's papers just to hand give us further particulars. It seems that while the meeting was in progress person named Short, hailing from Boston, set up a little temporary bookshop - somewhat after the pattern of that of the late John Kensit in which was offered for sale all manner of anti-Catholic literature, amongst other things a collection of the Grand Master of the Ora London's Bishop as a Catholic educa- in Newfoundland, had his attention called to the matter. He visited the shop and ordered the sale to be stopped forthwith, as also the sale of certain pictures. Afterwards other Orange officials called at the Police station where they secured the ser vices of Supt. Grimes and two policemen who proceeded to Mr. Short's shop. The Superintendent ordered the store to be closed immediately. Accompanied by two policemen he remained in charge to see that the orders were carried out. The Daily News says editorially:

"Mr. Squires and the Orangemen generally have acted with commendable wisdom and promptitude. A little while ago foul slanders were circulated about another organizaion, the scandalous character of which was completely exposed. The present is but another instance of the readiness of individuals to prey on the passions and prejudices of mankind, no matter what the cost. Some of these scurrilous productions have been reprinted recently in the anti-Orange press, with comments as severe as they are justified; and it is matter for rejoicing that the opportunity has thus been afforded Grand Master Squires and the Orangemen generally of emphatically repudiating knowledge or approva of writings which are not only sive to good taste, but to ordinary

The reference in the above extract to "another oaganization" means the bogus Knights of Columbus oath. This was read at an Orange gathering on the 12th of July by a clergyman in St. Mary's, Ontario. We have not yet seen any apology from him. Perhaps ere long he will be compelled to make one.

In further reference to this inci-

Short's business. That unlovely individual stated to the Grand Master that the Orange songs were printed by him in Boston as a private undertaking. This incident gives us the reason why so much anti-Catholic literature is spread about Amongst simple, oftentimes illiterate, non-Catholics there is always market for this abominable literature, hence the alacrity of charlatan

to embark in the business. Summing up the whole transaction we would ask our Orange friends where is the necessity for all this foolishness - their meeting in Grand Lodge to preserve our civil and religious liberties? Who in this country, or in any other country for that matter, evinces any desire to interfere with them? Orangeism is simply a perpetuation of the bitter fueds of factions in the old land and the sooner our Canadian people give up this senseless nonsense the better will it be for the whole Do-

minion. We might here remark that had ve a number of Grand Masters of Mr. Squires' stamp in Ontario much of the matter contained in the official Orange organ would be blue pencilled. Its utterances are oftentimes similar to the literature brought to St. John's by Mr. Short.

A BELFAST ORATOR

in which appears a speech made on

the 12th of July by Bro. G. S. Clarke

to an Orange assemblage. This

gentleman, with the purpose of prov

ing that there was good cause for not

giving Ireland Home Rule, instanced the case of Quebec, where Catholics are about nine tenths of the population. Mr. Clarke quotes Mr. Wm. Maxwell as having stated that the people of Quebec have put themselves unreservedly in the hands of Rome. Who this Wm. Maxwell is we are unable to say. We have lived in this country for nearly sixty years and never heard of him before. He is certainly not an author of any repute, perchance a phampleteer whose business it is to advance half truths and whole misrepresentations in regard to the Church of Christ. That the people of Quebec are in the condition named will be startling news to the people of Quebec. But let us see. There is a cunning half truth in Mr. Maxwell's assertion. He is quite right so far as the spiritual order is concerned, wholly wrong as to temporalities. The people of Quebec are quite as free as those of any other province in the Dominion to vote as they deem right in elections of every kind. When Mr. Clarke delivered his oration he was three thousand miles from the province of Quebec. Were he to have said the same thing on a platform in Montreal he would be denounced as a slanderer by Protestants and Cath-Orange songs. Mr. R. A. Squires, olics alike. Mr. Clarke brought into practical Catholic, had taken sudanother gentleman with whom we are acquainted, at least by reputation, and this gentleman's name is Mr. Robt. Sellar. He publishes a paper in Huntingdon, Que., called The Gleaner. Mr. Sellar's occupation at all times and on all occasions is to make unkindly reference to the Catholic Church and Catholic clergy of Quebec. He too is an adept at stating half truths. "I have seen," said he, " settlements of Protestants dwindle and disappear, Protestantism become apologetic; free outspoken public opinion wither and in its place has come an atmosphere of cowardice and servility." So then Mr. Robt Sellar is the only Protestant in Quebec who has the courage to state that Protestants are at a disadvantage in that province. Now for the facts. It is quite true that settlements of Protestants dwindle and disappear. Mr. Sellar does not tell the whole truth as he wants it to be inferred that persecution sent his coreligionists adrift. What is the cause of this deplorable condition? French Canadians raise large families, English speaking Canadians have small families or no families at all. To some extent they are dying out and French Canadians, living close to God and nature, naturally take their places. It is the survival of the fittest. Another reason. English speaking Protestants of Quebec have in many cases sold their farms and have gone to the North-West where they may obtain large tracts of land for the asking. They move away from the old province to better their condition. The Protestant province of Ontario has the same story to tell and in the last comments on this scandalous affair, lished a letter in the Daily News ex. twenty years its rural population has I merely ask you to publish the facts

there never has been any such thing as persecution on the part of the Catholic people of Quebec of their non Catholic neighbors. They are not only treated with justice but with prodigal liberality. Quite the contrary is the case in the Orange province of Ontario, where if a Catholic is looking for office his faith is at once advanced as a bar against his appointment or election by that faction of which Mr. Clarke is an exponent in Belfast. In the great Catholic city of Montreal Protestant mayors are frequently elected and quite a number of Protestant gentlemen are chosen for parliamentary honors. In the Orange centres of Ontario such as Toronto, Hamilton and London a Catholic has never yet been elected to the mayor's chair. In fact one of that belief, no matter how capable were he to put himself in nomination, would be considered foolhardy, Considering the actual condition of things in Belfast itself it is a most extraordinary thing that Brother Clarke would even make the slightest reference to bigotry on the part of Catholics, because in the civic life of Belfast Catholics are carefully excluded from every office in the gift of the corporation with the exception of a few minor positions which are not worth having. If Brother Clarke, Brother Maxwell and Brother Sellar would in their deliverances form the habit of telling the whole truth there would be a better understanding and An Irish correspondent sends us a a more peaceful disposition evinced clipping from the Irish News, Belfast, between Catholics and Protestants in

> NEW BISHOP We are pleased to be able to announce that Rev. X. Brunet, formerly Secretary of Archbishop Gauthier, Kingston, has been appointed Bishop of Mount Laurier, a new Catholic diocese which has been formed out of the Quebec portion of the Archdiocese of Ottawa. The Bishopelect of Mt. Laurier is scholarly and estimable ecclesiastic. His appointment will be a notable addition to the distinguished prelates who now rule the Church in the Dominion of Canada. The CATHOLIC RECORD sends him greetings. May it be that he will be given long life to pursue his sacred calling as Bishop in God's Church.

the North of Ireland and elsewhere.

ORANGEISM IN PRACTISE There are men who think that the following is what civil and religious iberty means. It is of a piece with occurrences accounts of which come to us with painful regularity and frequency To the editor of the Ulster Guardian

Sir,-I beg the hospitality of your columns to give publicity to a piece of intimidation and religious perse cution that I experienced on Satur day night on a sick call to the County

Down district of this parish. Word was conveyed to me during the course of the night that a woman who during her life-time has been a denly ill. It afterwards came to my knowledge that the woman had been unconscious for three days previous. Some Protestant friends took it on themselves to look after her, as she lived alone, and by so doing take possession of her house. When I arrived on the scene, and when I was recognized to be a priest, I was ordered to leave the house at once was informed then, for the first time, that the woman was a Protest ant, and that she had already been visited twice by a local Protestan clergyman, notwithstanding the fact that at her own request. I have been for the past three years.

attending her for her religious duties I remonstrated with the bystanders on the cruelty and injustice of depriving the poor woman of the ministrations of the clergyman to whom she belonged, especially now in her dying condition. My remonwas of no avail: I was stration ordered again to leave the housenot I would be put out by force. As a last resort, I appealed to the mony of a neighbor who lived op-posite, and who saw me call many a ime that I was in attendance on the woman for years. The fact was denied, and the allusion to the house opposite very nearly brought a male inhabitant to strike me. I, judging in the circumstances that "discretion was the better of valor," returned to Lisburn. I requisitioned there the service of three policemen to guard me on this, the discharge of my duty. Their services were cheerfully and rightly offered. In company with them I visited the house again, and with their needful assistance I was enabled to proceed to give the last rites of the Church to the dying woman, amidst the shrieks, maledictions, and other unmention able language of an infuriated mob.

Upon taking our departure a cry

as raised that they would have

their revenge on me some Sunday

morning when I would pass that way

to an outside church of the parish

For the present I desire to make no

dwindled. There is not now and that the public may judge of the conditions of affairs in this region of so-called religious liberty and equal-Yours, etc., M. P. HAYES, C.C.

Lisburn, July 20, 1913.

A GRAND RECORD The popular anti-Irish conception of an Irishman is an individual who is invariably "agin the law." That this attitude of opposition to the law was the result of circumstances rather than of any inherent bias towards crime and disorder is a fact that has been conclusively demonstrated by the calendars presented to the judges of assize for many years past. Thus during the recent summer assizes the judges were presented with white gloves in no less than five counties, there being no cases to be tried by them. Waterford, Fermanagh, Donegal, Queen's County and Carlow, had not a single serious crime since last spring. In what other community of 400,000 can that splendid record be matched? Three counties-Leitrim, Roscom mon and Kilkenny, and two cities -Limerick City and Waterford City, had only one case each out of a population of 298,432. Westmeath, Longford, Armagh, Tyrone, Kerry, and Monaghan, population 598,000, had only two cases each. Fourteen counties and two cities with a combined population of 1,274,056, supplied the juries with only 17 cases, not more than two or three of which were of a serious character.

These are not exceptions. record of the remaining counties and cities is just as remarkable. Every single judge in opening the Assizes was able to congratulate the juries on the state of the country, and we invariably read in their chargethe condition of your county is peaceable and orderly, and your duties on this occasion will be extremely light." On such a record as this Ireland can challenge the world. No other country on the face of the earth measures up to it in point of crimelessness. In the face of this what are we to think of the Unionist orators who are going about England painting lurid pictures of the crime and depravity of the wild Irishy?" If respect for law and order can be regarded as a sign of fitness for self-government Ireland may well claim to have demonstrated that fitness. If in the past the Irish people were "agin the law" it was pecause the law was always against them. Resistance to unjust laws is duty, and it needs no labored effort to prove that law in Ireland a generation ago was shamefully unjust and hopelessly partizan. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AT THE request of a correspondent "Canadian Boat Song" alluded to in these columns last week, is reproduced elsewhere in this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE PERENNIAL dispute as to what and what does not constitute Presby terian doctrine is again to the fore in Canada. A minister from Scotland, preaching in Victoria, B. C., charges that the gospel is not preached from the pulpits of the Presbyterian churches of Canada. Another 'D. D." says that it is, and for proof points to the theological colleges of that denomination. In that he is rather unfortunate, as, if public utterances are any criterion, nowhere does German rationalism mis-named "Higher Criticism," nest more snugly than in those same colleges. The contention publicly put forward by a leading Canadian minister a generation ago, that belief in the Divinity of Christ is not essential to full Presbyterian communion, remains unchallenged to this day. There is an old proverb about the pot calling the kettle black which might apply very aptly to the dispute in question.

OUR ANGLICAN contemporary, the Canadian Churchman, tells its readers very artlessly that there are still standing in England in all their ancient glory, several mediaeval churches which have been desecrated and given over to profane uses. Two, St. Botolph's, Ruxley, and St. Benedict's, Paddlesworth, have been converted into barns; another, the Chapel of Our Lady, built upon the bridge that spans the River Don, at Rotherham, is now a tobacconist's shop; the tower of a fourth has been converted these many years into a jail; while a fifth is given over in part to the work of a miller. As the Church of England was cradled in just such desecration wholesale, and as it has not, with all its wealth, and the backing of the state, been able to keep the greater cathedrals thus diverted, in decent repair even, the ament of the Canadian Churchman tends to provoke only a sad smile. In recent years, Catholics have succeeded in rescuing a few of these old fabrics from profane uses, and reconsecrated them as temples of the Most High. That a work still lies before them in this respect, signs are multiplying daily.

THE EXTRAORDINARY developments in the ritual and worship of the High Church movement in the Anglican Establishment, while going on for the most part quietly and unostentatiously, are such, nevertheless, as to attract the notice of, and, (according to the point of view), to encour age or dismay the beholder. Ever since the collapse of the Oxford Movement upon the conversion of John Henry Newman in 1845, the High Church party has devoted its energies to creating those "visible facts," the urgency of which, as they then were, the Movement's greatest exponent had declared to be altogether beyond the antiquarian arguments to which he, himself, had been committed by the force of his position at Oxford. The determination of the Ritualistic wing of the party to remove that reproach, has gained force steadily, and if the result has been more apparent than real, it in no wise lessens the revolutionary effect it has had upon the character and position of the Church | imply. of England as a whole.

THE WORLD is so accustomed now to ritualism as an accepted fact in the English Church, as to have ceased to marvel at the transformation effected within a generation. The pro-Roman character, as it has been called, of the ceremonies of certain churches in England and America, has ceased, apparently, to be matter for litigation, and almost for discussion. To this extent the strivings of the Ritualist party may be called a success, They may also be called a success in the changed attitude of the English people generally towards ceremonies of any Even Presbyterians and Methodists have parted with their old convictions and aspire to a degree of ritualism. The old zeal for plainness and ugliness has departed forever. But that any real change in the Protestant character of the Church of England has resulted thereby, is the merest hallucination. Doctrinally and practically it remains where it placed itself at the mandate of a dissolute king four hundred years ago. Only in the devout sentiment of individual members can it be said to have drawn nearer to the Catholic Church. Communion with the See of Peter remains still what it was then, the key stone of the arch. That lacking, all else counts for but little.

As is well known to students of the movement, the High Church party is divided into several sections. The most ostentatious is the self-" Catholic but - not - Roman," styled which, the nearer it approximates to Rome in doctrine and ceremony, the more bitter, as a rule, its adherents become in their attitude to the Holy See. While the Pope, in their eyes can do nothing right, they, each one, pose individually as popes, who can do nothing wrong. Needless to say, the most rampant dissenter is less removed in principle from the Church than they. Then there is the old High Church section, tenacious of the proud boasts of the Establishment in the intervening centuries, and thoroughly Protestant at heart but shrinking in numbers yearly, and as a factor in determining the Church's policy, now almost ceased to be.

THERE IS another section of the party, however, the members of which may be said, implicitly, to be Catholics, though not of course explicitly so. They teach openly almost all that the Catholic Church teaches, short of Papal Infallibility and the necessity of being in visible communion with the Holy See. They sincerely long for re-union with what they call the "Western Church," and of which they acknowledge the Pope to be the Patriarch And especially in belief in the Real Presence and devotion to the Blessed Virgin do they vie with Catholics in zeal and earnestness. It is from this section that conversions most frequently come, and in whom the hope of the restoration of England to Unity principally centres. The recent event on Caldey Island is a

timely illustration of the former, and late doctrinal and devotional manifestations the latter. Some reference to the latter may interest our

WITHIN THE past few months a new society has been evolved among these advanced Anglicans, the result of a disagreement in the "Guild of the Love of God." an organization brought together by Rev. A. V. Magee, son of the late Archbishop of York. This disagreement arose over the question of formally recognizing the Pope in their prayers as "Our Patriarch." The new Society, formed of those favorable to such recognition, has taken to itself the name "Catholic League," placing the same "under the patronage and invocation of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the honor due to her Divine Son, and the freeing of His Church from all heresies are so dear." Further, the official document of inauguration goes on: "We have chosen the title of Our Lady of Victory in confidence that she will lead the Church in our land to triumph over the foes within and without that attack her integrity and undermine her faith. St. Joseph we have chosen as being the Patron of the Church, and as actually receiving in our day very special devotion throughout the Western Church.' Deluded as to their position as these people in truth are, Catholics can truly rejoice over the earnestness which such words unmistakably

THIS IS NOT all. The ceremonies of inauguration, we are told, consisted of an "inaugural Mass." celebrated in St. Margaret's Church. Lethbury, Dr. Langford James being 'the celebrant," attired in "Mass vestments," and the prayers read being taken, not from the Book of Common Prayer, but from the Roman Missal. During the "communion of the celebrant," hymns to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin were sung. Preparatory to the "Mass," a procession went about the churchyard, singing the Catholic Litany of Our Lady, and such familiar Catholic hymns as "Hail, Queen of Heaven. the Ocean Star." and "Faith of Our Fathers." Within the church was a statue of the Madonna and Child, before which were placed six lighted candles and a profusion of flowers before which was chanted in Latin the Salve Regina, a printed translation of which was distributed to the congregation. A banner was also 'blessed." incense was freely used and this extraordinary service in an Anglican Church was brought to a conclusion with these responses :

V. O Blessed Mary, Lady of Victory, pray for us. R. That we may be made worthy

of the promises of Christ. V. Blessed St. Joseph, our Pat

Be our guardian and pray for

V. Blessed St. Nicholas, our Pat

ron R. Pray for us, thy children.

LATER IN the day another, a Mary" procession, perambulated the village, the "Ave Maria" and other Catholic hymns being sung and, on the return to the church 'Vespers of Our Lady" were recited, at which, it is related, no fewer than twenty thurifers, with lighted censers, filled the building with dense clouds of incense. A sermon was preached by Dr. Langford James. from the text: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" the preacher strongly advocating the invocation of Our Lady, who was alluded to as "Mary Our Hope," "Mary Immaculate," Mary our Life,' "Mother of God," "Cause of Our Salvation," and "Gate of Heaven." He pleaded that the help of Mary be invoked, " that our country might be won back to Catholic doctrine, and that the Catholic Church might go on from strength to strength and from victory to victory." Finally, there was a "solemn consecration of the League to God under the patronage of the Most Glorious and Blessed ever Virgin Mary," very much after the manner of consecrations in Catholic churches. All this in itself is very admirable, and while thinking Catholics may lament the apparent anamoly of participants in such devotions remaining blind to the real meaning of Catholic unity, and to the essentials of Catholic communion, they will pray that the Blessed Virgin whom they so piously

Desire is the parent of belief.

ness the full light of Faith.

invoke may obtain for such earnest-

For The CATHOLIC RECORD FRANCIS THOMPSON

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In the past English Literature has not been rich in great Catholic poets Ben Jonson forsook the Faith Dryden and Crashaw alone stand out as representative members of the in the great heritage of English poetry. There are many reasons ad-vanced to account for this fact, but I am disposed to discard them, because the true poet is independent of circum stances and writes apart from diffi culties or temporal limitations will any suggested explana tion suffice to account for the fac English Literature has waited for the twentieth century to bridge Crashaw laid dawn his pen in his exile's home at Loreto. however, remains that Francis the first two Catholic poets for a period extending over two and a half centuries worthy to rank with the very highest in our literature. I offer no solution to the problem which I have suggested; but it is interesting to note that their advent coincides with the great forward novement in Catholicism which is such a marked characteristic of the last twenty years among the English speaking peoples. If I were to offer an explanation, it would be based to some extent on the fact that religious toleration has, as it were, relieved Catholics from many anxieties, and left them freer to develop their gifts in the sphere of letters. It will, how ever, at once be evident that freedo from persecution is no guarantee for the production of great poetry. we must be content to acknowledge the fact of the greatness of these tw poets, without attempting to analyze why they wrote when they did.

We have now before us the com plete poetical works of Francis Thompson—the "Poems" of 1893, which came almost as a "wild surthe "Sister Songs" of 1895 prise;" which found an expectant public; the "New Poems" of 1897, which lifted Thompson up to the highest peaks of English song; and, finally, his scattered work in reviews and magazines, which regularly ome dull periodical out of the humdrum of life's commonplace, and caused us reverently to our shelves rather than in the wastepaper basket. Mr. Wilfred Meynellhompson's literary executor—has imself done a great work for English Literature in presenting to the world a complete edition of Thompson's work, and he has rendere easier the position of critic, because it is now possible to judge it as a whole and to trace the wonderful swift development of the poet's mind and his progress in his art.

The first and most clear sounding note in Thompson's poetry is his de-votion to the Church, which moves in all the splendour of the Faith, in all the glory of her rites and cere-monies, and in all the age long romance of her conquests and her persecutions—along his pages, like some great pageant of Church Hisuse another illustration, tory, or, to Thompson seems to sit in some nediæval Cathedral, and every hallowed light, every magic-poised stone, every note of music, every swing of the censer, every movement of the silence in the presence of God offered himself and of his poetry which is the great expression of his soul. Even where he is least Catholic there is implicit Catholicism behind his pen. His tender love for children is but the reflection of a manhood that became young again in Bethlehem: and he can render homage to childhood because he gave it wholeheartedly to "Little Jesus," whom he could address with holy reverence as a child:

Didst thou kneel at night to pray And didst Thou join Thy hands this And did they tire sometimes, being young, And make the prayer seem long?"

He could take the peevishness of a child's philosophy which sought only caress and tender clasping now and then, and he could read from it a lesson of God's Fatherhood known only in its fullest extent by the Cath-

'So heard I a young child A swart child, a young child Rebellious against love's arm Make its peevish cry. To the tender God I turn-Pardon Lord most high; For I think those arms thine

And that child even I.' The same criticism applies to his poetry dealing with womanhood, which fills a large place in his work. The blue mantle of Mary's supreme holiness hangs over it all as a pro tection from the decadent world in which it was produced, and especi ally as a protection against the poet's natural riot of imagination. been suggested by some critics that Thompson now and then stepped beyond that propriety of poetical ex-pression which should characterize a atholic poet, and that the "sensuous is in places too pronounced imagery" am inclined to agree with this criticism, but Thompson's failure here—if I may call it such—is not the out-

come of either irreverence or de-cadence, but is rather the natural defect of his temperament. His page of womanhood and his love poems are chaste and holy—if in a few places over imaginative — and are worthy to stand beside the very best that has been laid at the shrine of Mary and her children. There is something supremely bold in some of them, something quite rash—but there is nothing of pagan license, nothing of pure materialism. They are Catholic in the truest sense.

In an age of Imperialism-Thompson was a Catholic Imperialist who sang the glorious Imperialism of the Church—the mighty nation of God colonizing for eternity. From the narrow confines of Rome an electric life issued forth for him with eternal possibilities never in time to weaken ike the pagan Imperialism of the pagan city. Hear him address the Church.

'O Lily of the king how lies thy silver

wing And long has been the hour of thine unqueening thy scent of Paradise on the night wind spills its sighs

Nor any take the secrets of its mean ing.
O Lily of the King, I speak a heavy thing.

O patience, most sorrowful of daughters Lo, the hour is at hand for the troub ling of the land, And red shall be the breaking of the

waters." Thompson as it were, passed into the poetry of Catholicism with "The Hound of Heaven" and he never left it. Even "The Anthem of

-earth where he will one " Here I untrammel Here I pluck loose the body's cere menting, And break the tomb of life; here

shake off bur o' the world, man's congre gation shun. And to the antique order of the dead I take the tongueless vows; my cell

Here in thy bosom; my little world In a little peace "-

swings back from its somewhat pagan opening to God in Nature His "Orient Ode" is full of Cath olic allusions and imagery.

Thou to Thy spousal universe Art Husband, she thy Church

Who is most dark and vidual curch Her Lord being hence, Keeps her cold sorrows by thy hearse The heavens renew their innocence

And morning state But by thy sacrament communicate Their weeping night the symbol of

our prayers, Our darkened search and sinful vision desolate.

Thompson's Catholicism passed out and beyond the well worn round of technically Catholic themes. He ifted them into the realms of the highest earthly poetry, but in addi-tion he found in all the great mysteries of nature and of life, in all the manifold problems which present themselves to men, and in every point of contact with the inexevery point of contact with the inex-plicable, material for singing the great unfathomable wonder of the Creator, whom he "saw in part" and "darkly through a glass" within His revelation to the Church Thompson is no mere writer of pious sentiment to a poetic expression the sphere of possibility. His is the divine gift of song, which as perectly as men can ever have here, relects that great song of triumph—of Creation, of Redemption, and of the which sweeps up and Church, on endlessly before the throne of God—the music of heaven. is the true attitude This great Catholic poet. He does not seek to explain in verse the moral law. He takes no delight in metrical dogma. He is himself a Catholic deep down in his inner nature, and God incarnate, Mary His mother, the Blessed Sacrament, the cross, purgatory, heaven and hell are realities of his very tissue and fiber, and he necessarily touches all his themes in all their diversity with these constituents of himself. His faith is a living thing, the energizing force behind his pen, and his work stands as a homogeneous whole unified by the fact that once in time "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," that man him-

self might one day dwell with the Word. This direct connection of himself with his poetry prepares us to find that there is a wide personal note in Thompson's work. There is much that reflects his own mind, his sufferings, his struggles, his difficulties Many of his finest poems are full of reminiscences or of self-conscious outlook. In any other poet I should at once say that such a prominent characteristic was a distinct weak ness, for it is seldom found so uni ersally in the greatest poetry. In Thompson, however, it is as neces sary as the very vehicle of poetry for his thought. He was introspective and in a very true sense he lived alone—alone with suffering.

I witness call the austere goddess; Whose mirrored image trembles where it lies

If I have learned her high and sol emn scroll. Have I neglected her high sacrifice Spared my heart's children to the sacred knife.

In my confronting eyes.

Or turned her customed footing from my soul ? thou pale Ashtaroth thou rul'st my life Of all my offspring thou hast had the whole."

I think that the true method of approaching Thompson's work is to recognize this, and not to be afraid to see the poet in his poetry. It is impossible to disassociate him from The Hound of Heaven," which is not only secure in its place in English Literature, but also among that small number of books which are intensely personal, and of which St. Augustine's "Confessions:" is the supreme example. Or again, who would deny the title of great poetry

O world invisible we view thee; O world intangible we touch thee O world unknowable we know thee Inapproachable we clutch thee!

ally personal:

o the following because it is essenti

Does the fish soar to find the ocean The eagle plunge to find the air-That we ask of the stars in motion If they have rumor of thee there

Not where the wheeling system darken And our benumbed conceiving soars! The drift of pinions, would we

Beats at our own clay shuttered

The angels keep their ancient places Furn but a stone and start a wing Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces miss the many splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou can'st not sadder)

and upon thy so sore loss Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder Pitched between Heaven and Char-

Yea, in the night, my soul, my

daughter Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems, And lo, Christ walking on the waters Not of Genesareth, of Thames." It would be possible to go on quot-

ing examples of this personal note in Thompson's poetry, but one other will suffice, in which he foretells his own fame. The sleep flower sways in the wheat

its head. Heavy with dreams as that with bread: The goodly grain and the sun-flushed

sleeper The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang mid men my needless head And my fruit is dreams as theirs is The goodly men and the sun-hazed

sleeper Time will reap, but after the reaper, The world shall glean of me, me sleeper.

Love! Love! your flower of withered dream In leav'd rhyme lies safe I deem

Sheltered and shut in a nook From the reaper man and his reaper

Some critics may find this persona note a defect: but we remember that Keats wrote "Bright star, would that I were steadfast as thou art' When I have fears that I may and cease to be"—two personal poems which we would not willingly do

I have written at length on the wo most prominent characteristics of Thompson's poetry. I shall in conclusion only refer to aspects, which seem to call for criticism in a general study—to dea with his work in any wider detail belongs to a critical volume. First then there is his wide range of splendour in the expression of some thought-

"God's fair were guessed scarce but for opposite sin Yea and His mercy, I do think it well, Is flashed back from the brazen gates

"Bells that from night's great bell tower hang in gold Whereon God rings His change

There is something of the indefin able, the clusive, the intangible, which we find only in the greatest poets, in his words to Mary :

Sweet stem of that rose Christ, who Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to God."

Or there is the bold imagery which thinks of the air as "Upwafted by the solemn thurifer, The mighty Spirit unknown, That swingeth the slow earth before

the embannered Throne. These characteristics of greatness meet us with such regularity, that long before we have finished the second volume we find that they are no mere "purple patches," but a uniform part of Thompson's mind and art. Along the "traverses" of dizzy imagery, up the "Caminos" of ancient magnificence, round the "couloirs" of clear-cut precision, up the "arretes" of lofty fancy, he guides us with steady hand, sure step and unerring eye, until he brings us to the summit of the high peak of Poetry, where he stoops down to present us with "A Snowflake "lying in splendid isolation on the moun-

" God was my shaper Passing surmisal He hammered, He wrought me, From curled silver vapour To lust of his mind: Thou couldst not have thought me

so purely, so palely, Tinily; surely Mightily, frailly, Inscupped and embossed With His hammer of wind And His graver of frost.'

Finally I wish to say something on Thompson's thought. My atten tion was first drawn to consider closely this aspect by the chance re-mark which I recently heard by way of detraction, that he lacked power and depth, and also by the fact that Mons. Rooker who has been the first to study his work in detail refers a length to it. Now it seems to me that there is no necessity to demand great power and supreme depth of thought from a poet. The true poet is the "vates" what he sees, not is the "vates" what he sees, not what he says, matters. There are not a few names in literature who have injured their reputation by sacrificing poetry to intellectual effort, and who have curtailed the width and beauty of their vision by the limitations of reasoned argu-ment. True there are notable exceptions—Browning for examplebut as a rule the purely intellectual poet is a weakened artist not only in his outlook but in the extent of his appeal. In this connection Mathew Arnold might be referred to, whose horizon of vision, proper to the "vates," is confined and reduced by the pressure of thought. In Thompson's earlier work intellect holds much more prominent place than in his later, and where he is weakest is where he is most intellectual. His nnal poetry, taken as a whole, is characterized by a throwing aside of thought for thought's sake, and by an abandonment of himself to imagination and wide-sweeping vision Thus he has deliberately, as it were, chosen to follow what seems to me the clear-cut path of the highest in

From Moses and the Muses draw The tables of thy double law.

We rejoice that he is a "vates"man who saw visions. But above all we are glad that he added another glory to Catholicism by taking itindeed he could not have left it be hind-and crowning it with splendid poetic grandeur of his faith.

PROTESTANTISM IN CANADIAN WEST

Certain members of the Church of England, with the Bishop of London at their head, are making fervid apeals to the English purse for money o save Western Canada to Christ through tha ministers of that denom ination. A Canadian clergyman of the Church of England tells them that their zeal is wasted, that nobody cares very much for the Church of England in the far west, split up as it is by constant quarrels between clergymen of ritualistic tendencies and their flocks. The nominal mem bers of the Church of England are quite rich enough to support it with out aid from England. They have money in abundance for society functions, yachts, horse-shows, military uniforms, and so on; but they have nothing for the church because it has no interest for them. In this they differ from other Protest ants, who support their denominations liberally without begging, and show a yearly budget, which, compared with the Church of England's statement, is as a millionaire's income in comparison with a school-teacher's. His statement, has been published in London. An Anglican bishop says it should be considered very carefully, coming as it does from an insider. No outsider, he adds. would dare to make it. But the appeal has not been withdrawn in the mean time. With regard to outsiders he is

wrong. We are outsiders, and we There is the perfect beauty of thoughtful craftmanship in such lines to the stars. The Canadian clergyman takes, perhaps, too rosy a view of the work of the other sects. They are infinitely more enterprising and self-reliant than the Church of England; but what of the results? A Presbyterian minister from Fort George, a new railway town in British Columbia, told the General Assembly in Toronto that the people are practical atheists declaring the Bible a farce, and re ligion a tottering institution. This in Toronto, where the Rev. G. Ellery Read was shouting that "the Church of Rome must reform or die.'

The outlook for Protestantism in Canada seems to be dark. Protestant ministers would do well to ask themselves who make the people practical atheists? Who tell them that the Bible is a farce and religion totter ing? They may answer, infidel men of science. This is true in part, but it is not the whole truth. The infidel men of science find their best disciples among Protestant ministers. Bible scoffed at, our Lord's divinity denied, Christianity declared worn, needing restatement to bring it into harmony with modern ideas. What wonder then that their hearers are practical atheists? The ministers may use decent equivocations to save their face. The hearers ignore the equivocations and adopt the doctrine in its true sense, and declare themselves openly to be what their teachers are in reality.-America.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION

"A NIGHT PRAYER"

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set; the day is dead: Thy feast has fled; My eyes are wet with tears unshed;

I bow my head; Where the star-fringed shadow softly sway
I bend my knee, like a homesick child, I pray,

Mary, to thee. Dark! Dark! Dark! and, all the day - since white-robed priest

In farthest East, In dawn's first ray—began the Feast, I—I the least— Thy least, and last, and lowest child,

I called on thee! Virgin! didst hear? my words were

Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! The angels bright, With wings as white dream of snow in love and

Flashed on thy sight; They shone like stars around thee, Queen!

I knelt afar-A shadow only dims the scene Where shines a star!

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, beyond the sky, Sweet, pure, and high. angel's song swept sounding by

Triumphantly; when such music filled thy ear, Rose round thy throne. How could I hope that thou wouldst

hear My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, where altars stand, Or poor or grand,

countless throng from every land, With lifted hand. Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's In glad acclaim

How couldst thou hear my lone lips wail Thy sweet, pure name?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear Nor bend thy ear. prayer of woe as mine so dream

For hearts more dear Hid me from hearing and from sight; This bright Feast-day; Wilt hear me, Mother, if in its night

I kneel and pray? Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Thy Feast bath fled; eyes are wet with the tears I

shed; I bow my head; angels and altars hailed thee, Queen. All day; ah! be To night what thou hast ever been

A mother to me! Dark! Dark! Dark! neenly crown in angels' sight
Is fair and bright;

Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night Its jewelled light Shines not as the tender love-light shines.

O Mary! mild, in the mother's eyes, whose pure heart pines For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Sceptre in hand, thou dost hold sway

Fore'er and ave In angel-land; but, fair Queen! pray Lay it away thy sceptre wave in the realms

Where angels are; But, Mother! fold in thine arms of

Thy child afar!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Mary, I call! Wilt hear the prayer My poor lips dare? Yea! be to all a Queen most fair,

Crown, sceptre, bear! But look on me with a mother's eyes From heaven's bliss: waft to me from the starry

skies A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set: the day is dead: Can she forget the sweet blood shed The last words said

That evening-"Woman! behold thy Oh! priceless right, Of all His children! The last, least

Is heard to-night.

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proof of Mary's Assumption. Because if the body of the Blessed Virgin

were corrupt even for a moment it

would be entirely incongruous for it

to unite with the soul for the soul of

Mary always triumphed over every

corruption. Again, Mary was immaculate in her whole being the composite of soul and body, and hence that

corporal corruption which is a conse

quence of orginal sin could not belong to her. She might, and did die, but she could not continue in death.

At the same time while we do not

rely on any text of Holy Scripture as proof of this doctrine, that does not

mean that there are none which are

to be interpreted in that way. The doctrine has its strongest basis in

tradition. Already in the fifth and sixth centuries it was quite univer-

sally spoken of, and if there is an ap-

must be remembered, that during the first centuries the Church was

busy defending and declaring the

doctrine of Christ's Resurrection and

adducing it as a proof of His divinity.

Hence the danger of putting forward

Mary's Assumption, lest the captious

The Church has always looked lov-

to meet some important crisis in the

Assumption she may incline towards

the suffering Church to bring it once

again the blessings of peace and

SIMPLICITY OF OUR

CARDINALS

Many non-Catholics have a notion

that our American Cardinals live in

princes. This is a great mistake. They are princes of the Church, in-

deed, but their mode of living is of

The following description of Car-dinal Farley's daily routine will be of

In the private chapel in the rear of

After a simple breakfast of cereal,

or a small piece of steak, the Cardinal

attends to his correspondence, which

is very large and extremely import-

There are always a number of

visitors from different parts of the

the Cardinal's list of callers includes

diplomats, high potentates of the Church, philanthropists, men of affairs and women of exalted social

ranks from all parts of Europe and

America. Cardinal Farley is a charm

ing host and his hospitality is always ready when Church dignitaries from

foreign countries are visiting

The Cardinal keeps himself in-formed on all questions of the day. If there is any additional time left for

reading during the busy twenty-four

hours it is occupied with books and

Cardinal Gibbons follows out the

same simplicity in his mode of living.

Their hours of rising, dining, and taking their daily walks are almost identical. After attending to his daily correspondence and business matters, Cardinal Gibbons holds a public correspondence and business matters, cardinal Gibbons holds a

public reception from 10 to 12 o'clock.

He usually receives the priest of his

diocese from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and his afternoon con-

stitutional takes place after 5

Of Cardinal O'Connell we read the

America.

biography.

his residence, Cardinal Farley celebrates Mass at 6 o'clock.

security.—The Pilot.

the simplest kind.

even as her divine Son.

parent silence in earlier years,

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice. (St. Matthew vi, 33.)

In this day's Gospel our Lord de sires to impress upon us the little-ness of temporal and the greatness of eternal things. From the Gospel we learn many important truths. Among them, we learn that there is only one thing necessary for us in this world, and that is to save our

great: it is not necessary for us to be rich; it is not even necessary for us to enjoy good health; but it is necessary for each and everyone of us to work for our eternal welfare, to save

our immortal souls.

God placed us here for that purpose. He did not make us to gain great honors, great riches, or great worldly pleasures; but He pla in this world that by our good works we may acquire eternal honors, eternal riches and eternal pleasures.

He made us that by knowing, loving and serving Him here we may be happy with Him forever hereafter.

Such is the grandeur of our des tiny-the enjoyment of God for all This is the end for which

man was placed in this world.
God placed Adam in the Garden of
Eden for an end. This end was that, obeying God's commandment, he might live forever. But Adam broke God's commandment, was doomed to sickness and death, and transmitted sin, death and other

evils to his posterity.
God placed us in the Garden of His Church for an end. He gave us cer-tain commandments to obey. He furnished us seven fountains of grace, the seven sacraments, to assist us in keeping the commandments and remaining steadfast in seeking our eternal home. But have we not proved untrue to our end? Have we not, time and again, broken the commandments of God? If God were to say to us as He did to Adam "Where art thou?" would we not like Adam have to hide our faces in shame on account of our transgres-

sions of the law?

An eternity of happiness or of woe awaits us. If we were to die now, what would be our fate? Would we go to eternal punishment or to reward eternal? Let us ask ourselves these questions in all seriousness

and sincerity.

Each of us has but one soul. If by our improper use of temporal things that is doomed to eternal misery, what will it avail to be honored,

famous or rich? What good did it do Solomon to be the richest and the wisest of men Of what benefit was it to have all the luxuries that gold could purchase, to have all the temporal things that one could wish? He used those temporal things badly. He grievously sinned, and, had he died in that state, would have merited an eternal punishment. But, seeing the error of his ways, he repented and de-clared that "all is vanity" except to

Of what permanent value is it to our great railroad men, oil steel men, or others to be millionaires? For, if they have gained their millions by acts of injustice, if they have grown rich by oppressing the poor, if they have made a god of their affections on temporal things, they have no place in the affections for eternal things, for the one, true, for eternal things, for the one, true, and only God, Who is to be loved,

served and adored. Let us learn a lesson from others. Let us look out for our true interests Let us not be fools, seeking the things of the world; but let us seek " first the kingdom of God and His justice." Let us consider earnestly, seriously, conscientiously and prayerfully the littleness, the nothingness of temporal things and the greatness, the importance of eternal things; then let us resolve to use temporal things only as a means to assist us in attaining eternal happiness.

TEMPERANCE

HIS DAUGHTER'S VOICE

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on a wet, wintry moining, Elsie Cameron alighted from a crowded street car and hurried along the glistening street to the dingy tenement where she lived. She was a girl who would have attracted more than passing at-tention anywhere. Tall and shapely, with regular features and dark brown hair that strayed in natural ringlets over brow and ears, women would have called her good-looking, and men, beautiful. Despite the plain-ness, almost shabbiness, of her attire, she was dressed with scrupulous

The daughter of an eminent city organist, who had latterly fallen on evil days, Elsie Cameron possessed a rich and carefully trained contralto voice. This talent she had turned to advantage when the dark days came to her home, and at the time which our story deals she was earning a modest income by giving lessons and singing at concerts and other musical

She had had a long and exacting day with uninteresting pupils. She was tired and wet, but it was neither of these things that caused her to hurry along the street and mount the

tenement stairs three steps at a time.
Letting herself in with the latchkey, she passed quickly into the
sitting-room without taking time to

FIVE MINUTE SERMON divest herself of hat and cloak.

"Here I am, mummy," she cried brightly as she stooped to kiss the lined face of the invalid lady who lay on the shabby couch. Then looking hastily round, and with a trace of ill-concealed anxiety in her voice, who added "Whene's the real". she added, "Where's father?"
"He went but about an hour ago,"

"He went at about an nour ago, answered Mrs. Cameron in a hopeless voice. Then, meeting the look of pained reproach in her daughter's face, she put out an appealing hand.

"I did my best, dearie," she pleaded, "but I couldn't keep him. He

said he must go out for some papers, but he promised to come back in a few minutes. He hasn't come back yet. And," she added, with a break in her voice, "I—I'm afraid dearie, he's giving way again." Elsie walked wearily to her father's

table, looked down at the half-copied sheets of manuscript music on which he had been engaged. Her young heart was full of bitter thoughts, not against her father, whom she still dearly loved in spite of his fatal weakness and oft-broken promises, but against the social conditions which made such things possible.
"Oh it's cruel, mother, it's cruel!"

she exclaimed with a choking sob. For answer Mrs. Cameron only

sighed heavily.

Elsie dropped on her knees beside
her mother and buried her face in
the lap which had so often been her refuge from childish sorrows.
"O mummy!" she wailed brokenly;
"O mummy!"

Mrs. Cameron could no longer keep back her tears as she stroked her darling's bent head with tender, trem-

bling hands.
"O dearie!" she said with ineffable tenderness, "we must go on trying to be brave, and trust in God."

Elsie grew calmer, and rising, buttoned up her waterproof cloak. Where are you going, dearie?" asked the anxious mother. "You haven't had your tea yet, and you must be ready for it after your long, tiring day."

"I'm going to find father," answered Elsie, with a resolute light in her eyes. "I can't eat, mother, till I know what has become of him."

"But—you can't go into any of these—these places," exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, now deeply concerned for her daughter's safety.

"Don't you worry yourself, mummy dear." Elsie reassured her bravely "I am quite capable of taking care myself, and I'm going to bring father

So saying, she kissed her mother fondly and hurried out into the street. The Palace Bar was ablaze with light and the glitter of glasses. In and out through the swinging doors passed an intermittent stream of customers, men and women, in whose faces one might read some of life's sorriest, saddiest history. Reckless faces, some of them, others distraught and desperate; sullen, hopeless faces, too, and some, alas! drink-sodden

and hopelessly debased.

With head held high, ignoring proudly the curious stares and coarse audible whispers which her appearance in such a place drew from the frequenters of the bar, Elsie walked straight forward to the counter.

Is my father here?" she inquired of the proprietor in a low voice

There was no need for further explanation. It was not the first time, by many, that Elsie Cameron had come on the same humiliating errand.

"Yes, miss," admitted the propri-etor respectfully, "you'll find him in The glance which he threw

Cameron's brought that fine girl to a sorry pass." he remarked to his he might have expected, Mrs. Cam

head barman. A momentary hush fell over the noisy assemblage of men who sat in the heated, smoky, drink-laden atmosphere of No. 9 as the door suddenly opened and Elsie Cameron stood before them.

But Elsie had eyes only for the man who sat with pallid face at the head of the table—a fine figure of a man, though a long course of dissipation had left its unmistakable mark upon the handsome features and the wellknit frame. For one brief moment the eyes of father and daughter met. Then a deep flush of shame spread over the man's face, and he dropped

his head in his hands.

"At that Elsie Cameron's tears nearly overcame her, but with a desperate effort she regained her courage. "Father," she said, "mother and I are waiting tea for you. Are

you ready to come home ?" Yes, Elsie, I'm just coming," he said in a low voice as he rose and put

on his hat. There were loud protests from his boon companions. Their sing-songs were never such a success as when he was chairman, and he must stay and see the evening through. "I must go with my girl!" he in-

"Well, at least give us a song be-fore you get back to petticoat govern-ment!" shouted a coarse faced in ment!" shouted a coarse-faced in-dividual who sat in a corner seat.
"That is," he added ironically, "if her ladyship here will allow you!"

"Cameron's song! Cameron's song!" shouted the half-drunken

company in chorus.

Hector Cameron hesitated, Elsie's pleading hand on his arm. "Per-haps, dear, it would be the best way to humor them," he whispered.
"You see, I—I am their chairman."

"Chairman of this gathering! You, father!" The scorn which she could not keep out of her voice seared his very soul.
"Cameron's song! Cameron's song!" The noisy gathering became



There are many imitations of this best of all fly killers.

Ask for Wilson's, be sure you get them, and avoid disappointment.

pered her father, with averted eyes "It's the only way out of it now. Run home and get tea ready. I'll follow you in a few minutes."

But Elsie knew too well by sad ex-perience how much her father's ssurance was worth.

"Oh, do come now with me, father! Now!" she insisted, with a break in her voice. Then as her father still hesitated, she turned and faced the company, who were calling

impatiently for "Cameron's song."
"Delighted, my dear, delighted!"
exclaimed a big fellow with tipsy
gallantry, and this brought forth a

Ignoring both the coarse expres sions of admiration her offer had evoked and the restraining hand of her father, Elsie Cameron stepped to one end of the room and filled it with such glorlous music as its walls had

> 'Mid pleasures and palaces Though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home.'

Hector Cameron leaned against the wall and wept like a child. sion of his life till drink usurped it and made him its wretched slave His daughter, whose glorious voice had been the pride and delight of his heart, singing in a common tap-room! "My God!" he groaned. "My God! What have I done?"

"There's no place like home!"

The voice of the fair young singer trailed off in a long sweet note of in-effable yearning. Then with a path-etic little catch in her breath she spoke a few low words to the subdued men around her.

"I am sure you all have nice homes," she said, "and your woman-folk will be waiting for you just as mother and I are waiting for father. They will get so tired, oh, so weary! of waiting if you don't go. The tea will be set, and the kettle is singing 'There's no place like home. Wo'nt you all go home?" Then and then only the brave heart quailed, and a sudden terror of the place and its inmates and of the part she had played came over her. Faint and dizzy, she seized her father's now unresisting arm and hurried him out

Instead of the tears and reproaches eron met her husband with her usual sweet smile, and gentle wifely welcome. He made no promises. Alas! he had made so many before which he had failed ta keep. With a full heart he stooped and reverently

kissed his wife's brow.
From that night Hector Cameron came back steadily to his own. His brilliant talents soon attracted many rich pupils, and he eventually secured one of the most-coveted

musical appointments in the city.

Many a time Elsie Cameron looks back upon that eventful night and wonders how she ever dared to do what she did. "What must they have thought of me?" she exclaims to herself, flushing from neck to brow at the remembrance. But the great joy of her reward is with her still.—Scottish Temperance League Tract.

THE ASSUMPTION

FEAST, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15

Although the belief in the corporal assumption of our Blessed Lady is not an article of faith still the assent of the Church is so universal and constant in that regard that to refuse to accept it would be a mark of rashness and temerity. The dogmas of the Church are not usually defined until the necessity arises for an authoritative statement in regard to them. Thus, it was always the belief of the universal Church that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin, but when the whole Church clamored about the middle of the last century for the exact terms the last century for the exact terms in which that teaching should be expressed, the Holy Father Pope Pius IX., in 1854, defined it authoritatively and infallibly. Whether the same course shall yet be pursued in regard to the doctrine of the Assumption country in the course of the same course that the course of the same course course of the tion cannot be said, for it may be that the Church will go on, as at present, in the quiet and undisputed belief it now holds.

ore insistent.

"I must do it, Elsie," again whisthe Blessed Virgin, says: "There

are three things God could not make any better; the Man-Christ, the Beatific Vision, and the Blessed PRESIDENT Virgin. As she is exalted over all the angelic choirs she cannot be any nobler, for she is the Mother of God. Now to destroy the virginal body— the instrumental cause of the Incar-nation, that meritorious act whereby NONE SO EASY

she bore the Creator of Beatific Vision and all created perfections, demands a reason; our bodies shall be reformed in the Resurrection; but man of astonishing versatility, a lover and patron of all the arts, an the Blessed Virgin's cannot, as it is perfect. Hence the disintegration of plished musician, is fitted to shine in the most cultivated society, but he the virginal body would seem to be opposed to divine wisdom. It is also has devoted a very large part of his time since his elevation to his presopposed to divine love and divine justice; to divine love, because divine ent office to the study of social ques-tions as particularly affect the poor." love loves the perfect."

The body of the Blessed Virgin is These three grand men of the Cath-olic Church of the United States are consubstantial with that of Him Who is seated at the right hand of the dignitaries only in their religious relations. In every other respect they Father; hence, as Saint Bede says, the body of the Blessed Virgin ought are plain citizens, and they strictly follow out the rule of their divine to share in that incorruptibility which distinguished the Sacred Body Master, to give to Caesar what be-longs to Caesar, and to God what beof her Son. Moreover, the Immaculate Conception itself is the strongest

third of American Cardinals, being a

BRILLIANT FETE OF PYTHIANS TO-NIGHT.

In the above words was announced

longs to God.-Intermountain Cath

the parade and other festivities that accompanied the recent Pythian celebration in Minneapolis. The Knights of Khorassan marched, three thousand strong, and with them marched, we are reliably informed some of our Catholics. Now, of all the strange sights in this day of religious and mental acro-batics it were indeed difficult to find a more inconsistent one than a parade of Pythians and Catholics. Non-Catholics have a perfect right to belong to this organization, and with them we have no question whatsoever. But for intelligent Catholics to take public part in the celebration of an organization to which Catholics are strictly forbidden to give their names, seems little short of the incredible. The Catholic Church has a stringent law which forbids her members joining or participating in the ceremonies of here-tics, infidels or organizations that too prominently the doctrine of are under her ban. 'We are not inbe led to believe her to be divine stituting a quarrel with the Pythians or other societies, but we emphati-cally remind our Catholics of their ingly and fondly upon Mary in the glory of her Assumption; she has obligation in this matter. Business, social, or other considerations should honored the belief in her prayers and have no influence in a matter where the Church has so definitely set the devotions, and has set aside the 15th of August as a special holyday of obligation in honor of the same seal of her disapproval. The personal delinquency is here enhanced in blessed privilege. She will continue to do so: in fact, there are many who that a pernicious example is set to Catholics who may be weak or wavare lead to believe that the definition of the doctrine has been delayed only ering in their faith. The Knights of Columbus are as noble an organization as we have in America to-day. Church's history, some eventful mo-ment when under the glory of her There is no necessity therefore for a Catholic to turn his coat inside out and march as a son of Khorassan. Columbus was a Catholic; Khorassan smacks of the Zend Avesta.—Catho-

A SUGGESTIVE ARGUMENT

In the notorious exhibition of bigotry at Charlotte, N. C., where two young ladies were refused re-elec-tion as Public school teachers for no other reason but because they were Catholics, the school board used the following argument in vindication of their position: "Since Protestants would not be considered as teachers for Catholic schools, there should be no Catholics as teachers in the public schools.'

It takes but a very primitive acquaintaince with logic to discover theeflaw in this argument. Did it read as follows: "Since Protestants would not be considered as teachers for Catholic schools, there should be no Catholics as teachers in Protestant schools, there should be no fault in logical "Public schools" in the in the School Board's argument strikes one as ut terly illogical, and we cannot see how men of sober reason were capable of using such an argument save in the supposition that they considered "Public schools" and "Protestant schools" as synonymous.
And this is precisely why we call the argument suggestive because it reveals the mental frame of many of our fellow-citizens who look upon the Public schools as Protestant schools. Nothing, however, is farther from the genuine idea of the American Public school. It is essentially undenominational.—Southern Guardian.

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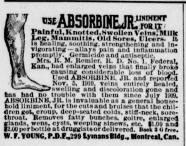
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CHATS WITH YOUNG

MEN VACATION DAYS WITH A PUR-POSE

Let us put vacation to good use by means of recreation for ourselves and of good example of the Christian life given to all with whom we come in contact this summer

The vacation days of 1913 are upon us. Let us resolve this summer to get more out of them than we ever have before. Like the bee, let us gather honey from every available source and store it up for winter use. the way, have you noticed how that determined aggressive little fellow, whose name has become synony mous with industry, visits not only the blossom which offers its sweets to him but also those which are less hospitable and from which he wrests the honey after a struggle? Perhaps in the bee world, as well as in our own, the things that are hardest to get are best worth having.

What a contrast between the efforts of the bee and those of the butterfly The latter dips here and there into the sweets of life, fitting from one to another, satisfying the desire of the moment and then, after this ephemeral existence, dies. Shall we be bees or butterflies?

If bees, here are some of the blossoms we may cull which will yield that which is not only sweet to the taste, but which, digested and assimilated, will prove to be "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.'

First, let us get a better idea of what self-surrender means. If we lives the rest of the building is comparatively easy. "I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sen Me," was the controlling principle of the one complete and perfect life in the history of the world.

Enthusiasm comes next. What a beautiful origin the word has! "The inspired or possessed by a god meant to the Greek. It is the divine impulse within which lightens every task; which makes His "yoke easy," and His "burden light." If we have this impulse within us we shall say with Him, "We must do the works of him that sent me, while

it is day." Next comes a sense of personal re sponsibility in the great work of extending His kingdom on earth.

Vigilance! How essential an element it is to strong Christian character! How insidiously the tempter approaches us through those same three avenues by which he has always The lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life!" Indeed, we need to say each day, "My soul, be on thy guard.

Incentive. Another word with an interesting history! Literally it "that which sets the tune, The keynote of His life the keynote. was to do the Father's will. What shall ours be?

Courage. We shall need that, too, and lots of it, for discouragements await us on every hand; but to us He says as to Joshua of old. "Be strong and of good courage," for, "I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

If we succeed in storing up these six elements essential to Christian Life, the seventh will be assured, Endurance. Not in the sense of "putting up with," but of "holding pressing on toward the ing "with patience the prize running race that is set before us.'

What is it?-Catholic Colum-Christ. bian.

ON SAVING MONEY

Saving money means that you set aside so much a day, a week or a month from your regular earnings.

In other words, in order to save money, you must spend less than you

How you are to do this, and how much you can save, is a matter of individual choice, or individual circumstances.

We will assume that you realize the importance of saving and want This naturally suggests the savings bank, the trust company or other bank, paying interest on monthly or quarterly balances as the place in which to deposit your savings. And you select one of these banks for

First. Because you have an incentive to save by making a regular weekly deposit.

Second. Because the bank holds your savings and you have no temptation to spend the money as you would have if you were carrying it around in your pocket, and

Third. You receive interest on Through custom and through ad-

vertising these banks have become the recognized places in which to place savings and surplus money. "It is all right to put money into savings banks. But after your ac-

count shows from \$100 to \$500," says financier, "you would do well to invest it in stocks, or bonds, or other productive investments that will bring you in more than 3 or 4 per cent a year.

Banks are all right for children and for beginners in finance; but for people who want their full share what their money will earn, made, under

4\$ to 6 or more per cent."

This feature of frugality every young man can consider for himself, especially after he has accumulated yet not be sure of himself. In many several hundred dollars. Up to that cases it seems extraordinary to him,

time, the savings bank or the prudently conducted building and loan society will prove to be an excellent

Save to-day and let the question of investment wait until to-morrow. -Syracuse Sun.

OUR INFLUENCE

Every follower of Christ is a debto to his fellow-Christians to do his utmost to lead a blameless life in all things. An example of fidelity to one's faith and profession of Christian discipleship is not only a thing an unfailing stimulus to the faith life The upright man, the man of unbending integrity and purpose, the man of spiritual fervor and nower, and of clean hands, chast words, and who shuns even the ap pearance of evil. wields a most salu tary influence over others, and make it easier for them to do right and to No man liveth to himself only. Every one is either helpful to others

in their Christian endeavor, puposes and desires, or becomes a stumbling block in their pathway. If the influence of one's life is not helpful, then it must be hurtful. This is just as true of negative influence as of the positive type. This fact adds to the seriousness of life itself. No one can set bounds to his influence. This is an encouraging thought when it concerns good influence, but fills one with fear and trembling at the thought of the terrible effects of the evil of men's lives. That thought alone should stimulate every one of us into studious carefulness of our words and doings. To think that something we do or say might prove a stumbling block in the way of another, or that it might turn the feet of another in an evil direction, should be sufficient to make one tremble for the seriousness of itself.

There is no escape from the responsibility of the influence of our lives upon the lives of others. We are helpers or hinderers. There is no neutral ground. We are debtors for the help that has come to us from others, and owe all men an example of strictest fidelity to the faith which we profess.—True Voice.

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES

Some of us have had troubles all which our lives, and each day has brought Pilot. all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight.

If you would keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper, or, rather, get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourself by being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and fol low it out, and ascertain what be comes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite important. And if we should take time to write down the origin progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of these seven elements and you will find that they spell the sum total of the purpose of each life given to (Christ, Whetist (Christ, Whetist (Christ, Whetist (Christ)) (Christ) (Chr and bury them at once in eternal for-getfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us banish all of them, and think on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and of good report.—New World.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY'S VOCATION

Many parents are wondering these summer days about their children who have finished school. The most serious thought is in regard to the future of the boy: what to do with him, where to send him, whether to send him to work or to allow him to pursue his education further with reference to taking up a learned profession. It is a serious time for parents, so much depends upon their decision.

There is one thought that w would like to suggest to them for their reflection and their prayers. It is the thought of a possible voca-tion of their boy for the religious life. To many parents this is a new thought. They never trouble about the choice of a state in life for their children. They may be very much concerned about the line of business in which to start them, the possibility of advancement in material things, but it never once enters their mind that there is something of greater importance to the child than a well paying job. They give no heed to the suggestion that their boy, for instance, may have a vocation to the religious life, whether as priest or as a brother. And giving no heed to the thought, they talk the matter over with the boy himself, with the consequence that what might have flourished as a vocation was nipped in the bud by lack of interest skillful advice, that will bring in from 4\$ to 6 or more per cent."

or by downright opposition. The boy himself may be waiting for an opening; he may have strong in-clination toward the religious life,

something so far beyond his dearest hopes that he is almost afraid of the very thought. He gets no encouragement; he hears plans discussed at home as to his future advance ment. No one asks him if he would like to be a priest or a brother. And as no one thinks that he has a vocation he begins to think after a while that what he believed to be a strong inclination to one was only a boyish dream, the reality of which he alone believed.

How many more priests and brothers we would have to-day in the Church if an encouraging word had been spoken in the beginning, if it had been given to a boy to understand by his parents that it is quite possible that he was destined for the ervice of the Church, and that if he felt so inclined every positive help would be given him to follow his ideal and no obstacles would be put in his way. And just for the want of that encouraging word, which would in so many cases be all but decisive, many a youth has reluc-tantly put aside his spiritual ambi-

tions. Parents do not say enough to their children about the religious life neither do they pray enough that God may call their children to serve nim in his special manner. Indeed we are treated to the spectacle so is so more often in regard to the girl—gives expression to the wish to enter some religious community this exposition of soul is met with distrust, supreme contempt and positive hindrance. It is a poor service to a child to tend to all his material wants and then to interfere in the thing that means his happiness here and perhaps hereafter.

We need many more vocations many priests, many nuns, many brothers to do the work of the Lord. We may well trust that God will supply the vocation; but it is a great part of the parents' duty to co-operate with the call of God, and by their prayers and their suggestions to keep the hearts of their children open to that call. And so during these days particularly the Christian mother will find plenty of food for thought in the question whether or not she has done all that she could do in helping her boy and her girl too, to find the place in life for which God has meant them.-Boston

SHOWED HIS FAITH

A police officer boarded the train in a small Maine town one day last taking to the jail at the county seat. A young farmer followed them into the car and took the opposite seat. Undaunted by the officer's stern face and brass buttons, the young man engaged cheerfully in conver-

The officer grunted, and that was I see the Giants won yesterday,

vent on the young man. The policeman said " yes " and be

"I'm on my way to Boston to see couple of those games." the young fellow continued, confidentially. "I suppose that is the greatest baseball that's ever been played. I've always wanted to see some first rate base ball games; professional, you know I'm something of a player myself, and I surely do enjoy the game.

The officer had nothing to say, and looked uninterested.

"You see, I used to go to school with one of the fellows that's catching for the Red Sox-known him all my

dent pride, but the officer was unresponsive. Despairing of making any progress with baseball as a topic, the young farmer turned his attention to the prisoner and asked the police where he was going with that

The officer replied that the man had committed a misdemeanor, and as he was unable to pay the fine imposed by the court, would have to

erve a short term in jail. Honest, officer, do you mean to say that he has got to go to jail just because he hasn't got \$10?" asked the young farmer. The other assured him that such was the fact.

"May I talk with him a minute?"

Yes." After a short whispered conversa-

tion with the prisoner, the baseball enthusiast turned again to the "He says if I'll pay his fine he'll send me the money just as soon as he can: earn it. He's a stranger to me, but I'm going to risk it. Can he

go free now if I pay you?"
"As soon as I take him to the

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ecorder's office and pay over the

Well, here's the \$10." The officer and his former pris-oner lost no time in leaving the train, but as they turned to leave the station the policeman was surprised to see the farmer standing near him on the station platform.

"Better go aboard if you are going to Boston; the train will start in a moment," he said. The modern Sa maritan smiled cheerfully.

"I'm going back home, officer. You see, I haven't got quite enough oney now to make that trip; but I guess next year will do just as well.'

LITTLE JOHN'S ESCORT

John Murphy, a cripple, is probably the first little boy in all the world who has been accorded the nonor of having a uniformed mounted police officer specially detailed by the chief of police of one of the big ger cities to carry him home horse pack night after night after the com pletion of his day's work, writes a San Fransisco correspondent of the New York Times.

The story of John Murphy is quite

extraordinary. John is twelve years old, and lives at 629 Victoria street, which is on top of the hill about a mile from the car line in Ocean View. John has sold gum at Fifth Market streets for several months. He has one bad leg, and he

gets around on crutches.

About the first night that John got big mounted policeman seated on his norse looking at the people get off the car in Ocean View. This policeman was August G. Harry, and he said to little John:

Where are you going my son?' "To the top of the hill over here," replied John.

"What, on those crutches and up that dusty, rocky road?" 'Yes sir," answered little John, re-

I'll give you a lift," said Harry, Whereupon he swung the frail little chap to the saddle, and thus carried him horseback up the hill to his

Recently an order issued out of the chief's office, and this order transferred Mounted Policeman Harry to another part of the city. Therefore, when Wednesday night came and John got off the car there was no mounted officer to meet him. He vas obliged to climb up the hill, and he was a very tired boy that night. Thursday night came and Friday, and still no mounted policeman. Then little John learned that a strange mounted officer was detailed

at Ocean View.

John decided he would find out why his big friend was sent away. He went first to Captain Kelly, who referred him to Chief of Police White. Yesterday little John appeared before Chief White in the lat ter's office in the Hall of Justice. He told Chief White all about his

friend Harry.
"I cannot make any more transfers out there at the present time," said Chief White, gravely, after listening to the story of the little lame boy, "but I will have this matter at boy," but I will have this matter at-tended to right away."

Then Chief White took up his desk

phone and asked Central to give him the Ingleside Station. "Is this Captain Kelly?" asked the Chief, while John's eyes grew wide with atten-Say, captain have a mounted man to go to the View at 7 o'clock every night after this and take little John Murphy from the street car up is not there at 7 o'clock, have the officer wait for him.

'All right," said Captain Kelly.

Mrs. Wharton is contributing to Scribner's Magazine a serial which is exciting considerable discussion. The central figure of the story is an attractive-looking young woman whose only ambition is social success and whose sole occupation is spending money on self-indulgence. When her well-born but impecunious husband cannot provide her with the sums she has been accustomed to wheedle out of her overworked father, she accepts the attentions of a wealthy married man of her acquaintance, divorces her husband, abandons her baby without regret — fer had not its coming robbed her of a year's "life" ?—and waits impatiently for her rich lover to secure

a legal separation from his wife.

This is a faithful portrait, we are told, of a type of woman familiar in America to-day. For it is now "the custom of the country" for men to toil and scheme incessantly in order that their feminine kin may pass selfish, useless lives, spending money selfish, useless lives, spending money lavi in the pursuit of pleasure, and it is only "the custom of the country" for these women to break promptly any ties, however sacred, that would put just limits to this heartless self-indulgence. The picture let us hope, is overdrawn. It ture, let us hope, is overdrawn. must be owned, nevertheless, that there can be read in the daily papers much that seems to prove such scan. dalous doings are rapidly becoming

000 divorces granted last year in the United States took place in "high We take it for granted that the ac-



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life" we have no means of knowing But it is safe to say that a good proportion of the remainder would not have been sought for, had not our "best society" set the example, had not a sensational press shown in detail with what fatal readiness marriage bond could be severed, and had not "public opinion," far from being outraged, smiled approval and thought as highly as ever of the offending parties. For in America, as all the world is aware, "every man is as good as his neighbor." vhy should not Jack and Jill, if so inclined, do whatever Mr. and Mrs. Bullion have shown to be the custom of the country ?"-America.

In Canada there is an agitation amongst a small number of non-Catholics to have divorce courts es tablished which would in due time bring about conditions somewhat similar to those now existing in the United States .- Editor RECORD.

STREET PREACHING

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in the old market town of Malton in the course of the mission which has been conducted there by Father Power, S. J., of Edinburgh. On the opening day of the mission the entire congregation, accompanied by their pastor, Father D'Hooghe, walked in procession to the market place, reciting the rosary and singing hymns. Arrived there, the missioner set forth his errand to Catholic and non-Catholic alike in a stir ring address, the immediate effect of which was seen in the large attendances at the nightly services

During the week Father Power traversed the town and outlying hamlets, inviting all to "come to the mission." On Sunday there was again a procession to the market place, where, from an improvised platform, Father Power answered the queries which had been placed in the Question Box. There fol-THE CUSTOM OF THE lowed an exposition of the Catholic Church's teaching, especially in the Catholic Church's teaching the gard to the question of infallibility, which the missioner set forth so clearly, and with such persuasive logic, that his words must have made a lasting impression upon all the thoughtful non-Catholics present and there were many. The public renewal of baptismal vows was a striking close to a gathering memorable in many respects. - London

LUCRE WINS Notwithstanding the veto of the

College of Bishops of the Methodist Church, South, on Carnegie's gift of a \$1,000,000 to the Vanderbilt University, the Board of Trustees of that institution have agreed to accept the proffered sum. They virtually have losed a bargain with Carnegie which amounts to this: We are willing to sacrifice the religious interests of the Methodist Church in return for a \$1,000,000. The Nashville Christian Advocate, a Methodist organ, indirectly arraigns the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University when it says: There are many people in the world and some * * * in the Church who and some find it as difficult to justify the re fusal of a dollar, especially of a \$1,000, 000, as to square the circle." Evidently the people here referred to are represented on the Board of Trustees, who by their acceptance of Carnegie's money have declared that religion should give the right of way to filthy dalous doings are rapidly becoming
"the custom of the country." It is
the "divorces, extravagances and excesses, of our best society," of course,
that provide much of the "copy"
for the papers. But whatever is
done by the wealthy, the prominent
or the fashionable is slavishly imithe according to their "leap and or the fashionable is stayishly imitated, according to their "lean and low ability," by those in less exalted social circles.

Just what percentage of the 100, her honor, cripple her energies and what is her own, but would besmirch

ceptance of Carnegie's money by the Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt Uni-versity closes an incident that teaches a lesson. It was a test of the relative strength of the dollar and of the religious sentiment of one of the Pro-testant sects. The dollar has carried the day. The College of Bishops of the Methodist Church, South, to their credit be it spoken, made a good fight for principle. But they have been beaten. What the Roman poet has called "the accursed thirst for gold" was too much for them. In one sense, however, they have met with a neasure of success, in so far as they have focused the attention not only of Methodists but of all their Christian countrymen upon the attempt to prostitute our educational institutions to the service of Agnosticism.

That is the meaning of the victory of that \$1,000,000 flaunted in the faces of the Board of Trustees of Vander bilt University. "The agnostic steel-monger," Bishop Candler's characterization of Carnegie, has had his way. He began his campaign against Christian education by establishing an old age pension fund for college professors, who are to be recipients of his bounty on condition that they have never been in the service of educational institutions under either Catholic or Protestant auspices. That was the beginning of his campaign for de-Christianizing American education. He supplemented this initial movement by planking down a \$1,000,000 as a direct bribe to the Methodist Church.

It is the first time in the history of the United States that an individual has so flagrantly affronted one of the that it is in his power to induce it to abandon its principles in return for cash paid. It is a sample of what Carnegieism stands for. Carnegieism should be held up to public scorn in the interest of Christian civilization, which is so intimately bound up with Christian education. -Freeman's Journal

EMPTY CHURCHES

A few weeks ago we had occasion to comment on the numerical weakness of American Presbyter ians as shown by the thousands Presbyterempty pulpits and empty rches. The falling off in the churches. number of adherents, it seems, is not confined to America. The recent report on statistics submitted to the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland disclosed for the first time in living memory an actual lecrease in church-membership. What is still more ominous, perhaps, is the cal students at the United Free Church Colleges.

The London Universe calls atten-

tion to an equally menacing condition of the dissenting bodies in Great Britain, where, if the present rate of decline continues, Nonconformity will be only a memory in 1950. In 1907 the aggregate membership of the Baptist, Congregational, Primitive Methodist and Weslevan Method ist denominations in England and Wales (as given by a Nonconformist in a recent issue of the Morning Post) was 1,713,674. In 1912 this total had declined by 51,205, an average yearly loss of more than 10,000. In the same period the decline in Sunday school attendance was 98,788.

A curious state of affairs is shown the returns of the Primitive Methodists. In 1900 they had 606. 477" hearers" in 4,250 chapels, and in 1912, though adding 650 to their number of chapels, the increase in

A Good Used Piano s often better than a cheap The Bell Piano and Music Wareroom

their number of hearers was only 213. The explanation of this anomaly is simple enough. While there is plenty of money for the building of churches and chapels, there is a woeful desideratum of the timber needed to construct and strengthen spiritual edifices, without which the material edifice is but a hollow mock-ery. No less than 2,500 new churches were built by Noncomformists during the first decade of the century, providing 1,000,000 additional sittings at a total expenditure of about \$50,00,000 yet side by side with this remarkable material expansion, the record of church membership shows a rapid and persistent spiritual decline. "Indifferentism and irreligion," says the Universe, " are creeping over the nation like a blight. The Church has no greater enemies. Every recruit to this vast army but ha the day when all who profess definite Christianity will be within the fold of the Catholic Church."-America.

THE CHURCH AND THE CROSS The Catholic Church has always

been true to the Cross of Christ She uses that Sacred Sign over and over again in her ceremonies. In side and outside her temples of worship, her places of education, her the Cross of Christ is ever seen. reason they are taught to make upon themselves the Sign of the Cross. It is her constant affirmation of be lief in the Trinity and in man's salvation by means of Christ's suffering and death. Some members of the Protestant churches are now regretting that their fathers, out of opposition to Catholics, gave up their reverence for the cross. The Northwestern Christian Advocate regrets, in a recent editorial, that Protestantism has so measurably relinquished the Cross. "Upon the few spires left in Protestantism to day," says this Methodist paper, "there seems to be a studied attempt to eschew that symbol in favor of the weathervane.' But is not the fickle weathervane a more appropriate symbol than the steadfast and unchanging cross for churches which change their creed at every shifting wind of doctrine? The Catholic Church in its fundamental beliefs is unchanged and unchangeable. She has the same belief now in Christ and His Cross that she had in the beginning. She does not attempt to whittle down the faith delivered to the saints. She is not and never has been ashamed of the Cross. Through all the past ages of her career it has been her well-beloved standard, and she will bear it proudly until the end of time.-Sac-

Oh, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this?—Cardinal

Why should any other cereal be called "just as good" as

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Because Kellogg's is known to be the best and most nutritious cereal on the market—

Because the sale of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is enormous as trade returns will show-

Because another large modern factory, the best and most sanitary in Canada had to be built to take care of our constantly increasing trade—

Because the imitator, knowing these facts and having few selling arguments for his own product thinks to create a market for it by comparing it to Kellogg's:

But---the flavor and the sustaining qualities of Kellogg's Corn Flakes cannot be counterfeited. Sold in big packages at 10c. Look for the signature.

A MEMORY AND A TRIBUTE

The tidings reached me a short time ago here in Europe of the re-cent death of Rev. M. J. Ferguson, C. S. B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. In his death has passed away a humble Basilian priest, a gifted soul, a kindly heart. His passing away recalls my boyhood when Father Ferguson taught class in "belles lettres" St. Michael's College, Tor-It seems indeed but a onto. It seems indeed but a short span of years that has intervened since then, yet it has been almost a lifetime in the sacred toil and labor of this good and faithful priest e mind was ever fixed on God.

One by one these educational toilers of our Catholic dawn in Ontario are yielding in death their places to others-now a Father Vincent, now a Father Brennan, now an Archbishop O'Connor, now a Dr. Teefy, now a Father Ferguson. We shall for all time cherish their memory, for they fill in our lives, who were once their students, a hallowed place blessed and beautified by gift of acrifice and the very dearest ties of friendship.

I was too young in college days to know the worth of Father Ferguson as a teacher, for he had passed to another educational field ere I had reached the class in "belles lettres" in St. Michael's College. But the ripened years that followed taught me his worth and that of the other professors, who guided our footsteps along the classic paths they had traced so successfully for our intellectual and moral welfare.

Father Ferguson was a man of great natural gifts—a born rhetorician, whose pulpit talks in the heyday of his strength were full of simplicity and charm. He had no d to study the rhetoric of Blair, for Blair was born in him. I recall yet his description in a literary society of the Battle of Waterloo. I have read no other equal to it in

any work. But Father Ferguson was beyond all a raconteur—a charming storyteller, an admirable entertainer. He had to a great degree the first great requisite of an entertaining conver-ser—simplicity. Indeed I think that Father Ferguson might be designated

a marvellous taker. Had Father Ferguson been born of the world with all its ambition to appear in the lime-light — to occupy the centre of the stage, his career could have been as brilliant as meteor. But he sought rather the humble vocation of a Basilian with its toil and sacrifice. Two years ago when the years of his priesthood had reached the golden round and his friends desired to celebrate with eclat and public rejoicing his jubilee his humble heart would have nothing

of this and he asked to be excused. I met Father Ferguson for the last time in his chamber of illness in Assumption College after his fatal illness had stricken him. The beauty of his soul seemed to fill the room with the aroma of a life spent for God. He is no longer with us but his spirit in all its constancy and love has a place in our hearts. We reach out for him not "lame hands" in prayer, when we think of our blessed dead who yet live and watch our lives face to face with THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Lourdes, France, July 15th.

"AMERICAN RELIGION" FAD

There is no end to the making of sects, but it devolved upon a writer in the June Atlantic to suggest for the people of the United States the formation of what he chooses to call an American religion." not state anything about the feasi-bility of consolidating the Christian denominations, but leaves the reader to surmise that he would bring the unchurched masses into some vague solidarity of Christian brotherhood. means to confine this new religious fad to the people of this country is evident, for he does not touch upon the points whether it would be acceptable to the people of European and other foreign coun-He asserts that "the unique Exemplar and Prophet is Jesus of Nazareth, Whose kingdom of man stands deeper in American insight and sympathy than the program of all other religious teachers and cults," but he forgets that this Christ was not only for one nation, but for all nations—and that His command was "to go and teach all nations." Moreover the Saviour chose the weak est human instruments for the propagation of His Church—poor, ignorant fishermen—and therefore it does not seem quite clear why His teachings should be particularly adapted to the needs of Americans, who boast of their economic success and athletic prowess. Nor is the view of this magazine writer very illuminating on another phase of the subject when he The Founder of Christianity was less of a church man than an other religious teacher in the annals other religious teacher in the annals of history," for did not Christ say to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build My Church" And did He rot will be And did He not refer to Himself the words of Scripture : priest according to the order of Mel-chisedech," and did not St. Paul speak exhaustively on the priesthood of Christ—all of which would have been absurd without the fundamental idea of a church organization?

At the present time it is true that

construct a sort of broad, ethical church into which all differences may be merged on a general sufferance basis, but the divine founder of Christianity said: "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and so there will be a true Church, as established by Christ putil the and of lished by Christ, until the end of

In a recent issue of America, an eloquent editorial on this latest builder of a new religion reads :

It is true that the governments of nations that were once Catholic are endeavoring at the present moment to tear the Catholic faith out of the hearts of the people; it is true that there are apostasies and scandals, as there were even in the time of the apostles; but the Church established by Christ can never fail. of hell, and those powers that oppose her as such can never prevail agains her. She began her life in the cata-combs, and whether she is persecuted by princes or deserted by entire peoples, she will ever teach the same unvarying faith, she will ever present to the world the way of salvation, both for nations and individuals, and will never cease to convert the very instruments of oppression into means of increasing her spiritual power. Strictly speaking, there are no Christian governments to-day, but at no time since the apostles received the divine mandate is the Church's influence for the salvation of souls, which is the only purpose of her existence, greater in the at large than it is now, and in no country more so than in America."

This has the true ring to it. The Catholic Church is prospering in the United States such as she never did before in her history. In spite of the nalicious falsehoods and slanders of anti-Catholic organizations-such as the "Guardians of American Liberty -in spite of the jealousies and hatreds of narrow minded sects, proudly calling themselves Evangeli cal Churches; in spite of enemies from without and within, the Church of Christ is grandly plowing her way, sowing her seed, and reaping a harvest hundredfold. The Church is not afraid of her enemies. She is fortified by the promise and grace of her divine founder-Jesus Christ .-Intermountain Catholic.

HOW ORANGEMEN ARE MADE

SAMPLE OF THE YELLOW JOURNALISM THAT BRINGS THEM INTO THE ORDER From the Sudbury News, (non-Catholic) Aug. 6.

Mr. Kendall Stringer, of Wahnapitae, who hailed Max Dubrois, of the same village, to court in June last on the somewhat novel charge of assault in ejecting him from church, has been airing his animus in the colums of the Orange Sentinel, which paper draws attention to his comm tion with a prominent pyramid head ing on the top of page one in its issue of July 31st as follows :

A PROTESTANT WHO WENT TO R. C. CHURCH VIOLENTLY INCIDENT HAPPENED IN ONTARIO AND THE ASSAULT

WAS ABSOLUTELY UNPROVOKED ASE TAKEN TO POLICE COURT AND THE OFFENDE

FINED

Editor Sentinel:—I write you to let you know what I got the first time I went to the Catholic Church. It was at the church at Wahnapitae, on Sunday, June 22nd. I went with Mr. Racicot to church. Mr. Deproy, from Coniston, was there, too, in church. It was about half over when he came over to me and picked me up and threw me out and kicked at me. Then he threw my hat out and shut the door.

the door.

Father Bell was the preacher. He said he neither heard it nor saw it and was sorry it should have occurred, but when he found I was taking the case to court he went azound among his members to see if they would say the same. But he could not get two families to go with him, so my assalant was fined \$\mathbf{x}\$ and costs. I was the only one there who was not a Catholic, and the Roman Catholics, when Mr. Deproy was fined, put all the blame on him, though he said he did it for the good of the church.

Wahnanitae, Ont.

Wahnanitae, Ont.

The spirit displayed by Mr. Stringer in his epistle to the Orange Sentinel makes the question of his sincerity in this matter one of grave He labours to put an en tirely different complexion on the affair through the medium of the Orange Sentinel, which paper, Mr. Stringer no doubt is fully aware, finds it expedient, for obvious reasons, to make capital out of just such incidents.

It was not because Stringer was a Protestant that he was evicted; in fact, it was not disclosed at the police court proceedings that he was Protestant. It is, moreover, believed that Kendall and Dubrios were absolute strangers to each other. The question of religion was never time an issue in the case as Kendall would have all who read the

Orange Sentinel believe. In this respect, however, Kendall is more vicious than in the implica tion he levels at the head of Rev Father Lebel, and thereby the Cath olic clergy. His attempt to connect Rev. Father Lebel with the incident and its succeeding developments must eminate solely from his fertile imagination of the whole affair. If Kendall was really sincere why did he not make these allegations an issue in the proceedings against Dubrois. On the contrary the main points he wishes to emphasize in his letter were never mooted, for the simple reason that they are entirely without foundation.

It is quite evident from the spirit displayed in his letter that Mr. Stringer was not sincere and thereby not wholly without blame in his part of the incident. He has labored to be it was not sincere and the part of the incident. the Christian sects are disintegrating but the Christian sects are disintegrating but a most imaginative consultation of the whole affair and the human artificers are endeavoring to glory in which he doubtless believed

he was clothing himself as a patriot

and martyr must return to him as a boomerang of disrespect.

In our Saturday issue of June 28, The Star gave the following account of the police court proceedings re-

Max Dubrois of Wahnapitae, paid \$1 and costs into the police court coffers under somewhat peculiar circumstances. One K. Stringer atended the Catholic Church at Wahnapitae on the previous Sunday, de-siring to hear Rev. Father Lebel. It was the first time he had ever been in a Catholic edifice, and Dubrois, who sat near him, thought he saw Stringer laughing on several occasions during the service. Deeming this a violation of the sanctity of the Church Dubrois ejected Stringer forcibly, though it did not appear that in so doing he inflicted physical injury. Stringer denied alknowledge of laughing. The P. M Stringer denied al registered a conviction for assault against Dubrois."

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Boston, August 5.—Three thousand Knights of Columbus, assembled at solemn High Mass in the Cathedra of the Holy Cross to day, were called upon by Right Rev. Jos. G. Anderson auxiliary bishop of Boston, to seel with all right-minded persons a sol ution of social problems through evolution, not revolution.

Recognizing the seriousness of the disputes between labor and capital, the bishop, nevertheless, was optimis-

"In the public addresses of leading thinkers in this country," the said, in the recent inaugurals of many of the governors of the different states, but especially in the inaugu-ral of President Wilson, there is found a sincere effort to stir up the public conscience for the readjust ment of law and government to human needs.'

Bishop Anderson read a cablegram from Cardinal Merry Del Val, the papal secretary of state, conveying the felicitations of Pope Pius X.

The Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus was later formally opened on board a harbor steamer, while the delegates sailed along

the north shore. The growth of the order since the 1912 convention was related by the supreme secretary, William McGinley of New Haven, Conn., who reported that on June 30 last the total bership was 302,074, made up of 98, 783 insurance and 203,261 associate members, comprised in 52 state and 3 territorial jurisdictions, and 1,630 subordinate councils. During the year 74 new councils were instituted and the net increase in membership was 19,326.

Outstanding insurance aggregated \$103,659, 900, and death benefits during the year totalled \$721,000.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG Listen to me, as when ye heard our

father Sing long ago the song of other Listen to me, and then in chorus

gather All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

From the lone shieling of the misty island Mountains divide us, and the waste

of seas— Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland.

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunt-Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream

In arms around the patriarch banner rally. Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished, Conquer'd the soil and fortified the

keep, No seer foretold the children would be banish'd, That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst then for clansmen true, and stern

claymore-The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic

(Chorus) Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand; But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

-From the Gaelic.

PRIESTS, POLITICS, AND PARSONS

While one hears much in certain quarters of the "priest in politics' and sees little of that alliterative personality in the pulpit or out of it, it would seem from the newspaper records that few parsons utter a Sunday sermon, or express themselves conjointly in resolutions or petitions, without directing or dictating the political action of city, state or nation. Meanwhile their church attendance is admittedy slim and dwindling, the men especially choosing to learn politics elsewhere, and new Catholic churches have continually to be erected to accommodate the ever growing congregations of men and women and children-the



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We sell you the material for a pretty home, the parts ready to put together, the lumber, frames, mouldings, finished and cut to fit. We supply everything complete for a warm, substantial home. Glass, paint, hardware, shingles, nails. Everything but the masonry. That means saving the time and the waste of cutting up lumber, finishing and fitting it "on the ground."

It is the steel sky-scraper idea applied to some building.

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Range in size from two rooms to nine rooms. Prices from \$196 to \$1755. 51
Build on this plan and your home will cost you \$9% less than if built in the old way.

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non-Catholics generally are keen to note the Catholic contrast. While casting around for causes they overlooked the most essential one that people go to church for Christianity. We would suggest as another, that the parson in politics is a fact, the priest in politics a fic-

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterians, meeting about the same time in Belfast, found themselves in a like condition. The first resolution proposed condemned, not licentiousness nor intemperance nor crime nor any phase of religious in lifference, but the political measure of Irish self-government, and pledged the Presbyterian body to its over-throw. A few Home Rulers among them, and some others who found it impolitic to set their Church in a bad light before their countrymen in the likely event of the Bill becoming law, opposed the motion and managed to shelve it for a while; but the Moderator atoned for this by a long political anathema. The new Moderator took up the strain, raising the cry of "God save Ireland! from disorder, lawlessness, supersti-tion and delusion." Thence, however, he passed to the intemperance and sad economic and social conditions of the working classes of his people, and finally "he deeply depeople, and finally "he deeply de plored the fact that in Belfast a arge proportion of the masses of the workers were out of connection with the Church, and lived apart from her ordinances.

In fact, it has been long notorious that the Protestant workers of Belfast do not go to church; but they joined with the Ministers in si the Covenant against Home Rule. Had the latter been as zealous about religion as politics, their now paganized people might have also joined them in church, and they would not have to report that in most districts family prayer has ceased to exist. An occurrence of the same week, also in Belfast, throws additional light on the matter, which is as helpful here The United Committee of Protestant churches petitioned the corporation to supply the share required of themselves by the National School Board to erect primary schools for 15,000 Protestant children, who had no school accommodation. The Catholics, presumed to be poorer, had provided ample accommodation for all Catholic children. The priest's politics had evidently not diverted his attention from church and school. Not so the parson's. The inference is as comprehensively applicable as it is obvious.—America.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW

The time was and not so long ago. when the Catholic Church was popularly supposed to be the one dark cloud in an otherwise clear Christian sky. That non-Catholics have been converted to a better way of thinking is evidenced by the following letter recently published in the New York Sun:

"Is it any wonder that disbelieving Protestant ministers preach to empty benches, and that thousands of Pro-testant churches have been closed in this Christian land the last few years, as reported by the different Protestant denominations? And is it any wonder the Catholic Church has been increasing so rapidly in America, since that great Church does not stand on a shifting and uncertain foundation? While yearly reports show many of the Protestant clergy groping about in the dark, feeling for some solid Biblical foundation stone entire membership of the family of Christ. The late Presbyterian Assembly bewailed this calamity, and it has done for ages; it has never re-

TCHEL LIDE-EASY **NECKWEAR** QUALITY STYLE VARIETY

oudiated the great foundation truths of the Christian religion, the Virgin Birth and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Though I am a member of a Protestant church in this city, and do not believe in much of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, yet I admire this great religious body for being able stand the fierce assaults of agnostic ism, infidelity, and so-called new thought, and to be to-day a lasting de fence of the fundamental truths of the Gospel of Christ.—The Missionary.

Religion is the architect of man good and the beginning of wisdom.

CANTWELL-BROWN .- At St. Mary's church, Winnipeg, Man., by Rev. C. Dwyer, O. M. I., Peter James Cantwell, third son of Edward and Mrs

"The Niagara Rainbow," the organ ant academic events at home. given by the Ladies of Loreto.

The management of Western Ontario's great and popular Exhibition are leaving nothing undone in order that success may crown their efforts this year. It was thought that Exhibitions would appreciate more prize money and \$2,000 in cash was added to last year's list. In addition to this several Live Stock Associations are giving liberal grants. This should make the list very attractive for Live Stock exhibitors. Independent of the prize money altogether, the fact remains that the London Exhibition is in the centre of Western Ontario, and surrounded by the best farming country in the Province, thus always assuring a large number of buyers for first class stock of all kinds. Live Stock breeders will do well to note this, for Western Fair Exhibitors always report good sales. Provision will be made this year for better accommodation for judging the Live Stock, as the management are anxious for the comfort and convenience of both Exhibitors and visitors.

Prize ists, entry forms and all information will be forwarded on application to the Secretary. A. M. Hunt, Room 301, Dominion Savings Building, London, Ontario.

nunity has recently purchased a be This community has recently putchased a beautiful property adjoining their hospital, which is situated on a height above the Mississippi River in Rock Island, Illinois, withthe view of extending their buildings. Young candidates who are desirous of entering the Order, in an English speaking Community and who wish to devote their life to Almighty God, serving the sick in General Prospitals, may apply to the Superiores, Mother Mary Gabriel, O.S.F., 767 Elm Street, Rock Island, Illinois, U. S. A.

The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture." Biblical Theological addresses by the kight Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. Bishop of Dresden. Saxony. Translated from the second German edition by the Vereinand Brosoart, V.G., Covington, Kentucky, Published by Frederick Pustet & Co., New York. Price & 2 net.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

MARRIAGE

Cantwell of Dundas parish, to Katie, daughter of Harry Brown.

THE NIAGARA RAINBOW

of the Institute of Mary in America has several features which similar magazines would do well to copy It seems as a bond of union between students past and present, and a means of communication between the various houses of the Institute, whether in the old world or the new It contains mature papers by gradu ites, and promising papers by undergraduates. It gives interesting new rom abroad, and a record of imporomes out only four times a year, but the interval of preparation is reflected in its pages. In a word it speaks volumes for the training

THE WESTERN FAIR

SEPTEMBER 5th to 13th

FRANCISCAN SISTERS OF THE IMMACU LATE CONCEPTION

NEW BOOK

"Happiness and Beauty," By the Right Rev-John S. Vaughan, D. D., Bishop of Sebastopolis. Published by Longmans, Green and Co., London, England. Agents for Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland Renout, Publishing Co., 25 McGili College Ave. Montreal. Price 45cts.

"The Means of Grace." A complete exposition of the Seven Sacraments, of the sacramentals of the Church, and of prayer. Illustrated by numerous parables, examples, and interesting anecdotes drawn from Holy Scripture, the Lives of the Saints, the Fathers of the Church and other sources. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LLD. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$3.

HOME BANK OF CAN

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

TEACHERS WANTED

TWO TEACHERS WANTED FOR S S. NO. 5.
Logan, county Perth. This is a two room school, senior and junior room. The school is 7 miles from Mitchell, 4 miles from West Monkton, i miles from P. O., church across road, boarding house 20 roods from school house, daily mail, no one to apply unless qualified certificate. School starts Sept. 1st. 1913. Apply, stating salary and experience, to John Francis, Kennicott, P. O., Ont.

WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC SEPARATE school Oakvile, teacher holding second class professional c-rtificate. Duties to commence Sept and. Salary \$450. L. V. Cote, Sec. Treas. Oakvile Ont.

WANTED CATHOLIC LADY TEACHER, second class professional, for the junior room of Public school of the town of Trout Creek, Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. 1913. D. F. Quinlan, Sec. Treas., Trout Creek, Ont. 1815-3 WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING SECOND

Class Normal certificate for Separate school No. 10, Tp. Loboro, Co. Frontenac. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence immediately after the summer holidays. Apply to John A. Koen, Sec. Treas, R. M. D. No. 1, Sydenham. Ont. 1815;3

TEACHER WANTED FOR P. S. S. NO. Admiston, Ont. Second class, Normal trained Duties to commence after summer holidays. April stating salary wanted, also giving references an experience in Ontario, to Matthew Kane, Sec. P. S. No. 4. Mt. St. Patrick, Ont. 1815-4

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPAR ate school, Sault Ste. Marie: must possess de partmental qua-ifications. Salary \$550 V MN Namara, Sec., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 1816-2 ANTED FOR STEELTON SEPARATE school, one lady teacher, holding a second ass professional certificate. Duties to begin Sept. t. Salary \$450. Apply to Rev. Dennis Dumesnil ec., Steelton. Ont

Sec., Steelfon, Ont

TEACHER WANTED, QUALIFIED TEACHER
for School Section No. 3 of the Township of
Bromley. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply
stating salary, to Patrick Donegan, Oscoola, Ont

WANTED—A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR A Separate School at Baild, near Fort William. Salary \$500. English and French required. Gwe experience and references. Address Rev. P. E. Lamarche. Secretary, St. Patrick's Rectory, Fort William, Ont. 1814 tf

WANTED FOR. S. NO. I, BROUGHAM, A teacher holding a second class certificate. The month of the second class certificate of the second class certificate of the second class certificate of the second class of the second condition of the second condition of the second class of the second A DULY QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR ST.

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. SCHOOL S. No. 7, Fallowfield, Nepean, Normal trained holding second class certificate Duties to begin Sep. 12, 1913. Salary \$500. Apply stating experience to Charles McKenna, Fallowfield P. O. On the Company of the Compan

TEACHER WANTED FOR BAMBERG SEParate School, Normal trained. Salary \$50 pannum or more according to experience. Duties commence Sept. 2, 1913. Pease istate experience by W. Hartleib, Sec. Treas., Bamberg. Ont. 1817-2. CATHOLIC TE CHER WANTED FOR Separate school section No. 6, Arthur. Holding

W ANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Separate school, section No. 14. Haldimand, Northumberland Co. Salary \$450 per year. State experience. Services to commence Sept 1st, 1913. James V. Carey, Sec., Vernonville P. O., Ont. 1816-3

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL SEC-tion No. 5. Glenelg, an experienced teacher, Normal trained. Salary 8525. Applications en-closing testimonials, and references should be made to James Murphy, Sec. Treas, Traverston, P. O., Co. Grey, Ont.



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County; 5 miles from the city of Guelph. Salary
\$550. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1913. Apply
to Sec.-Treas., Mr. Thomas Doyle, Guelph, Ont. 1816;3 WANTED LADY TEACHER FOR SEPAR ate school district No 9, holding certified certificate. Duties to commence Sept 1 st. Apply, stating experience and salary required, after giving references to Will. C. O'Neil, Sec. Treas, kearney P. O.

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