

The Catholic Record

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

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ENNOBLING

Out of bitter experiences sweetness may be drawn. Death has been busy among our loved ones as never before. Mutilation, more cruel than death in many cases, has wrecked the fair prospects of ardent natures. Halls of pleasure are turned into hospitals, beautiful demesnes resound with the moans of wounded warriors which mock the lark's song and the blackbird's musical note. All the deep springs of our consciousness are agitated, and we all respond more fully than of yore to the electric waves of sympathy that sweep over the land. How we scan the roll of honor in trembling apprehension lest some dear familiar name should be there! The superficial comforts and inconveniences of life windle into nothingness in contrast to the vital interests and affections now imperilled. The spirit summons the flesh to a great trial of strength under an unparalleled strain. The real greatness of the human in all its varieties and the vastness of its resources become manifest. The noun and the verb acquire a new significance; our calling "to be, to do and to suffer" ranks with the highest in all conceivable worlds. Cross and crown are no longer faintly comprehended symbols; we grasp their meaning and feel their power.

There are many modes of expressing our spiritual solidarity, but the furnace-heat of this crisis is fusing them into a new amalgam of experience. Ask the chaplains, the doctors, the nurses; they will tell you that former barriers have been broken down, strange similarities of character revealed, naive trusts and selfless desires brought to the surface in hours of agony and dissolution. Faith and hope resemble childhood's clear vision. The patterns of things in the heavens have been reflected in earthly deeds and sacrifices of a sort that angels might envy.

MAGNIFICENT

The response of the womanhood of the country to the call of the nation in its need has unquestionably been as remarkable as the response of its manhood, and has broadened immensely the conception of feminine capacity and adaptability. The world has seen that in days of severe stress womanhood, aroused by a high sense of duty, has the power of forming a reserve of industrial strength that has never been brought into the calculation of the economists. She has learned rapidly how to do work that before was regarded as quite unsuitable for her strength and her qualities. Indeed he would be a daring man who ventured to name the kinds of work which in her enthusiasm and bravery she would not attempt if she were allowed.

The broad result of her incursion into the spheres previously reserved for men—an incursion invited and welcomed—has been a great success. There is not a department where she has not, in the language of chivalry, "won her spurs." This state of things will have to be recognized frankly in the future. The woman will have to be answered with solid reasons, if she can be answered, when she asks, "Why should I not do the work, which I have proved I can do?"

In so far as she has hitherto been traditionally restricted she has now finally "burst her birth's invidious bar, Breasted the blows of circumstance, And grappled with her evil star."

In this emancipation all generous-minded men will find cause for unreserved rejoicing. The woman who is a mere doll and plaything has been put right away in the background by the sterling worth and capacity of the average woman, who, on being tried, has been found a fit heroine for men of the most heroic breed.

A WARNING

When this has been said, however, we should add a word of warning. The magnificent response of women to the demand that they shall help more strenuously than before, by

rougher work, in carrying on the business of the nation must not lead us to forget where woman, after all, finds her true sphere. It is in the home, as a wife and mother, that she reigns supreme. While it is right that the many women who cannot take their place in this sphere—a number that will be vastly increased by the slaughter of men in War—should be given fuller scope than has ever before been allowed them in the multifarious departments of the world's work, we must discountenance any tendency to substitute new-found forms of employment for the queenly possibilities of a happy married life. And we must not close our eyes to the fact that there are forms of requisite labor which tend to roughen those who undertake them. Such labor should be in a spirit of chivalry reserved for men. There are forms of work too hard for women. There must always be an adjustment of employment to the physical and aesthetic qualities of women for their own sakes, a limiting of their willingness to be sacrificed. Especially must woman's place in the home be conserved as manager, mistress, and mother. Subject to this safeguarding, we suggest that woman, by her facing of the problems of the War, has won for herself complete emancipation from whatever industrial restrictions have hampered her past.

LEST WE FORGET

The truth is that we rebel against all change that lowers our self esteem. It is pitiful to see how the strong distinctions which find such complete expression among the upper classes rule just as stringently among the lower. The superintendent does not treat the workman quite as an equal. And the artisan resents close contact with the labourer. These and a hundred other qualities are inevitable and need not prove insurmountable barriers to cooperation. Indeed they are a part of that system of subordination without which it is not easy to see how the work of the world could be done. Yet within such limits of faculty and circumstance what envyings and backbitings find scope for mischief! How widely individuals differ in their handlings of life's exigencies! Brainworkers are apt to look down upon hand-workers, though in truth the efficiency of all industrial toil depends upon the directing intelligence as much as it does upon muscular effort. Again, at the back of most conflicts between Capital and Labor there is a loose unanalysed notion as to the respective parts played in successful enterprise by employers and employed. Without trenching upon thorny ground, may we not assume that hasty passion and dogged self-will often magnify the obstacles to a just settlement of competing claims? No legal or mechanical adjustment of divergent views will ever exempt workers and investors from the duties and penalties that wait upon the sympathetic discharge of their mutual obligations. These laws of human association carry with them sanctions that make for the general welfare and throw light upon the real sources of enduring joy. Happiness is the desire of all, yet in what infinitely varied measures and particulars it consists. Moreover, how largely independent of outward circumstances it is. Granted that money, costly clothes and ornaments, all the attractive paraphernalia of the world stimulate human activity and serve social ends: do they not stand clear of life's essentials? These may consist with riches or with the absence of all that riches can procure. Wordsworth's Almsman in The Excursion did not ignobly amid the reverential esteem of his neighbors. "Huts where poor men lie" shelter scenes of pious fidelity which is its own reward just as truly as cloistered sanctity or grandeur wearing tasteful robes. Virtue is of all conditions. Devotion to high aims levels all distinctions.

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.—H. G. J. Adam.

To sow seeds of charity among unbelievers is to prepare a sure harvest of faith.—Anon.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL

MORAL GRANDEUR OF THE NATION

Archbishops' Palace, Mechlin. Sixagesima Sunday, Feb. 11, 1917. Feast of the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes COURAGE, MY BRETHREN!

My beloved brethren,—Is it indeed necessary to preach courage to you? And when I say "you," I am thinking more immediately of the faithful companions of our misfortunes, but my thoughts go out also beyond our occupied provinces to our refugees, our prisoners, our deportees, fellow-countrymen, and our soldiers.

Brethren of our armistice of Liège, Haecht, Antwerp, the Yser and Ypres, the Cameroons and East Africa, it is you who are our foremost purveyors of energy.

On August 2, 1914, you sprang up from the bosom of all the families of our national aristocracy with splendid ardour, attesting to the world at large that the nobility has preserved its traditional significance in Belgium; the middle classes, the bulwarks of the nation, ranged themselves beside you; a modest employe of our city of Mechlin has six sons at the front; the working classes too, furnished their contingent of voluntary recruits, all the more praiseworthy since their departure made a painful void in the home; military chaplains and stretcher-bearers have gladly offered and lavished their devotion; the Government, after two years and six months of trial, is still in harness with a courage that nothing can weaken; our good wishes follow in the wake of these valiant men; all form a guard of honor, proud and faithful, for our magnanimous Sovereign, who, from the sand bank which is now all his Kingdom, gives perfect example of endurance and of faith in the future.

Those who are fighting for the liberty of the Belgian flag are brave men. Those interned in Holland and Germany, who raise their fettered hands to Heaven on behalf of their country, are brave men. Our exiled compatriots, who bear in silence the weight of their isolation also serve their Belgian fatherland to the best of their ability, as do also all those souls who, either behind the cloister-walls, or in the retirement of their own homes pray, toil, and weep, awaiting the return of their absent ones, and our common deliverance.

We have listened to the mighty voices of wives and mothers through their tears they have prayed God to sustain the courage and fidelity to honour of their husbands and sons, carried off by force to the enemies factories. These gallant men have been heard at the hour of departure, rallying their energy to instil courage into their comrades, or by a supreme effort, to chant the national hymn; we have seen some of them on their return, pale, haggard, human wrecks; as our tearful eyes sought their dim eyes, we bowed reverently before them, for all unconsciously they were revealing to us a new and unexpected aspect of national heroism.

After this, can it be necessary to preach courage to you?

True, there are some shadows in the picture I have sketched for you; there have been weaknesses for which we must blush here and there among our people; I am not referring, but it is clearly understood, to the handful of workmen, exhausted by privation, stiff with cold, or crushed by blows, who at last gave utterance to a word of submission, there are limits to human energy. I refer, with deep regret, to the few male-factors who lend themselves to the lucrative parts of informer, counterfeit, or spy, and to those misguided individuals who are not ashamed to trade upon the poverty of their compatriots. Happily, when future generations look back from the more distant standpoint of history, these blotches will die out, and all that will remain for our edification will be the splendid spectacle of a nation of seven millions, who, on the evening of August 2, with one accord not only refused to allow its honour to be held in question for a moment, but who, throughout over thirty months of ever increasing moral and physical suffering on battle fields, in military and civil prisons, in exile, under an iron domination, has remained imperturbable in its self-control and has never once so far yielded as to cry: "This is too much! This is enough!"

In our young days, our professors of history rightly held up to our admiration Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans who, instead of seeking safety in easy flight, allowed themselves to be crushed by the Persian Army at the Pass of Thermopylae. They lived as with enthusiasm for the six hundred heroes of Franchimont, who, after risking life and liberty by passing through the camp of the armies of Louis XI and Charles the Bold at night, all fell in an assault of almost frenzied valour and desperate resistance. The teachers of the Belgian generation of tomorrow will have yet other instances of military heroism and patriotism

to evoke. And may we not hope that our generation too will preserve the memory of the union it has now fashioned, and that in future there will be among us all, a deeper wish for national union, less personal acrimony in the conflict of ideas, a less grudging respect for civil and religious authority, in a word, a more general fidelity, both before public opinion and in the secret recesses of the soul, to our motto: "Union is strength," an echo of the words of Christ: "Ut omnes unum sint." "That they all may be one." (St. John xvii. 21.)

CHRISTIAN GREATNESS

Nevertheless, my brethren, we must rise still higher. True, the natural moral virtues are worthy of all admiration and he who should refuse them such admiration would be fatuous indeed.

At various periods of unrest, there have been arrogant minds which have despised human nature, its resources and its achievements. But Christ and the Church honor it. Our Saviour came not to destroy nature, but to correct its aberrations, and to raise it to a higher level.

Did not Greece give the world thinkers of genius. Is not the wisdom of ancient Rome proverbial? Did not pagan art produce masterpieces which Christian generations have never wearied of admiring and copying? The great Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. protected classic literature against those who wished to abolish it in the Christian education, and in one of his masterly Encyclicals, Leo XIII. expressly enjoined Catholic philosophers to profit by the thought and science of others, no matter where they found these.

Intelligence is no more exclusively Christian than are physical health, capacity for work, initiative, energy, or wealth. Those gifts of nature are not even bound up with virtue. "God," says the Catholic, "maketh His aim to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (St. Matt. v. 45)

As to moral virtue—bravery for instance, constancy, philanthropy, patriotism in its multiple forms—you must greet it with gratitude and respect wherever you find it. Christianity has no monopoly of it. Nature is not incapable of it, and moreover the supernatural graces are not exclusively reserved for the members of the Catholic Church. "maketh His aim to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (St. Matt. v. 45)

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Nevertheless, my brethren, when virtue is not inspired by Christian charity, it lacks its chief element. It is not enough, in short, to do good; we must do good aright. Now we can only do it aright when we have brought it to a degree of perfection which makes it deserving of eternal life. Saint Augustine devoted the greater part of his dogmatic and polemic writings to establishing, as against the rationalists of his day, Pelagians and semi-Pelagians, this fundamental truth: that only works inspired by charity; that is to say, by the love of God, and the love of one's neighbor in the sight of God, have power to open the gates of Paradise to us. The holy doctor would not permit an act of mere natural goodness to be qualified without reservation as "virtuous." "To sum up," he wrote, "virtue is identical with charity, and consists in loving what we ought to love—"Virtus est caritas, quae id quod diligendum est, diligit." (Epist. ad St. Hieron. 107a ed. Vives.)

Indeed, did not our Lord Himself declare and insist that all the Commandments of God are comprised in the law of love? And does not St. Paul say that love is the fulfilment of the law, "plenitudo ergo legis dilectio?" (Rom. xiii. 10)

Christianity has not modified moral greatness, but it has ameliorated, completed, and raised it to that supreme height where it is in immediate contact with God. The soul which possesses charity lives the divine life. God lives in it, and it in God. Jesus Christ is the living bond between it and the Holy Trinity. Therefore, the natural worship of morality and religion cannot suffice. God no longer accepts it. It is

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE

IRISHMAN ENDED ZEPPELIN RAIDS

WAR OFFICE WAKENED UP BY JOSEPH DEVLIN, M. P.

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, writing from London, says: "English fear of Zeppelins has subsided, and the secret of England's success lies in a discovery by a \$9 a week drug clerk. As a result British gunnery was able to bring down three invading airships in flames on recent raids."

"The discovery by the drug clerk resulted in a new form of rifle shell which sets a Zeppelin afire. Alec Corr, the young Irish drug clerk, has been appointed to a \$10,000-a-year commission with the Government."

"Corr was a poor Belfast boy, graduate of an English school and apprenticed to a pharmacist. His hobby was practical chemistry and his room was a laboratory."

"The boy had read that bullets had pierced the vast envelopes, but had failed to destroy the gasbags. Something more destructive was wanted. One day Corr was working in his laboratory when a draught between the door and window blew over a beaker containing a chemical which gave off a strong vapor."

"Instantly the gas-laden draught set fire to the window curtain. The boy inventor saw and understood. This chemical in shells, would set fire to the Zepp bags."

"Next day Corr set forth his theory in a modest letter to the War Office. He received a formal mimeographed acknowledgment. Weeks passed. A larger and deadlier air raid swept over London, murdering women and babies. Alec Corr wrote to Joseph Devlin, M. P., from Belfast."

"Four days later the druggist's clerk was ordered to appear at once at Whitehall. There, before a circle of eminent chemists and inventors, the boy from Belfast gave a practical demonstration of his discovery."

HOW IRELAND IS HELPING BRITAIN

A WONDERFUL RESPONSE TO FOOD PRODUCTION APPEAL

Few realize the wonderful response of the Irish agricultural classes to the Government's appeal for extra food production since the submarine crisis of this winter, says an Irish correspondent in The Daily Chronicle, London. The Irish agricultural classes have their difficulties like their British brothers. They, too, have a shortage of labor. They have given men to the army and navy—in spite of what unfair critics say—and tens of thousands of their men and women have gone to England for munition work. The one advantage they have is in the large proportion of very small farmers who do not use hired labor, but only that of their own families. In spite of all drawbacks they have been steadily increasing their output of food for Great Britain since the War.

IRELAND'S FOOD EXPORTS

Do we realize the significance of that output? It is the greatest food supply coming into Great Britain from any country in the world excepting only the United States. The published averages of the last two years before the War of the value of the food and drink-stuffs reaching Great Britain from the different countries were: Ireland, £38,000,000; United States, £38,000,000; Argentina, £30,000,000; Denmark, £21,500,000; British India, £18,500,000; Canada, £18,000,000; Russia, £15,500,000; Australia, £14,500,000; Netherlands, £14,000,000; New Zealand, £9,000,000.

The War has disturbed this balance somewhat, bringing in greater supplies from America, but Ireland has increased her output, so that the value of her food exports to Great Britain for 1915 (the latest published figures available) was £46,000,000, while she has kept up the basis from which she sent this supply by increasing her home breeding stock and her tillage. The Imperial importance of Ireland as a food contributor, a sustainer, of Great Britain will perhaps thus be realized by some who had not quite thought of it before.

RESPOND TO THE CALL

But great as that production is, the Irish agriculturists are at this moment in view of the submarine danger, engaged in a mighty effort to increase it.

acres. It is a remarkable testimony to Irish public spirit that this draconian measure has been accepted by the agriculturists, not only without objection, but with emphatic approval, and that so hearty is the voluntary effort which is being made that the compulsion seems only likely to be needed to an insignificant extent.

MOBILIZING ESSENTIALS

The department's representative County Committees of Agriculture, which have for years been organized in every county, have stopped all other work and put their expert and administrative staffs on to the new food-production schemes. They have organized special committees in every parish, and have mobilized the available supplies of seeds, manures, implements, making them go as far as possible by a system of local exchange. One of the problems is that the supplies of all these requisites are short in Ireland this year. Ireland's potato crop for 1916-17, for instance, is 43 per cent. short of a normal year's crop. Thus it is only with strenuous economy and systematic distribution she can manage to have seed for the extra tillage.

A VAST PLOWING MATCH

The whole of Ireland appears to be engaged in one vast plowing match. Descriptions are given in the department's bulletins of plows being drawn by every available type of animal, hunters, carriage horses, mules, jennets, even bullocks. Men, and even women who never plowed before, country gentlemen, graziers, townsmen, have learned the art for the emergency, and, as an official bulletin in the newspapers from one locality puts it, "sanctuaries who have been called up for the furrow by the needs of the country appear to revel in their work."

THE NEW BISHOP OF ARRAS

Rome, April 3.—A new Bishop of Arras has been appointed in the person of the well known Arch-priest of Havre, Mgr. Julien, Cure of Notre Dame in that famous seaport. This popular churchman who succeeds to a diocese in ruins, is known for his large-minded knowledge of life and his sagacity as administrator, and his eloquence as a preacher. He has made himself the friend of the Belgians in Havre since the establishment of the Belgian Government there brought large numbers of them to that locality. He was born at Camille-les-deux-Eglises, the son of a schoolmaster. His studies at Yvetot were brilliant, and assured him the highest place at the Grand Seminary at Rouen. Ordained in 1881, he became a professor at Douai University, and then returned to Yvetot, where he taught for twelve years. In 1897 he was nominated superior of the Institute of St. Joseph, Havre, where he showed himself an adept in the education of priests, and published several important works on education. Since the War he has visited several distinguished visitors to Havre including the Belgian and English cardinals, two nuncios of the Holy See to Belgium, and the members of the Belgian government. All have been charmed by his distinction and grace of manner and everyone rejoices at his new dignity.

NOTED JESUIT IS VERDUN VICTIM

London, March 19, 1917.—So many chaplains and priest-soldiers in France, Belgium and Italy fall daily that most are unrecorded as far as the general public goes. A word is due, however, to one of these heroes who has just been killed on the Verdun front. Father Bouvier, S. J., was aged forty-four, and was amongst the last classes called up. He was at first attached as infirmer to a hospital, but was sent to the firing line as volunteer-brancardier with a regiment of infantry. The men all loved him, but no one knew that he was a great savant as well as a priest occupying a chair of importance and known throughout Europe and the world. It was this priest who, in addition to his attainments as theologian, philosopher and historian, initiated the famous "Week of Religious Ethology" which, many may remember, was held at Louvain just before the War, and was attended by savants of the Catholic world. On the eve of the last attack on Verdun, Father Bouvier penned a touching farewell to his comrades which was found after his death, and which showed premonition of the end. When the wounded began to fall thickly, he hastened to their spiritual and temporal assistance, but was himself struck down by a shell. Extending his arms in the form of a cross he recited feebly the liturgical prayer, but at the appeal of a comrade raised one arm painfully to give the absolution, and in doing so, expired. Priest and penitent passed together. It is related of him that he could hear confessions in seven languages, and was of service at one time and another to English, Belgian, Russian and Portuguese troops in addition to his own, while he shivered more than one aching German soldier brought into the ambulance.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A Catholic hospital for Colored people has been opened by the Rev. Joseph B. Glenn, S. S. J., of St. Anthony's Church, Memphis, Tenn. The need of such a hospital has been urgent owing to the lack of proper housing and home care.

Grenville Temple Keogh, of the American Ambulance Service in France, has been cited in Army Orders and has received the War Cross for bravery in a perilous mission. Young Keogh is the son of Justice Martin Jerome Keogh, of the Supreme Court of New York, and his wife Katherine Temple Emmet of the family of the Irish patriot and a convert to the Church before her marriage in 1894.

Father Aloysius Luther, priest of the archdiocese of Baltimore, is said to be a direct descendant of the apostate monk of Wittenburg. Scannel O'Neill announces that Mr. Schunard, of Dubuque, a direct descendant of Melancthon, Luther's friend and later his opponent, is a recent convert from the Protestant ministry. These are interesting coincidences of a year when the Luther centenary is to be celebrated.

A vessel of holy water, buried with a Seneca brave more than two hundred years ago, has been unearthed in an old Indian cemetery near Rochester, N. Y., and brought to the State Museum in Albany by A. H. Dewey of Rochester, president of the State Archaeological Society, and Dr. R. B. Orr, Provincial Archaeologist of Ontario, Canada. The Indian convert had evidently received the holy water from some Jesuit missionary.

On Sunday, Dec. 3, another Englishman, the Rev. W. Bisset-Carrie, M. A., was raised to the priesthood. Father Carrie is a native of England, and a graduate of Cambridge University. As an Anglican clergyman he worked in England and in various places in Queensland, and just prior to his conversion he was rector of Sandgate, Queensland. He was ordained by Bishop Sheil at Rockhampton, Queensland, in which diocese he will now labor.

Another Anglican clergyman has joined the Catholic Church. The Rev. W. J. Scott, who was received into the Church by Mgr. Cocks at Eastbourne, a few days ago, was for nearly twenty years vicar of St. Saviour's, Sunbury, and before that was curate at well-known Anglican churches in Plymouth, London, Hants, and Barseley. Though not now young, Mr. Scott is still active and alert. He was noted as a preacher in his Anglican days, but his plans for the future are not yet decided.

Governor McCall of Massachusetts has signed the so-called Catholic bill to prohibit school authorities in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from inquiring into the religious or political affiliations of any applicant for a teaching position. Before signing the measure Governor McCall has said that he believes in the principle of separating the schools from religion, but that he has little confidence in the method the bill provides. He signed it, nevertheless, rather than have the measure become law without his signature.

An urgent propaganda is being carried on by all missionary bishops for the training of a native clergy to fill gaps in the ranks of European apostles. Many have made a good beginning. Mgr. J. G. Bouchut, P. F. M., of Cambodia, announces that his mission already possesses fifty-one native priests, and he hopes, during 1917, to consecrate six more young men. The mission countries are almost as rich in vocations as our own. All that is needed is the opportunity to develop these vocations.

Miss Loretta Walsh, eighteen year old Philadelphia girl, is the first woman to enlist in the United States Navy. She was sworn in a few days ago by Lieutenant Commander F. R. Payne at the United States Naval Home in that city. This ardent young patriot was given the rank of chief yeoman. As soon as she was enlisted she began enrolling men in the coast reserves. She has been assigned to assist Lieutenant Payne at the Naval Home. Chief Yeoman Walsh is a stenographer and is also corresponding secretary of the woman's section of the Navy League of Philadelphia. She is a niece of Dr. James J. Walsh, dean of Fordham University, New York.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Scannell, whose death occurred last month in England, had fortunately completed his enlargement and revision of Adie and Arnold's "Catholic Dictionary," which will soon be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. In collaboration with Dr. Wilhelm, he also wrote "A Manual of Catholic Theology," another able work well known to Catholic students and much prized for its sound scholarship. Besides contributing many articles to reviews and magazines, Dr. Scannell was the author of "The Priest's Studies." He was a member of the Commission on Anglican Orders appointed by Leo XIII. in 1866, and held important offices in the diocese of Southwark. His death, after long suffering, is much regretted by all who knew him.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER II—CONTINUED
THE COURTNEYS

Clasping her hands together till the delicate flesh was almost lacerated with her nails, she paced the floor, moaning, but in so low a tone that no sound was audible in the next room:

"Can it be, my God, that my hope is not to be realized? Punish me—send just retribution upon my head—but grant this one wish before I die."

She was about to kneel on the little prie-dieu which occupied a corner of the apartment, when a knock sounded. A man in livered garb responded to her invitation to enter. He was of medium height, with a complacency which gave evidence of his good living, and a ruddy, pleasant face that betrayed his nationality as quickly as did his Irish phraseology. His abundant gray hair was combed in a fashion of his own on his wrinkled temples, and he had a peculiar habit, when addressing any person, of carefully smoothing down these forelocks, and now had his right hand so engaged, while, with a dignified courtesy, he said:

"The monk is below, ma'am."

"Very well, O'Connor," was the reply, in a tremulous voice, and waiting only to adjust the kerchief about her neck, and smooth the soft, dark hair, she followed the privileged retainer, and entered the parlor to meet the Brother, between whom and herself such an earnest conversation had been held on the day that Howard had been taken ill.

"Oh, Francis!" she said, extending her hands to him. He folded his arms against the proffered members and said sternly:

"That name is not mine."

"Pardon," she said, supplicatingly; "but old times revive so at every sight of you, that I almost forget you have become Brother Fabian!"

She dropped her head, as if to conceal the agitation so visible in her face, but she lifted it in a moment, and said:

"Be seated; it is a long time since last you stood within this house."

"Eighteen years," he replied, pushing back the chair she proffered; "and now," drawing his monastic cloak about him, "permission to pay this visit was granted as a special and peculiar privilege. I sought the permission because of the intolerable desire which, since the boy's illness, I have felt to look upon his face again. I fought with the strange yearning; I thought it conquered; but it flamed anew, and I am here to-night to see your son."

"Ah! you love my poor boy, then," she said, with a strange imploring in her tones.

He averted his face, but did not reply.

She approached him and thoughtlessly essayed to put her hand on his arm. He started back with a repellent gesture; and she, after a moment's pained look, sank on her knees, moaning:

"Is my very touch contamination? Is it part of the Order, to whose vows you are bound, that my early fault be thus constantly made a tool with which to wound my heart? Have I not been sufficiently punished by the sorrow of my early marriage days? and was not a greater one nigh being laid upon my shoulders?"

"Get up, woman! This position does not become you!" and he held his cloak partially before his face.

"No," she replied, "this is my place—my place to implore the pardon of an offended God; to beg that He will not curse my old age for the sin of my youth—that He will save my boy from being a renegade to his faith."

The Brother started, letting his cloak drop suddenly from his face, and, stooping to the prostrate woman, he said in a low, eager voice:

"What mean you? What has suggested this idea to you?"

"His conversations are pregnant with heretic thoughts; his intellect aspires to grand achievements, and chafes at the bonds religion would impose. In time, perchance, he may cast his faith aside as a trammel which it would be unmanly to endure."

She lifted her face suddenly, and continued in a tone so fraught with pathos and earnestness that the monk's stern expression softened, and a commiserating look came into his dark eyes.

"Oh! my God! dear though my boy's life is to me for his own sake, and cherished though it is for the purpose which his living may achieve, still take him to Thyself ere he deserts the faith of his fathers, ere he renounces the teachings of Thy holy Church. Take him now, my God, while he is still innocent—my breaking heart will willingly yield him."

She buried her face in her hands, and the tears so long restrained trickled through her white fingers.

The monk waited till her emotion had subsided, and she had risen from her knees; then he said, in his peculiarly low tones:

"I must see Howard alone. Prepare him for my visit."

Gentle Ellen Courtney looked surprised when her mother requested her to leave Howard, but she withdrew silently, and in a few moments Brother Fabian was closed with the young scion of the Courtneys. The interview seemed very long to the anxious woman pacing the floor of an adjoining apartment, and

equally so to the wondering girl furtively watching her mother's face. She said at last:

"Mamma, why are you so worried?"

Mrs. Courtney paused in her erratic walk, then hurriedly crossed to where her daughter sat, and lifting the pale, sweet face, looked softly down into the clear eyes while she said:

"Oh! Ellen, my comfort, may God keep from your future the cause of anxiety which I have to-night. But do not look so frightened, darling; all will be well. Yes, all will be well," she said bitterly, in a lower tone, "when the anchor upon which I have rested my hopes has gone." She turned away and resumed her walk.

Ellen gently followed her.

"May I not know the trouble, mamma, which—"

"No, no!" almost passionately interrupted Mrs. Courtney. "You can know nothing now. At some future time you may—till that time arrives never refer to this again."

Ellen sighed, but made no response, and continued to walk with her mother till Brother Fabian hurriedly emerged from the sick room. He bowed in his reserved, monastic manner to Miss Courtney, indicating that she might return to her brother, and descended with Mrs. Courtney to the parlor.

"Well?" the lady said nervously when the parlor door was closed.

"You must let him travel. Send him to Europe as soon as he is sufficiently strong."

"My God!" moaned the trembling woman, turning away that her blinding tears might not be observed. The monk resumed:

"You will accompany him?"

She turned suddenly replying in a voice so choked with stifled grief that it was almost inarticulate:

"You know I cannot."

"Ah!" he said, almost sarcastically, "honor and probity hold potent sway now—and you are willing to sacrifice your children's interests to the pledge you so insensibly gave?"

"No; say rather that I am willing to atone for the wrong I did a noble heart. That I am endeavoring to win back the confidence of one who is dearer to me than life."

There came into her face such a wondrous broken look that the monk shaded his eyes lest the compassion in their depths might become too visible. He replied:

"If you are resolved to persist in this fancied line of duty, and willing to allow your boy to travel unattended by maternal care, at least send his sister with him."

"Is it so imperative?" she asked, with sudden hope brightening her countenance.

"So imperative, that travel alone can ensure his complete recovery. So imperative, that it will be certain death if he is not in Europe by the coming summer."

"Then God help me, for I must let them go," was the heart-broken reply.

She did not proffer her hand to the Brother on his departure, nor did he extend his. When he reached the tessellated portico which led to the massive hall door, he turned to survey the vaulted corridor through which he had passed, pressed his hand to his forehead, and muttered:

"When again shall I stand here?" Then, suddenly resuming his former manner, he said to Mrs. Courtney, who had accompanied him from the parlor:

"Continue as you have done to let me know the state of Howard's health, and apprise me of the time when he will sail."

The weeping woman bowed her head, not trusting her voice even to reply to his cold "Good night," and the great door swung between the mysterious pair.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE STRANGE VISITOR

There was a more natural sparkle in the convalescent's eyes, and a healthier flush upon his cheeks, from the time that his mother, with outward playfulness of manner, but with bitter, inward pain, had said:

"Grow strong rapidly, Howard; an ocean voyage is at hand."

"Do you mean that, mother?" he had asked with sudden strength in his tones.

"Certainly, my dear boy, and Ellen is going with you."

"Ah! I shall make a delightful little family party," and he leaned back on his cushions with a smile of satisfaction, evidently little dreaming that his mother was not to make one of the party. Dreading the surprise it would create, and the volley of questions it would cause, Mrs. Courtney refrained from acquainting them just then with her determination not to accompany them.

Much to the surprise of the attendant physician the boy did grow strong rapidly, was able to take brief drives, and ere long to make short excursions on foot, always attended by his mother and sister; and the window blinds of neighboring domiciles were wont to be covertly turned, that their owners might watch and descant on the—as they termed it—"idolatrious devotion" of the Catholic mother to her children.

But at length Howard was pronounced sufficiently strong to endure the fatigue of an ocean voyage, and Mrs. Courtney immediately began preparations. Loving little Ellen grew strong rapidly, was able to take brief drives, and ere long to make short excursions on foot, always attended by his mother and sister; and the window blinds of neighboring domiciles were wont to be covertly turned, that their owners might watch and descant on the—as they termed it—"idolatrious devotion" of the Catholic mother to her children.

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"We shall be so happy in those foreign places, and the voyage will do

you good, mamma," she said, looking up from the trunk, in the packing of which she was endeavoring to assist.

Mrs. Courtney sighed, stooped a moment over the trunk, and then she was putting the trunk in the trunk, then she looked up, saying with as much calmness as she could assume:

"My dear, it is not possible for me to accompany you."

Howard, who had been viewing his favorite scene—the bay—turned abruptly from the window, with a passionately muttered exclamation, while his sister paled, and stared aghast for a moment, then said tremblingly:

"But to whom can we look for guidance, mamma, on our passage over? Who will take care of us?"

"You will be obliged to take care of yourself, save such care as the servants who will attend you may be able to give, till you arrive in London, or Paris; in either of those places friends, to whom I have already written, will receive you."

"Why, mother," asked Howard, passionately, "can you not go with us?"

She answered with a calmness which she was far from feeling:

"For reasons which I will not state to you, but which are all potent to prevent my accompanying you, much as I should desire to."

She resumed her packing, but her trembling fingers seemed to retard the work she desired to complete so quickly. Howard had turned to the window again, but an angry flush had risen to his cheeks, and a frown was upon his brow as he looked abroad. Ellen dropped silent tears on the little parcels she essayed to wrap, and a long and painful silence was maintained by the trio.

O'Connor, the gray-haired retainer, was summoned that night to the room of his mistress. He entered, pressing down his smoothly-combed forelocks as was his wont, and evidently wondering what could be the purport of such an untoward summons. When he learned that Mrs. Courtney desired him to accompany her children on their voyage across the Atlantic, surprise rendered him speechless for a moment.

"I can trust you, O'Connor," she said; "and for that reason I am sending you with my darlings. My own maid, Anne Flanagan, will attend Ellen."

"An' may I make so bold, ma'am, as to ax whether yourself is goin'?" Mrs. Courtney flushed.

"It is because I am not going that I have selected you in preference to a younger attendant for Howard. You have been with the Courtneys long—you have held Howard when he was a baby—you have seen him grow to his present years—for his own, and my sake, you will tend him carefully when he is far from home."

"I will ma'am,—indeed I will!" and the faithful, old serving man bowed over the hand she held to him, and went softly out, with that mysterious feeling of awe about him which the presence of "the mistress" seemed always to inspire. They rallied him on his dispirited looks in the servants' hall, and at last he was roused from a lethargic silence into saying:

"It's a queer house, anyway, since the masher went southw'ards."

"How did he go?" asked the plump little kitchen maid, who was a recent comer into the dwelling.

"Why, he went without tale, or tidings of a goodbye to anyone, and the next thing the mistress was in black, and the people said he was dead, though there was no one to prove it. And it's a queer house since that time, for queer people comes to it sometimes, an' altogether I don't like the looks o' things."

The wondering little maid extended her big, blue eyes, and was about to inquire further concerning the "queer things," but the old man terminated the conversation by abruptly leaving the room.

The wretched time—for Mrs. Courtney—of departure drew sadly near, and at length the eve of the eventful day arrived. The careful packing had been completed, and the youth, with unwonted brilliancy of spirits, was contributing to the mirth of the hour by anecdote and repartee while Ellen in compliance with urgent requests, sang simple ballads to her own accompaniment on the piano. Mrs. Courtney moved among the select throng with pleasant smiles and words, as if she bore no breaking heart beneath all.

But the pleasant party separated at length; all the bon voyages, and oft-repeated wishes for the complete restoration of Howard's health had been spoken; the last carriage had driven rapidly away, and the mother was left alone with her children. They turned together from the door whither they had accompanied their friends, and walked slowly back to the brilliantly lighted parlor. Mrs. Courtney suppressed even the sigh which rose to her lips, closed the parlor door calmly, and thought to maintain the same calmness when she turned to her children. But one sight of Howard, who stood in a dejected attitude, looking wistfully towards her, swept away the stoicism with which she thought she had fortified herself, and she allowed full

vent to the emotion which she had been struggling to subdue. She hurried to where he stood, put her arms about his neck, straining him passionately to her bosom and moaned, while a torrent of tears fell on his upturned face:

"Oh! my son, how can I part with you?"

He answered, while tears sprang into his own eyes, and his voice grew tremulous as his mother's had been:

"It is your will that the parting shall be—but even yet it is not too late—cease this unmotherly mode of acting, and come with us."

She strained him closer to her heart.

"Press that subject no farther, for I cannot go. But," slightly releasing her grasp, and speaking in tones more touchingly tender, "promise me, Howard, strict adherence to the principles of your faith while you are away, that no one of the ambitious dreams, with which your mind is so filled, shall come between you and your God—that the chimeras of the day, which may abound in the strange lands to which you are going, shall not come to influence you the moment they conflict with the teachings of your religion. Promise!"

Awed by the startling earnestness of her tone, the strangeness of her demeanor, Howard bowed his head and solemnly promised as she desired.

Pale, tearful Ellen, standing near, said, as if she were speaking to herself, when her brother had concluded:

"Was it necessary to bind him by oath to the duty he owes his God?"

"Mrs. Courtney turned at the lowly spoken words, and answered, in as low a tone:

"Had he your simple piety, my darling, it would not be necessary. And then, as if again overpowered by some uncontrollable emotion, she drew one of her hands from Howard's neck, placed it about Ellen, and, kneeling, forced them to kneel with her, while she lifted her eyes to the stary night, just visible through the partially drawn curtains of the deep window, and said, in such passionate tones that her whole form became tremulous:

"Oh! my God! Thou who beholdest the secrets of all hearts, seeest the anguish which is in mine tonight—knowest the hope which has supported my life for many a year—I petition Thee, in my sorrow, that Thou take both my darlings rather than one should prove renegade to the principles of his faith. A while ago I offered you but one; now I will yield them both, if Thou wilt accept the sacrifice, and refrain from inflicting a more terrible retribution."

She rose, kissed Howard who remained kneeling, and said:

"Go to bed now, my dear boy."

Then, drawing Ellen's arm within her own, left the room with the latter.

Howard continued to kneel, with his face buried in his hands, and his busy mind endeavoring to assign some reason for his mother's mysterious distress, and her equally incomprehensible determination not to accompany himself and Ellen. But persistent thought could solve no clue, and the youth, rose at last, repaired to the window, and stood looking out on the glimmering dawn. His thoughts reverted to the distant climes to which he was to sail on the morrow. His heart beat quicker with pleasant anticipations; his eyes sparkled at the prospect which lay in his intellectual labor. But, alas! for his mother's hopes, and prayers, and tears, not a thought of the promise he had given her entered his mind.

His mother, who even then in Ellen's room was exerting the latter to a careful surveillance of her brother's words and actions, saying:

"Your pure influence may accomplish that which my maternal love may fail to do, and your pure prayers may move Heaven's mercy and protection in his behalf, when my petitions would be spurned. Remember Ellen young though you are, you must take my place toward him, while you are away. Guard him for his own sake, for yours, and oh, for mine."

TO BE CONTINUED

IN MASQUERADE

It was a tall tenement in a busy Glasgow street, commanding a view of fields that had once been green, but now, abandoned to a carpet beater, represented only a dusty wilderness. A thin, elderly, shabby, genteel lady was toiling up the staircase, when a door opened sharply and a florid countenance emerged, its owner hurling at the ascending figure the pious supposition:

"When the Lord said we were to love our neighbor as ourselves, He surely did not mean that all 'n sweep the stairs in their turn!"

The lady paused to answer, rather nervously:

"If you are speaking to me, I really don't understand you."

"It pays no to understand sometimes," retorted the other. And in the midst of a ruffled stream of eloquence a bright faced young woman appeared, glancing from the irate housewife to the other, whose face wore a half-startled, half-scornful expression.

"You are Miss Gray, our new neighbor, aren't you?" she asked pleasantly adding, as the other person retreated with a swift and disturbing consciousness of tumbled hair upon torn and soiled hands in sharp contrast with the girl's dainty neatness. "Don't mind poor Mrs. Wilson. With seven sickly children and a very disordered husband, she'd die

of suppressed emotion if she could not relieve her feelings by rebuking some one."

"It is all very strange to me," said Miss Gray, her hand trembling so that she could not unlock her door, and the girl did it for her. "Thank you! Do you also live in this building?"

"Yes; in the flat just over yours. There are only two of us. My name is Keith—Mrs. Keith. I shall be glad to be of any service to you at any time."

That was the beginning of Mrs. Keith's acquaintance with the old maid who had just come to lodge in the tenement, and had already earned the reputation of being very proud and distant. She had no intercourse with her neighbors, and kept her landlady at arm's length. A story that she had seen better days, and was living on the remnant of a fortune, found acceptance, and was considered to explain much. Out of her busy life Cicely Keith spared many minutes to brighten and cheer the old maid's lonely path. And Miss Gray always welcomed her, though she did not return the visits, excusing herself on various grounds.

One morning Miss Gray turned from an abstracted contemplation of the dingy street to admit Cicely, and greeted her with:

"I am so glad to see you! I was just thinking about you."

"Well, I want to give you an opportunity of proving that mind can triumph over matter, Miss Gray, by telling me how to renovate my voile gown so that it may be fit to wear at Lady Clydesdale's reception tomorrow. I have to describe the costumes worn at it for the Woman's Weekly, and I can't appear exactly in sackcloth and ashes. You are so clever at suggesting improvements in dress that I thought it best to ask your advice, especially as I haven't a farthing to spend on the gown."

"H'm! Is it the only one you have," asked Miss Gray, doubtful of the possibilities of the well-worn voile.

"Dear me, no! I have a white silk, a mauve chiffon and a pink muslin, but they have been pronounced unfit for publication. You don't understand? My dear Miss Gray, if circumstances compel me to walk in mean attire, that is no reason why my heroines should, and so I bestow the loveliest raiment I could imagine on my latest creature. She, poor dear—and they're aye lying folded in brown paper on my desk, with a publisher's verdict, 'Not suitable,' wrapt large upon them."

Miss Gray shot a keen glance at the "thin red line" along her friend's eyelids.

"I am sorry for your disappointment," she said kindly. "But some one else will accept the story, no doubt. How is Mr. Keith this morning? Still improving?"

"No," replied Cicely, her lip quivering—she held a corner of it between her teeth for a minute or two. "I am talking against tears, not time, Miss Gray. I mustn't break down, but if I stop to think I shall. Harry is so low and weak this morning that I doubt if there has ever been any improvement at all."

"I had no idea that he was so seriously ill; you never said so," exclaimed Miss Gray, almost reproachfully. "Wasn't it influenza that ailed him?"

"Yes, and he recovered from it to some extent, but, he is not regaining strength. He can't sleep or eat, and the doctor says he will not until he has had a change of air. I had been hoping to receive sufficient money for that rejected story to take him away. Somehow my work has not been satisfactory of late, doubtless because I am too anxious about him to concentrate my energies and my thoughts on it; as a consequence I fail when success means more than it ever did."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner how you are worried and how weak he is?" Miss Gray asked, locking her hands together.

"I dislike troubling others with my troubles, but today I did feel the need of some one to speak to. I think that you have shown sympathy and therefore can sympathize with me in mine. I must not give way before Harry. The doctor looked so grave this morning when he asked, 'Can't you get him away from here? And there—on my desk lay the answer—a rejected MS.'"

"Have you thought of anything that could be done?" asked Miss Gray, after a pause.

"I've almost resolved to pocket my pride and appeal to Harry's aunt, who, unfortunately, is estranged from him."

"Could she help you?"

"If she would. She is very wealthy, and he is her only living relative. It is rather a sad little story. She adopted him and brought him up as her heir. She was very proud and fond of him, and intended him to marry an heiress and enter Parliament. He married me in direct opposition to her, and she has never forgiven him."

"Why does she dislike you so much?" asked Miss Gray.

"There was no actual personal feeling in the matter," said Cicely. "She and I had never met, but she had an old-fashioned prejudice against women writers and thought that Harry might have done better than marry one. To her I was only, as she told him, a penniless nobody, who married him in expectation of getting her money, and she cast him off altogether. My relatives were displeased with me for marrying a man who had nothing of his own, not even a profession; so that it has been a case of Harry and me against the world."

"The aunt is a selfish, heartless, unjust old creature!" said Miss Gray, vehemently.

"Please don't say that. May not I seem heartless and selfish in her eyes? After all, Harry's marriage was a bitter blow to her. She could not know that I loved him for himself only, and would have married him had he been a pauper instead of the reputed heir of the rich Miss King, of Mansewood. Harry wasn't a bit used to roughing it, but we were happy as the day is long, able to laugh at our compulsory economies, without grief except the estrangements from our friends, until Harry's illness and its attendant worries began. All the time I have been asking Our Lady to say to her Son, as she did of old, 'They have no wine, and I must wait patiently for her answer.'"

Miss Gray pushed back her chair, her lips in a grim, determined line.

"Miss King of Mansewood, indeed!" she said contemptuously. "Well, before this day is over she shall have heard a piece of my mind! I will go to her and tell her what her plain duty is."

"Oh, no, you must not indeed!" cried Cicely, round-eyed with consternation.

"I will! I know all I want to know about her—enough to enable me to deal with her as she deserves."

"Dear Miss Gray, surely you will not betray my confidence?" pleaded Cicely. "You really have no right to make use of what I have told you. It was not my intention to cause you to think ill of Miss King. You must not intrude on her."

"I will make her admit that she is ashamed of herself before the day is over," persisted the old maid.

"You will only add to my distress if you attempt it," said Cicely; "Harry will be terribly grieved. When all is said and done, she took care of him when there was no one else to do it, and she is entitled to gratitude and consideration on that account, and no one has any right to reproach her. Can't you see that your own resentments, and justly, a stranger's interferences? Do promise me that you will not go to her!"

"I will think about it," was the utmost concession the girl could obtain, and she went away discomfited and harassed.

Later she heard Miss Gray go out, and devoutly hoped that it was only on some household errand.

Harry, pale and languid, noted the unusual shadow on her face, and held out a wasted hand to her.

"Darling girl, what care and anxiety I have brought upon you!" he said sadly. And then she soothed and comforted him with that cheerfulness which is part of the fortitude of patience.

Toward evening he fell asleep. The stillness of the room seemed to magnify external sounds—the roll of vehicles, voices, laughter, busy feet, all the stir and bustle of city streets.

Then came an imperious ring—a ring that sent a sort of shock through Cicely and brought to her eyes a look of dismay, almost of fear. Was it possible? Had Miss Gray really carried out her indiscreet intention? She opened the door with a sick dread upon her face, before her eyes a white mist, through which she dimly discerned a figure in costly furs, with a gleam of gold in throat and wrist; an embroidered veil obscured the features.

"Miss King?" Cicely gasped scarcely able to articulate, and feathery plumes were inclined in a stately affirmative.

Cicely stood aside and permitted the visitor to enter. What would Harry say? Would he think that she had complained or grown tired of nursing him, weary of the struggle? Her neighbor had meant well, but what harm might she not have done? Tears blinded her, but Miss King stepped to the little bed room without a word. The unusual sounds had awakened the sleeper. He raised his head, so that the light fell on his attenuated features and over-large eyes.

"Aunt Marion."

He forgot the estrangement, the unkindness, every other word, and held out his hands to her in whom a thousand claims to love and gratitude met and were recognized and expressed in his action and his utterance of her name.

"My boy—my boy!" she sobbed, remembering only that she had held him as an infant in her arms; that he had filled her empty heart and life. And she cried over him, smoothed his hair, shook his pillow, tucked in the bed clothes as if he were still in her care. "You have been ill indeed," she said, huskily, stroking his thin hand.

"Oh, it isn't much—only a cold. But somehow I don't seem to throw it off as I should. It—it is good of you to come to see me."

"I am alone in my old age, Harry. I want you more than ever. Why should we longer be apart?"

He looked steadfastly at her.

continental tour; in reality I have been living beside you for a few months, masquerading as a spinster in genteel poverty. I wanted to see for myself what you had made of your life, and for what kind of a wife you had given up so much. Heaven knows I have learned a few lessons!

She took the girl's flushed and quivering face between her hands and kissed it.

"My Cicely—my sweet little friend!" she said. "Come to me—come from worries and anxieties and squalid surroundings. Be a daughter to me, as Harry will be my son, and forgive me all the past injustices."

UNIVERSALITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D., DELIVERS ELOQUENT SERMON ON CATHOLICITY OF CHURCH

The Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul, recently delivered an eloquent sermon in his Cathedral on the "Catholicity of the Church." The Archbishop said:

The word Catholic, derived from the Greek, means universal. The new Kingdom of God was to be catholic, universal, open to all children of humanity, none excepted, none set aside. Henceforth there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and all in all.

The Catholicity of the Kingdom, or the Church of Christ, received its formal, official promulgation from the summit of Olivet, when Christ spoke to the Apostles, whom He was commissioning as heralds of the new dispensation: "Preach the Gospel to every creature!" "Going ye therefore, teach all nations," he commanded them. "And behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." The message was Catholic, universal: the Church, founded under its terms, was Catholic, universal—Catholic in space, Catholic in time—"Teach all nations." * * * And behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world.

The Church of Christ is the symbol, the active expression of the love of God for men; consequently, it is Catholic. None among the children of humanity escape the rays of God's love, as none escape the glittering rays of His physical sun in its noonday splendor. All are the children of His care and His affection. The love of God is for all—ready to be poured upon all—working in its own mysterious ways to reach unto all.

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour," writes St. Paul, "who will have all men come to the knowledge of the truth. Some there will be who, as a matter of fact, will not be within the fold, as established by the Saviour. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him and the world knew Him not. He came into His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His name."

There are those who receive Him not; but the fault is their own, or the result of special and extraordinary situations to which, where good will exists, God will adjust special and extraordinary provisions. But the rule remains; the call of Christ is Catholic—the Church of Christ is Catholic—intended for all, striving for the salvation of all. The Church, the herald of His voice, the treasure-bearer of His graces, is Catholic, universal. The sound of its mouthpieces "hath gone forth unto all the earth, and their words unto the end of the whole world."

The Church of Christ was founded to be Catholic in this, the consummation of Mount Olivet. The task imposed upon the Church was that it be Catholic in space, Catholic in time: "Teach all nations." * * * And behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." * * * Mighty task, at first sight never to be realized! What, teach all nations! Never, else where, was a society to be seen, whose words made law for all nations, under the cover of whose wings there was the daring to bring all peoples.

The imperial sceptre of Rome rose above many continents and many seas; but unlimited regions there were, over which its eagles never were allowed to pass. And since the days of imperial Rome empires there have been, and kingdoms and republics; but to all there was circumscription of limits; not one of them aimed at, or hoped for, but a fragment of the globe's surface. And now the message to the Apostles is to "teach all nations."

And even given in vision Catholicity of space, how was Catholicity of time to be realized? The earth is strewn with the ruins of the societies of religion, or civil politics; of the hundreds naught is seen but the cold tracings allowed their memory on the pages of history. And now a society, commission is broken in twain; a hollow summation of the world—and, what so lasting, to be ever itself, to retain ever its identity of doctrine and of grace! If a change there is, the Church is altered from the commission "teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you"; the commission is broken in twain; a hollow name alone survives. Yes, impossible, un-realizable by human strength in its best efforts, the task imposed upon the Apostles; but possible and realiz-

able—and effectively realized—in the Church of Christ—because Christ, as He has given the promise, was those others: "Going ye therefore, teach all omnipotence."

Before He spoke the commission, He said: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth." The words were the preface to those others: "Going ye therefore, teach nations." * * * The Church of Christ was instituted to be Catholic, and Catholic it has been and Catholic it is, and Catholic it will be "even unto the consummation of the world," because it is the Church of Christ, the Church of the ever-living God.

She is before you; she is well known to you—the Church that is the Church of Mount Olivet. Her very name argues for her—Catholic—thus called because she, and she alone, responds in her universality to the mandate of the commission. As early as the first day of the second century St. Irenaeus of Antioch writes: "Where Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church." And so on through the ages.

In the fifth century St. Pacian writes: "My name is Christian, my surname Catholic," that is, a son of the Catholic Church. Then, as since, other societies strove to take themselves the name. But in vain, then as now. Common sense, the plain meaning of words told for the true Church. Says the great Augustine: "While heretics covet the name Catholic, let a stranger in the city query what direction leads to the temple of the Catholic Church, no heretic will dare point to his own temple." And he further says: "What over and above other things holds me to the Church is her name, Catholic." Today, as in the time of Augustine, the name tells the fact; it tells the Church of Christ.

The Church named today Catholic, your own spiritual mother, is Catholic—Catholic in her profession of faith, Catholic in the actual realization of that profession. It is a vitalizing principle of her creed that her mission extends to all tribes and nations, even unto the furthestmost parts of the earth; to all tribes and nations she sends, despite the peril of martyrdom so often awaiting them, her apostles of her faith and sacraments.

And then—the fact is plain—she actually has her piece amid all peoples. She is effectively Catholic. No other religious association approaches the extent of her universality. She bears no name, she speaks no language pointing her out as restricted in her sweep of work, as limited in any form to a circumscribed territory. She is not a national church; she is supernatural, universal.

And thus diffused over the earth she is everywhere and always the self-same. Cross deserts and seas, pause in capitals or villages, seek her abodes in cathedral, tent, or hut, be it Africa or Europe, Asia, or the isles of the Pacific, wherever you enter, you hear your own creed, you assist at the same Sacrifice, you receive the same heavenly Food at altar-rail—and from one and all the cry of allegiance goes up to the same Supreme Pontiff, the Bishop of Rome. The Church that you know, is, surely, Catholic in space, and surely, Catholic is she in time.

Across nineteen hundred years no change has come into her creed of faith and morals, into her principles of life and government. Change there may be in her human elements in contingent forms and acts that indicate the points where she touches earth. But, in creed of faith and morals, in principles of life and government—in the things whatsoever, Christ on Olivet bade her teach, she is the self-same Catholic Church, yesterday and today.

The very reproaches made to the Church in regard to her Catholicity in space and in time, are her vindications. Thou shouldst alter dogmas, it is said to her. Dogmas of one age do not suit the other; the twentieth century has outgrown the thoughts of Grecia and of Roman times, and thoughts of medieval centuries. It is saying to her: Truth, coming from the mouth of an incarnate God, must change; truth is not permanent. It is saying to her: Christ, in plain contradiction of His words, gave no message to last until the end of time. Were the Church to change, denying what she once asserted, asserting what she once denied, she is no longer the messenger of truth; she has ceased to be the herald of Christ's Gospel.

Again it is said—peoples have each their own frame of mind, their own policies of government; the Church must suit herself to each one, and present to each one a creed within the purview of present ideas. This is the assertion that the spiritual world of God is not above and independent of the shifting sands of human time and space, that God is not the Supreme Master of truth, that the Church has not received from the Saviour the command to teach unto the end of time, the faith once delivered to the saints. Catholic in space and time, and always the self-same the Church of Christ, must be—and Catholic in space and time is the Church of which you are the disciples, yesterday as she is to-day, today as she will be to-morrow.

The monumental, the stupendous fact in history is the Catholic Church as she has been and as she is—a fact so monumental, so stupendous, that naught explains it, but this other fact, that she is from God and lives the life of Him who once said: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth; going ye therefore, teach all nations." * * * And behold I am with you, even to the consummation of the world."

Now, brethren and fellow Catholics you know what it all means when we say, we are Catholics. A sacred, meaningful name, the name Catholic surely is—one to be proud of before God and men—one to cling to as the anchor of our salvation, one to be realized by us to the full, not only in profession of faith, but also in actual daily life.

We are Catholics, because we are children and soldiers of the Church that is Catholic, the Church that teaches all nations, that has been the self-same in all Christian ages—the Church once founded by Christ, and since the moment of its creation ever guarded and vivified by Christ. Be worthy sons of the Church militant upon earth, that one day you be the elect in the Church triumphant in Heaven.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

THE IRISH SEXTON OF A PROTESTANT CHURCH

A priest we know, says "Valerian," in the Brooklyn Tablet, was curious to inspect the architectural features of a well-known Protestant church on upper Broadway, Manhattan.

He entered the building, was shown around by a guide and nicely treated. "By the way, Father," said the guide, "we have a Catholic sexton in this church; you ought to meet him."

The priest was more than astonished at the announcement. A Catholic sexton in a Protestant Church was a hard one to understand.

"Bring him out and let me see him," said the priest, "maybe I can give the unfortunate some good advice."

The sexton was sent for, a good-looking, well-dressed Irishman.

"How are you, Father?" he said in response to the priest's greeting.

"Glory to God, how did you get here?" said the priest.

"Well, you see, Father, I answered an ad for an engineer, and when I came to get the job I found it was in this church. Later the sexton and assistant sexton left and they offered me the job, and I took it. 'Yes!' yes! but how about your own religion? Are you still a Catholic?"

The sexton smiled.

"Father, my name is Mullen, and ever since I came here from the country I have never missed the 6 o'clock Mass at the Blessed Sacrament parish up the street. I am also a member of the Holy Name Society, and last month they wanted to elect me secretary of it, but my hours of work prevented my acceptance of the office. And now let me tell you something, Father. Only a few Sundays ago the minister here preached a sermon to his people and spoke of me by name, holding me up before them, saying, 'You people of the congregation who sleep late on Sundays and think nothing of staying away from church when you want to behold your own sexton, who hours before you awake, is attending Mass in his own church before coming to ring the bell for our services. Take a lesson from the faithful Irish Catholic.'"

All of this was a revelation to the priest, who left the building after shaking hands with Mullen, saying to himself:

"Never be surprised when an Irishman can do. The faith of St. Patrick's land can hold fast in the tropics as well as in cold storage."

Further delving into the new edition of "Kenedy's Official Catholic Directory" reveals the fact that there are twenty-seven States in the Union having a Catholic population of 100,000 or over. The State of New Jersey has been gaining steadily in recent years and during 1916 passed Michigan in the list of "banner" States. New Jersey is now comfortably located in sixth place, Michigan being seventh. Wisconsin has passed from third to eighth place over the lead formerly held by Louisiana, and Mississippi, also, takes a step forward, going into tenth place and crowding California into the eleventh row.

A table showing the position of the twenty-seven States having a Catholic population of over 100,000 has been specially prepared for the Catholic press and is herewith appended:

1—New York.....	2,962,971
2—Pennsylvania.....	1,865,000
3—Illinois.....	1,482,587
4—Massachusetts.....	1,406,913
5—Ohio.....	893,894
6—New Jersey.....	712,000
7—Michigan.....	691,000
8—Wisconsin.....	596,857
9—Louisiana.....	549,700
10—Missouri.....	531,000
11—California.....	524,283
12—Connecticut.....	508,498
13—Minnesota.....	478,355
14—Texas.....	411,790
15—Maryland (In. D. of C.).....	278,000
16—Rhode Island.....	275,000
17—Iowa.....	263,431
18—Indiana.....	255,255
19—Kentucky.....	181,686
20—New Mexico.....	150,573
21—New Hampshire.....	134,000
22—Maine.....	123,047
23—Kansas.....	131,128
24—Nebraska.....	115,433
25—Colorado.....	110,987
26—North Dakota.....	104,371
27—Montana.....	101,200

By comparing the 73-page volume published in 1917 with the bulky volume which is being sent to its subscribers in 1917 it will be seen at a glance that the Catholic Church in the United States has remarkably progressed.—The Pilot.

DIRECTORY REPORTS 25,436,136 CATHOLICS

OFFICIAL FIGURES OF MEMBERSHIP OF THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

With the appearance of the 1917 edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" published and copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons of 44 Barclay Street, New York, attention ought to be called to the fact that one hundred years have elapsed since the issuance of the first Directory, for in 1817 "The Latté Directory to the Church Service" was published and sold in New York by Matthew Field at his library, 177 Bowery, within a few doors of Delancey Street. A short history covering the appearance of Catholic Directories since 1817 will be found in the editorial foreword which follows the title page of the 1917 issue.

According to the Centenary Edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" there are 17,022,879 Catholics in the United States (not including our Island possessions.) With sixty-four Archdioceses and Dioceses reporting increases, four showing decreases, thirty-three Archdioceses and Dioceses making no change in the population figure the increase in the number of Catholics during the year 1916 is shown to be 458,770. It must be remembered in this connection, however, that the great Archdioceses do not take a new census each year.

Nearly 19,000,000

According to Joseph H. Meier, the Directory compiler, the figure 17,022,879 is very conservative including, as it does, only the figures submitted by the Chancery Officials. Taking into consideration the "floating" Catholic population and the fact that some important Archdioceses and Dioceses take up a census only at intervals of ten years, Mr. Meier feels that he is safe in saying that the Catholic population of the United States is at present nearly 19,000,000.

Looking over that section of "The Official Catholic Directory" which contains the data for our Island posses-

sions one finds that there are 7,342,282 Catholics in the Philippines and adding to these Philippine Catholics the number reported for Alaska, the Canal Zone, Guam, our possessions in Samoa, the Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico the total number amounts to 8,413,257. This figure does not include the Catholics of the three recently acquired Danish West Indies.

There are, therefore, under the United States flag 25,436,136 Catholics divided as follows: Continental United States, 17,022,879; foreign possessions of the United States, 8,413,257.

PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH

The Centenary edition of "The Official Catholic Directory" bristles with facts and figures showing the progress of the Catholic Church. According to the 1917 volume there are fourteen archbishops, ninety-six bishops and 19,993 Catholic clergymen in Continental United States. Of these 19,983 clergymen, 14,602 are secular priests and 5,381 are priests of religious orders. Comparing the 1917 and 1916 editions it is seen, therefore, that the number of Catholic clergymen has increased by 411. The Directory further shows that there are 15,520 Catholic parishes in this country of which 10,190 have resident clergymen, 14,370 being mission parishes, that is, the churches being supplied from a neighboring parish. It is seen from these figures that 337 parishes were organized last year.

Other figures taken from the 1917 publication show that there are 102 Seminaries in the States with 6,898 young men studying for the priesthood; 216 Colleges for boys; 676 Academies for girls; 293 Orphan Asylums; 106 Homes for the Aged as well as 5,687 Parochial schools with an enrollment of 1,337,614 children.

Further delving into the new edition of "Kenedy's Official Catholic Directory" reveals the fact that there are twenty-seven States in the Union having a Catholic population of 100,000 or over. The State of New Jersey has been gaining steadily in recent years and during 1916 passed Michigan in the list of "banner" States. New Jersey is now comfortably located in sixth place, Michigan being seventh. Wisconsin has passed from third to eighth place over the lead formerly held by Louisiana, and Mississippi, also, takes a step forward, going into tenth place and crowding California into the eleventh row.

A BAPTIST DIVINE ON CATHOLIC ILLITERACY

The Baptist Courier does not often have a kind word for the Catholic Church and perhaps we ought not to expect it, but an occasional truth crops out in its columns that must have crept in there while the editor was on his vacation. A late number of the paper contains a sermon by Rev. Dr. M. D. Jeffries, in which he shows more knowledge of early Christian history than is usual with Baptist preachers, and in which he discards some of the usual ligoted statements concerning the illiteracy of Catholic nations. Dr. Jeffries says:

"Rome maintained civil education until the fifth century, but with the barbaric invasion learning died. Along side the schools of the Roman Empire there grew up Christian schools teaching the things of their religion; but the intellectual life was defunct. Institutions of learning began and prospered especially in connection with the monasteries of Southern Gaul. By the end of the sixth century there were no longer any civil schools; church schools alone existed, which were called Cathedral or Episcopal schools; there were a large number of them. In the sixth and seventh centuries there were three classes of schools all named for their connection with the Church, which was conducting the educational affairs of the world, namely, the parochial, the cathedral, and the cloister schools. They taught the seven sciences or liberal arts, grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and



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Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadlier. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are met with in every walk of American society in every trade and calling, in every nook and corner. They are real.

Alvira, or The Heroines of Vesuvius, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A thrilling story of the seventeenth century.

African Fabiola, The; translated by Right Rev. Mgr. Joseph O'Connell, D. D. The story of the Life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 203. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

Alchemists' Secret, The; by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not of the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think of and to pity sorrows and trials of others rather than our own.

Alias Kitty Casey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Carew, a girl threatened with marriage, who in an endeavor to secure herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a menial position in a hotel, where she is met by waiters refused by her maid, Kitty Casey. The story is well written and a romantic story told.

Beach Bluff, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two other stories are contained in this volume: "Agnes" and "For Many Days."

Blake and Flanagan, by Mrs. James Sadlier. This book is the masterpiece of the illustrious author whose writings have made her name a household word among the Catholics. "Agnes" and "Borrowed From The Night," by Anna C. Minogue. Miss Minogue has a way of showing her readers the delightful Southern character in its charms and gentility. No one will read "Borrowed From The Night" without feeling that she has met Mrs. Martin's, whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.

Cadmore, by Anna C. Minogue. A Romance of Kentucky. Much has been written of the troubles some times from 1860 to 1865, but seldom has a Catholic author treated of the war in its character as material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky, and in Cadmore presents a clear picture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that State. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romance and adventure.

Carlota, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century; attempting to imagine and express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathen in the first half of the first century. Captain Rosoff, by Ronald de Navery. A thrilling story of a cruise in the North Atlantic.

Catholic Crusade, by Rev. W. H. Anderson, M. A. The adventures of Owen Evans Esq., Surgeon Major, set ashore in a remote spot of the island of the Caribbean Sea.

Cines, by J. M. Villafraude. A study of civilization and a comparison of Christianity, not only with Paganism and purely human philosophy, but with Judaism and Mohammedanism in the reign of Nero. The scenes are laid in Rome and to meet and analyze the different conditions and situations, including the burning of Rome, the author has created imaginary characters such as Cines of the Roman Empire, around whose conversion to Christianity the plot of the story is woven.

Commander, The; by Charles D'Hericault. An historical novel of the French Revolution.

Confession's Tale, by Hendrick Conscience. A thoroughly interesting story of the life of a Flemish life, including "The Recruit," "Miss Host Gensendrecht," "Blind Rows," and "The Poor Nobleman."

"Dear Jane," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing girl, whose ambition to keep the little household together is told with a grace and interest that are irresistible. Faith, Hope and Charity, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. An exceedingly interesting tale of love, war and adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution.

Ferricelle, by Ferricelle is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, home of the Earl Falkland, who with his family and adopted sister, Francis Macdonald, furnish an interesting picture of the aristocracy and the secrets of intrigue which are revealed in the innocent sufferer.

Great Great Grandfather, by Cardinal Manning. Happy Go-Lucky, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Hero of New England," "The Boy's Adventure and His Friends," "The Boys at Bolton," and "A Christmas Mystery." A story of a young boy and his adventures.

Heroes of Klondike, by Mrs. James Sadlier. History and fiction combined; very interesting.

In the Crucible, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of self for others' good, are keyed on the divine truth of the Bible, and are full of interest and didactic value. They are: "The Boy's Adventure and His Friends," "The Boys at Bolton," and "A Christmas Mystery." An interesting Catholic story for young people.

Kathleen's Motto, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady, who by her simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

Lady Amabel and The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of an humble shepherd for the daughter of a noble English family is ridiculed. In the course of the story, some opportunities present themselves which bring him before her parents in a most favorable light, and results in her marriage.

Late Mrs. Hollings' story, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A simple and delightful novel by Miss Mulholland. It has written a number of books for young ladies which have been very popular.

Louisa Kirkbridge, by Rev. A. J. Theobald, S. J. A dramatic tale of the life of a young girl after the War, full of exciting narratives interlarded with a strong religious moral.

Maiden Up to Date, by "Genevieve Inez," Mrs. Marian Elwood, by Sarah M. Brownson. The story of a laudably accented girl, selfish and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her life. She gains the appreciation of the noble character and religious example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

May Broome, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but eccentric uncle, who professes no religion, and who is a devotee of the most modern fashions of the day. He follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

Merchant of Antwerp, The; by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of impending interest from beginning to end concerning the history of a young man, who through the uncertainty of fortune, meets with the approval of his marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

Merry Hearts and True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Beginnings," "The Student of Blenheim Forest," "Polity's Five Dollars," "Marie's Trumpet," and "A Father's Promise."

Old House By The Bayne, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough.

Orphan Sisters, The; by Mary I. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story, in which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

Card of Antioch, by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerfully written story of the early ages of the Church.

Rose Le Blanc, by Lady Georgianna Fullerton. A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best writers of the day.

Rosemary, by J. Vincent Huntington. This novel, though written many years ago holds its place among the best stories of the day.

Sister of Charity, The; by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of a Sister of Charity, who as a nurse, attends a non-Catholic family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.

Solitary Island, The; by Rev. John Talbot Smith. A mysterious and fascinating story in which some of the sensational productions of Archibald Claverling Gunther, and the portraits which would not shame the brush of a Thackeray or Dickens. Strawcutter's Daughter, The; by Lady Georgianna Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

Talbot, Patis, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. A novel, though written many years ago holds its place among the best stories of the day.

The Student of Blenheim Forest, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the life of a young man, who through the uncertainty of fortune, meets with the approval of his marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

The Waters of Contradiction, by Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the South and Southern people, and so strong in its plot that the reader's attention increases to the very last chapter.

Tears On The Diadem, by Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the life of a young man, who through the uncertainty of fortune, meets with the approval of his marriage, which had been withheld on account of difference in social position.

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FOUR The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum. United States & Europe—\$1.25 per annum. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D. Editors, Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1917 TO THE CATHOLICS OF LONDON

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

Within the past month St. Joseph's Hospital has been the subject of considerable random discussion in and before the corporation of the city of London, with a result that a paltry grant of \$3,000 has been refused to this institution of public beneficence.

Stripped of all pretenses, this reckless economy on the part of the city council whose management of the city's finances has imposed upon us a tax rate of 84 mills, was simply a weak surrender to anti-Catholic envy, jealousy and prejudice.

The existence of these sentiments in our regard is intelligible to us, if not highly creditable to those who entertain them. Catholics constitute barely 10% of the population of this city; our charitable institutions evidence a deeper sense of Christian generosity than do those of any half dozen of the Protestant sects combined.

I do not profess, however, to devote much attention to the antagonisms that confront us as Catholics; they are a constant portion of our burden. But we are not obliged to submit to falsehood and misrepresentation without reply.

It was stated before the City Council that St. Joseph's Hospital was conducted for gain by those behind it. Every member of the Council knew that statement to be a gross and grotesque perversion of facts.

The Sisters of St. Joseph came to London just fifty years ago. For half a century they have been engaged in the work of housing homeless old age and helpless infancy, and in ministering to the ills that flesh is heir to.

No distinction of color, race or creed has ever been allowed to interfere with their charitable activities. Like all other Catholic Sisterhoods, the Sisters of St. Joseph are vowed to personal poverty; no penny of gain has ever reached an individual member.

The poor clothes they wear and the humble fare with which they are supplied constitute their sole drain on their financial resources. What then has become of the surplus funds resulting from the personal sacrifice and remarkable economies of the Sisters of St. Joseph?

The answer is very clear. The Sisters have purchased the property of Protestants in the open market and have paid the stipulated price to the last dollar.

the clergy of the city desirous of being closely united with their people in their protest against prejudice, and in this declaration of support to St. Joseph's Hospital, have given practical evidence of their feeling in the subscriptions attached herewith to their respective names.

The clergy subscribed \$580. I therefore order that this letter be read at all the Masses in all the parish churches of London on Sunday, April 15th, and that at all the services on Sunday, April 22nd, a collection be taken up in each church for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital. Let every Catholic contribute and contribute generously.

The proceeds of this collection will be forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Kennedy, pastor of St. Mary's Church, London, and Treasurer of the Fund for transmission to the Sisters of St. Joseph's Hospital. Given at London the 11th day of April, 1917.

M. F. FALLON, Bishop of London.

THE GLOBE AND T. W. McGARRY

In an article entitled "Defense of Race-Track Gambling" The Globe of the 10th instant works itself into a fine frenzy of moral indignation—the Honorable T. W. McGarry.

Yes, after reading, and re-reading the article, after discussing it with several others, we have come to the deliberate conclusion that our esteemed contemporary has so fallen from its usual high ethical standards as to make a savage and cowardly personal attack on a political opponent under cover of zeal for public morality.

It is rather a pitiable exhibition. The animus is so evident that one feels that if the reason alleged had not been forthcoming some other pretext would have been found.

In the circumstances our readers will understand the reason for apparently departing from the settled policy of the RECORD to remain outside of partisan politics. Mr. McGarry is our representative in the Ontario Government, and though the vast majority of that particular element of the population which he represents never saw a race-course, we feel that it is impossible to allow the virulent and dishonest diatribe against him to go unanswered.

If the Globe discussed the question of licensing another race-track at Windsor on its merits there would be not the slightest ground for complaint even though its contentions were wholly adverse to the position taken by Mr. McGarry in the premises.

What was the heinous crime that called down the wrath of the Globe on the head of the Provincial Treasurer? In discussing the question of licensing race-tracks, about which there had been a great deal of puritanical froth and fury, Mr. McGarry quite frankly admitted that he sometimes went to the Woodbine himself and occasionally placed a dollar or two on a race.

This is how the Globe describes that fearsome exhibition of total depravity for the edification of the horror-stricken "uncle guide":

"In the dying hours of the session of the Legislature last week, in the very presence of the Premier and under the eye of the Speaker, the Hon. the Provincial Treasurer made rather swaggering boasts at the member for South Wellington that he patronized the Woodbine, and, despite his dignity and responsibility as the financial adviser and executive in the Treasury of Ontario, he rather gloried in the fact that he risked money on bets on the races, and he took it as a good joke when the Hon. Howard Ferguson remarked, 'You usually lose.'"

"In the dying hours of the session, in the presence, in the very presence of the Premier"—Starting out so portentously it is no wonder that the writer, overcome with the Dantean horror of the picture conjured up 'horrer' falls into an anti-climax.

The Globe thus elaborates its charge: "And it is a 'real scandal' for any responsible citizen in Ontario, at such a time as this to affect for himself or to encourage in others such a low standard of public morality, and such a confused notion of the rights of property, as would justify gambling as a lawful process of obtaining money.

The moral distinctions between 'meum' and 'tuum' are of the very essence of the Eighth Commandment. The man who contrives to get, or who desires to get, his neighbor's property without giving just and adequate return in, by the standard of the moral law, and in the ethical judgments of intelligent civilized citizenship, a 'real scandal.'"

Now although the Globe loves to ring the changes on "gamble and gambling" it means betting. Gamble is a diminutive of game, and means the staking of money or other thing of value on the issue of a game of chance, or, partly of chance, partly of skill.

Betting is not necessarily morally wrong, any more than drinking wine is morally wrong. There is danger and may be abuse in either case. Hence positive law wisely restrains and restricts both. "As I may give money of which I have the free disposal to another, so there is nothing in sound morals to prevent me from entering into a contract with another to hand over to him a sum of money, with a stipulation that he is to do the same in my favor if the event be otherwise."

So writes a clear-headed moralist. It is the Globe's "confused notion of the rights of property" that leads it to rear its own puritanical prejudice into "the ethical judgments of intelligent civilized citizenship."

"It was not the fact that a Minister of the Crown liked to watch the rapid and graceful movement of well-bred and spirited horses. Not that at all. But that he liked a dollar or two on the one he fancied." It is that, in these days of Canada's sorrow and strain, when the nation as well as every worthy citizen takes life seriously, and when searching questions are asked as to the right and wrong of conduct that in frivolous times was never probed—to find a responsible Minister of the Crown, a chosen and trusted member of the people's Government, giving himself as a patron of betting and gambling, and boasting that it is so, shocks and disgusts the decent man in the street."

Oh no! that is not what shocks and disgusts the decent man in the street. Not that at all. The decent man in the street knows that on another page of the Globe he can find the full betting particulars of every horse-race in any part of the North American continent, including Mexico. Every day, including the day on which the editorial Pharisee writhed in a very agony of scornful indignation against the Publican McGarry, the decent man in the street—shocked and disgusted no doubt—knows that another member of the Globe staff is doing more in an hour to aid and abet and promote "race-track gambling" than Mr. McGarry could do in a year even if he attended the Woodbine every one of the fourteen racing days and bet on the wrong horse every time.

From the Globe of Feb. 3 under the headings "RACE-COURSE BETTING UNIVERSAL PRACTICE," "LEGALIZED AND PERMITTED IN ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS," "BRITAIN'S MANY MEETINGS," we cull a paragraph or two from a page of good Sunday reading:

"The fact that there is no country in the civilized world where race-course betting is not either legalized or permitted has been emphasized by the recent announcement of the rescinding of the law passed in Holland a few years ago to suppress bookmaking and the use of the machine. The latter system has just been adopted in New South Wales, where until a month or two ago only bookmaking was legal. All the Australian States and New Zealand have always had some form of legal betting on the courses.

The letter in another column of His Lordship, Bishop Fallon refers to a local condition, but may have a much wider application. The particulars of the local situation may, therefore, throw light on many others.

Here are some of the facts. London has two hospitals: Victoria, a civil institution, and St. Joseph's, conducted by the Sisters.

In Victoria hospital the total number of days stay of all patients for 1916 was 74,183; for St. Joseph's, 28,266. That is, the work done in St. Joseph's was 38% of that in Victoria.

The civil grant to Victoria was \$74,680; to St. Joseph's \$3,000, or 4% of that to Victoria. But Victoria had an overdraft of \$13,000, making the city's share of maintenance for 1916, \$88,680, \$3,000 is about 3% of this amount.

The item of Salaries and Wages for Victoria was \$10,447; for St. Joseph's \$7,516; that is to say, though the total days stay of all patients in St. Joseph's was 38% of that of Victoria, Salaries and Wages were less than 11%. To put it another way; if the item for Salaries and Wages in Victoria were in the same proportion as in St. Joseph's the City Hospital instead of paying \$10,447 would pay in Salaries and Wages \$19,725.

Catholics are about 10% of the population of London. Their share, therefore, of the grant to Victoria

"sport of kings" and its attendant betting. Others may thoroughly enjoy it and, if they can spare the time and money, may find it quite an innocent form of needed relaxation.

For the sake of example, His Majesty has given up during the War his usual alcoholic beverages. For this he deserves every credit. The Globe has frequently lauded this praiseworthy act of self-denial. Now we learn from another department of the Globe that he has not given up horse-racing. Taking relaxation in time of stress and nervous strain is not sinful; it is sensible. If certain people could compound for sins they have a mind to by damning those they're not inclined to, there would be so many laws against the other fellow that life for him would be one long, joyless Sawbath.

The Hon. T. W. McGarry represents the Catholics of Ontario in the Provincial Cabinet; but he serves the entire population ably, faithfully, conscientiously. In the most difficult circumstances he has shown himself an exceptionally able and resourceful Provincial Treasurer. He is ready, forceful and upstanding in debate. There is good reason, therefore, why his political opponents should desire to lessen his prestige; but an attack like that of the Globe "shocks and disgusts the decent man in the street."

SICKLY SENTIMENTALISM

A few weeks ago a judge in this city sentenced a youth of seventeen to two weeks in jail and lashes for outraging a child of eight. The demeanor of the young man during his trial so impressed the judge that he ordered the lashes as the only effective means of penetrating his callous insensibility. Immediately there was a hysterical chorus in the press over the "brutality" of the sentence and its "brutalizing" effect on the young criminal. And much more of that sort.

Corrective of this morbid and perverted humanitarianism, and voicing sane public opinion and healthy public sentiment the Advertiser thus editorially referred to the matter:

"Misguided people who are spluttering sympathy by the column over the 17-year-old boy who was whipped for a brutal assault on an 8-year-old schoolgirl should save some of their commiseration for the Huns, who have been accused for the same crimes in Belgium and France."

"Wouldn't it be a pity to punish these Prussians? They know not what they do, and, no doubt, some of them only weigh 'not more than 120 pounds,' as the 'sob sister' who stirred up the 'sympathy' with false reports would put it. Cannot our Canadian boys refrain from using these Kaiser's men so cruelly? Give them a severe talking to and take them into the bosom of your family, one to each home. To whip them would be horrifying!"

The boy has been since discharged and admits that the physical punishment did him good. There is every reason to hope that it will contribute effectively to the development of a sense of moral responsibility in the delinquent.

CIVIC GRANTS TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS

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last year would be \$8,868. By refusing to give a civic grant to St. Joseph's this year, the broad-minded city council also cut off the provincial grant of \$1,331, as the provincial grant under present conditions of distribution may not exceed the civic grant. The provincial grant last year to Victoria was \$7,872, which comes out of the pockets of Catholics as well as Protestants.

Perhaps it was economy that compelled the city fathers to retrench? In 1910 the assessment of London was \$26,062,078 and the tax rate was 23.5; in 1916 it was \$40,334,661 and the tax rate 32.65. The taxes in 1910 would therefore amount to \$612,458; in 1916 to \$1,316,926.

If the people of London were actuated by the civic spirit that makes for intelligent self-government they would be more concerned with knowing what value the city council is giving for this enormously increased taxation, and less disposed to applaud their petty and pitiful action with regard to St. Joseph's Hospital.

Do they not teach "Civics" in the schools now? It would be a splendid lesson in civics correlated with arithmetic and book-keeping if the boys and girls would work out the problem of London's increased and increasing taxation and just what is done with it. They might also work out to four decimal places the percentage of saving once in a while due to the spirit that now pervades the administration.

AN EXPLANATION

We sincerely regret that a passing reference to the Scots, which appeared in a recent article of ours, should have given offence to anyone; but such seems to have been the case as we judge from an indignant protest sent to us by an esteemed subscriber.

The quatrain referred to was quoted not approvingly, but on the contrary as an example of the caustic parodies that are sometimes flung by the people of one nationality at those of another. Apparently what was so clear to the writer was not made sufficiently so to his readers.

The absurdly humorous parody which we quoted, says that the Scots "fræ Flodden fled," this, we thought, no more reflected upon them than to say that the Irish fled at the Boyne. No one doubts the gallantry of Sarsfield's soldiers, nor does anyone doubt the courage and valor of the flower of Scotch chivalry who, as history attests, "fought with such heroism that, though it did not win the victory, deserved to win it."

The historic fidelity of the Highlanders to the lost cause of the Stuarts and their personal loyalty to Charles make the reference to betrayal something to cause amusement rather than resentment.

A post-factum avowal of our admiration for the Scotch people might not prove convincing or tend to heal wounded susceptibilities; but a reference to what we had already written for the RECORD should assure any reasonable person that we could not have thought of giving offence. In an article entitled "The Passing of Dogma in the Modern Kirk" we penned these words: "From these Scotch settlements have come forth much of the brains and brawn that have helped to build up the professional and the industrial life of Canada. As a boy our home was on the border of one of these settlements and among the treasured recollections of those days is the memory of the neighborly kindness and genuine hospitality of those thrifty people."

In another article entitled "Exit Dogma Enter Freak Legislation," appeared this passage: "What a brilliant galaxy of Scotch talent and genius does not the history of our country reveal? These were the Murrays, the Elgins, the MacKenzies, the Macdonalds, the Camerons, the Campbells, etc. They were not all saints. But they were big men, men of vision, men who saw things in their right perspective. Above all they had a sense of humour, a sense of justice, and a fair knowledge of Christian ethics, much of which might be traced to their study of the Shorter Catechism."

Again, we find two passages that are even more to the point as they refer to Scotch Catholics. Under the Caption "I go a Fishing" we thus referred to Scotch Canadians: "Where in Canada will you find a more lively and orthodox faith, a faith that manifests itself in higher ideals and more magnificent accomplishments for the Church than

among the Scotch people who know the fishing banks off the coast of Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces?" In a quite recent article we thus spoke of the Diocese of Antigonish: "Its people are not wealthy yet the Church in their midst is in a flourishing condition, and in the matter of higher education they have set a standard for the Dominion. These local activities, far from abating, have but intensified their interest in Catholic works of zeal, as is instanced by the fact that they recently contributed more than four thousand dollars to Church Extension."

These quotations manifest our attitude of mind towards the Scots. We have never before in our editorial work been accused of giving offence; and if we have offended any of our readers we hope they will pardon an Irishman for having succumbed to the, to him, almost irresistible temptation of having his little joke, even if he put his foot in it. THE GLEANER.

HOME GARDENING

A gentleman from the Department of Agriculture addressed our citizens recently on the subject of increased production. As he invested his topic with an atmosphere of patriotism, much enthusiasm was aroused; and ladies and gentlemen who had never planted a cabbage or hooed a hill of potatoes in their lives have visited the hardware store and patronized the seed merchant, and are waiting impatiently for the snow to disappear from the corners of their back gardens in order to make them produce their bit for the Empire. As might be expected, this movement has its humorous features. The experienced gardener is amused by the ridiculous questions that are put to him by amateurs: and the cynic fairly revels in his pessimistic prophecies as to the outcome of the crusade. We are quite certain that the call of the motor, the bowling green, and the brook will, when the warm days of June come, prove irresistible to many. Nevertheless, this action on the part of the government is a very wise one, and, altogether apart from the emergency caused by War conditions, would have been inevitable if the number of consumers had continued to increase and the number of producers had continued to decrease, as has been the case with us for some time past. The War has simply anticipated a reaction which was bound to come.

In a former paper we commended the movement that is on foot among Catholics to form clubs for the study of social and economic questions. The need of this must be evident to anyone who attends public meetings, held to discuss these matters. There is a great deal of enthusiasm and much talk about ways and means, but very hazy conceptions of fundamental principles or the ideal to be attained. It is an economic dogma that every individual, or at least every family, should as far as possible be self-sustaining. There are many kinds of foodstuffs which we must receive from other climes; but every family should provide for itself as much of the necessities of life as may be grown or produced in its own environment. In the cities and larger towns there will always be a large section of the population that will be non-producers. The country must provide for these. But the greater part of the citizens in our towns and villages should be independent of outside supply, at least as regards fruits and vegetables.

The Englishman, who works in our factories, teaches us a useful lesson in this regard. He procures a home in the suburbs or the outskirts of the town where he can have a garden. With the assistance of his wife and children, he raises at least sufficient vegetables and fruit for his own use, and thus saves a large part of the money that he earns to pay for his home. In addition to the merits of this scheme from a financial standpoint there are the hygienic advantages that accrue from the supplying of his table with the variety of fresh vegetables in season. The ordinary workman may not feel that he can afford to purchase these at the store, and, consequently, there is a sameness about the family meals that nature did not intend that there should be. Even though he can afford green things in season, they will have lost much of their freshness and nutritive qualities from exposure to the air.

The ways and means adopted in some communities to bring about increased production evince a lack

of knowledge of human nature and of the proper order of things. Municipal gardens will, we think, be a failure. At least production will not be in proportion to the cost. It is not the business of a town council to go into gardening; but it is quite within its sphere, especially in the present crisis, to encourage by all possible means the private efforts of the citizens. The Lord helps those who help themselves; but if the town council undertakes to do part of the work for the individuals, many of them will not help themselves. Experience proves this. We know of a large firm that spent considerable money in preparing for cultivation a ten acre field owned by them. They gave to each of their employees a plot ready for seeding. All started well, but, before the season was half over, only about one plot in three was being attended to.

The proper way, and the most efficient means, to bring about increased production and to make the movement permanent is to encourage the thorough cultivation of the land by its owners. The wisdom of having established school gardens is now manifesting itself. All realize that it is a very useful and necessary department of the education of the rising generation. Self-preservation is the first law of nature; consequently children should be impressed with the truth that it is not only a patriotic duty to learn how to produce from the soil many of the necessities of life; but, moreover, that it will be for them an economic necessity in the years to come. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

STAGE TRAVESTIES of convent life met with a stinging rebuke in Cork not long since. A play containing scenes of this character was being acted before what is described as a "large and fashionable audience," in the Palace theatre, when suddenly, without the prelude of hisses or other disorderly demonstration, a number of young men in the gallery, estimated at one hundred, began to sing the well-known hymn "Faith of Our Fathers," followed by "God bless our Pope." The choruses were taken up by ladies in the audience. Several attempts were made to go on with the play, but the audience had had enough of it, and the curtain was presently lowered, and the performance terminated. The example, might, under like circumstances, be emulated with good results on this side of the Atlantic.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exigencies of War the Catholics of Ireland are proceeding apace with the organization of their mission to China and the erection of their new Missionary College. Collections for this purpose have been made in every diocese, and a number of Irish priests have already embarked, or are preparing to embark for the distant field. The Catholics of Ireland are not given to doing things by halves, and the college, the erection and equipment of which they have undertaken, will, it is stated on good authority, be one of the noblest monuments to missionary enterprise of the present century. It is pleasing to know that the visit of Father Fraser to Ireland a few years ago and the success subsequently of his work in China have had an inspiring effect in Ireland as well as in Canada.

A WRITER in the Irish Catholic, Father A. Boyle, gives a touching account of the unflinching devotion of Chinese converts under persecution. He cites as an example the case of a widow named Elizabeth Toan, and her four children, during the Boxer uprising. This woman was promised liberty if she would renounce her faith, and death if she refused. "We cannot give up our Faith," she replied, and turning to the executioners she begged that the children might die first, so that she might be certain that they had all gone to heaven. Her little girl, aged nine, then knelt, joined her hands in the attitude of prayer, and was immediately decapitated. The three sons followed, then the mother with a smile of joy and gratitude bowed her head and received the martyr's crown. "If the Irish Mission, concludes Father Boyle, "can multiply such souls it will achieve the greatest of spiritual victories."

NOT THE LEAST interesting development arising out of the War is the possibility of the adoption by Great Britain of the decimal system

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of coinage. The subject has been seriously debated in the financial journals, and the Economist especially has given much space and attention to it. So far, in fact, has the matter progressed that the Associated Chambers of Commerce have decided to introduce, if they are so permitted, a Bill into the House of Commons for the immediate establishment of the decimal system. The radical hearing of such a proposal will be evident to anyone considering the conservative character of the English people, and the deep-rooted hold which the present system has upon their world-wide commercial and financial relations.

THE REASONS for pressing the establishment of decimal coinage are given as twofold; first, that it would in itself be a convenience in banking and in accounting generally, and secondly, that without it the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures is impossible. On the latter point some words of explanation are necessary. For a long time past, says the Economist, there has been almost universal agreement that the introduction of the metric system would immensely facilitate the expansion of British trade in foreign countries. There are difficulties in the way, especially in connection with engineering, because so many well-known standards have been built up upon the inch instead of upon the millimetre. But there is according to the same authority growing evidence that the engineers themselves see their way to overcoming gradually these difficulties. It is significant, at least, that electrical engineering is almost entirely based upon a system of metric standards. It may be assumed, therefore, that the surviving opposition to the introduction of the metric system would disappear if the crucial difficulty of the coinage could be surmounted. That difficulty, in short, is that it is impossible to work on the metric system, which is essentially decimal, with a non-decimal system of coinage.

IT IS argued, therefore, that even were it possible to introduce immediately the metric system solely for the sake of foreign trade, the greater part of its convenience would be lost unless it were accompanied by the establishment of a decimal system of coinage. That being the case the path of wisdom seems to point to a beginning with the introduction of the latter, and its advocates contend that there is no insuperable barrier to this being done at once. The adoption of the metric system of weights and measures would follow automatically in due time, due allowance being made for the national conservatism. Its incontestable convenience would gradually force itself upon the attention of manufacturers and merchants.

REFERRING to the suggested adoption of the American dollar, it is contended that apart from questions of sentiment, the substitution of the dollar for the sovereign would involve a confusing change in the practice of international commerce and banking. The English sovereign is a unit of value to which the whole world is accustomed. It has been described as the keystone of Britain's international banking position, any interference with which is open to grave objections. The advantages of the suggestion to unify the currency of the whole English-speaking world is likely, however, to force itself with increasing persistence upon public attention in England. Those of us who, as in the United States and Canada, are used to the convenience and simplicity of the decimal system can have but little doubt as to the eventual outcome. The entrance of the United States into the war, tending to the healing of what Goldwin Smith was accustomed to term the "schism of the Anglo-Saxon race," may hasten the consummation.

CARDINAL RECEIVES GRAND PRIZE

The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has awarded to Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, its grand prize of 15,000 francs destined to recompense "the finest and greatest acts of devotion of whatever kind." The academy made the award in these terms: "In awarding this prize to Cardinal Mercier the academy desired to honor his noble patriotism, his respect of right, his zeal for justice, his firmness in the face of oppression and his devotion for the poor and oppressed. It desired also to render homage in his person to the nation which in so many ways is dear to France."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

JUST HOW THE IRISH QUESTION NOW STANDS

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, April 14.—Cables received by Lord Northcliffe's newspapers from New York, indicate a feeling of silent misgiving among Americans, amid the chorus of enthusiastic approval with which the announcement of the American alliance with the Entente powers, has been received.

This feeling is apparently generated because of the doubt that Ireland will still be allowed to remain an open sore on the side of England.

I, therefore, give today the exact position which the Irish question occupies in the present international situation. Ireland herself though she now and then expresses some slight indication of general unrest and abiding resentment of the executions of many of her leaders, is fairly satisfied; a practically unanimous repudiation of the Plunkett manifesto has proved a general repudiation of the revolutionary versus the constitutional methods of governing Ireland.

The entrance of America naturally helps enormously to steady Irish opinion and none but lunatics and boys and girls are contemplating the possibility of Ireland ranging herself among the enemies of America, through any arrangement which might be made by which Irish people would consider giving comfort to the enemies of the Entente powers.

Even the violent collision which occurred in the recent Irish debate between the ministry leaders and those of the Irish party, helped, as the Irish party is always weakest when friendly to the English administration and strongest when strenuously fighting the same.

All of these facts show that Ireland is ready to acquiesce in any reasonable order for a settlement made by the ministry in solving once and for all the Irish National problem. Even more distinctly favorable to a permanent settlement is the sentiment which prevails throughout the United Kingdom at the present time than was the feeling which prevailed last July when Lord Northcliffe through his newspapers and the Wells group of Conservative papers, under the joint control of Mr. Fulton, the millionaire newspaper owner, and Lord Derby, were equally vehement in their demand for a settlement.

The chorus is now completed by the particularly insistent editorials which are contained in the Pall Mall Gazette, which was recently acquired by Sir Henry Dalziel, one of Lloyd George's most ardent supporters and most confidential counselors, and the Liberal journals.

Of course an equally insistent demand for the immediate autonomy of Ireland is the consensus of opinion in the House of Commons and also of all "one way" Liberals and the labor leaders who are united to the last man for Ireland.

Even among the Tories all men of intelligence and position have organized themselves into a group prepared on all occasions to press the question of an immediate settlement. Even more unanimous, if possible, is the opinion of the Englishman on the street who is frankly in favor of such a settlement at once.

Old crusty Tories of pre-war times, who hated Home Rule as they would treason and poison, now cry for an end to the devastating, dishonoring, weakening controversy.

If this opinion is so unanimous, what difficulty remains in consummating a settlement is summed up in two words, Orange and Ulster.

Ireland has unofficially suggested an increased representation of the Irish people in the House of Commons and still more in the Senate and has offered a Coalition Ministry in proportionate representation.

Orangemen from Ulster have sternly refused to consider this practical solution. They have never relaxed their refusal to the suggestion to unify the currency of the whole English-speaking world.

However, even this, up to the present, has been rejected by those Orangemen who insist on six of the counties being represented without any vote by the people. This would include the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, where the Nationalist majority are eager for Home Rule.

The Irish Party cannot accept such a proposal. If it were accepted it would be repudiated by the Irish people, thus destroying simultaneously both the settlement of the Irish problem and the Irish party, thus creating a deadlock again, which only Lloyd George could break.

But will or can Lloyd George break such a situation. His last speech at the recent Irish debate struck so high an Orange note as to shock even the most conservative of the English party leaders.

No communication has since taken place between Lloyd George and Redmond, who feels pledged against any negotiation with the English Ministers after last year's breakdown, although Redmond has emphatically declared that he would not reject any Orange proposal.

Six counties have blocked Lloyd George and have as yet given no indication of any change of opinion and it is surmised that he feels com-

pelled to back Bonar Law and Carson, first because without them he could never have dethroned Asquith from the Premiership of the Empire and secondly because Carson might resign if the full demands of the Orange Party were repudiated.

Carson's resignation would involve and also completely break up the present Ministry. It is difficult at the present moment to forecast what method of escape can be found from this deadlock at this moment.

Possibly the House of Commons may be left free to decide between Orange and Nationalist claims. Undoubtedly the British as well as the Irish would pronounce against the arrogance of the Orange leaders at this time.

Lloyd George might possibly be thus relieved from further obligations to press their claim if he persists in backing to the fall the Orange demands, which I think will be unlikely.

Either of two things must happen: First a new failure at the arriving of a settlement with such strong universal disappointment as to force a third attempt, which may prove to be successful; and secondly, and alternatively with the first, Lloyd George may be forced to grant a general election to the Irish Party which the same party is quite prepared to face: because they want to put a square issue before their people but not at by-elections where local personal questions obscure ultimate results, but to appeal to the country at large as to whether they would choose revolutionary or constitutional methods to work out the liberation of Ireland.

Secondly, they want a renewed mandate from the people. And seemingly they have no fear that even such a majority might be found as to bring about the defeat of the main issue which is whether or not Ireland shall be ruled by Irish people or by British landowners.

President Wilson's plea for other small nations in his most eloquent appeal to the Congress of the United States to take up arms against Germany, necessarily implies the triumph of democracy in Ireland and the belief in the perfect union of their race in America in the defence of the American flag against the German enemy, and must produce such powerful and united action as to help to close the long feud between England and Ireland.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

On the Arras and St. Quentin fronts General Haig is hammering at the German line and capturing more ground.

The British are now astride the Hindenburg line at a point seven miles southeast of Arras. South of the Arras-Cambrai road, Wancourt tower, a fine observation post on the hill east of Wancourt village was captured.

Closing in on St. Quentin, the French yesterday carried several lines of trenches between the Somme and the St. Quentin railway. The enemy stubbornly defended the position. The battle is still raging in front of those captured trenches.

Between the Somme and the Aisne the French guns heavily shelled German organizations. Further south successful raiding operations were carried out and about sixty prisoners captured. In the Aisne and Champagne regions artillery fighting is going on. The fall of St. Quentin is regarded as imminent. French troops have reached the suburbs of the town. The town is being sacked and burned by the enemy, a sure sign of impending evacuation.

The number of prisoners captured in the recent fighting totals more than thirteen thousand, according to a British official statement. The number of guns captured is 166.

In a midnight despatch from Canadian Headquarters Stewart Lyon states that several of the big calibre guns captured are new weapons. German prisoners state that those heavy guns had arrived from Lille only two days before the battle of Arras opened. Among the booty captured by the Canadians are thirty guns, seventy-four machine guns and forty-nine trench mortars. The prisoners taken by the Canadians, included in the total of thirteen thousand, number over four thousand.

The food shortage in Germany has led to a further reduction in the rations. According to the Dusseldorf General Anzeiger hard necessity compels a reduction in the bread ration of 25 per cent, to begin on April 15.

Hungary is in the throes of a reform agitation. A despatch from Budapest states that the Hungarian Parliament has suspended its sittings by Imperial order, owing to the stormy scenes created by the Opposition Deputies, who demanded a suffrage bill.

The building of wooden ships and the taking over of German interned steamers for the despatch of supplies to the Allies, and to defeat Germany's submarine campaign, will be carried out without loss of time by the United States Government. Rear-Admiral William Sims has arrived in Britain to consult with the Admiralty as to plans for the co-operation of the United States navy with the Allied countries. In addition Premier Lloyd George, in response to a cable from Samuel Compers, has decided to send two Labor leaders and two experts in warlike work in connection with munitions factories to the United States as additional members of Mr. Balfour's mission.—Globe, April 14.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

through Christ, Who sheds the effusions of His life supernaturally into our souls, it is with Christ and in Christ—"per Ipsum et cum Ipso, et in Ipso"—that all honour and glory must rise towards God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Spirit for ever, in time and in eternity: "Per Ipsum et cum Ipso et in Ipso est tibi Deus Pater Omnipotens, in unitate Spiritus Sancti, omnis honor et gloria, per omnia saecula saeculorum." (End of the Canon of the Mass.)

How sad it would be, my brethren, to think that the sufferings endured for nearly three years by millions of immortal souls would, perhaps in a considerable number of cases, be lost to eternity! The glory of military successes is, no doubt, enviable; heroism in patience, privation, loss of liberty, and even in the presence of death is certainly admirable; but the artificers of this glory, those who engendered this heroism, would be greatly to be pitied, if at the turning-point of eternity, suddenly confronted by those sovereign realities they had refused to believe in, they should have to confess, in despair: "Fools that we were! We treated the modest lives of the Christians around us as folly, we thought they lacked brilliance, and behold! it is they who now take place among the children of God and in the triumphant assembly of saints. We were deceived then. We did not follow the way of truth, our eyes did not recognize the light of justice, the sun of intelligence did not shine upon us." "Nos insensati vitam illorum aestimabamus insaniam et finem illorum sine honore. Ecce quomodo computati sunt inter filios Dei, et inter sanctos sors illorum est. Ergo erravimus a via veritatis, et iustitiae lumen non luxit nobis, et sol intelligentiae non est ortus nobis." (Wisdom v. 4-6).

Those who are on the other side of the barrier of Time, our dead of yesterday, of past centuries, would gladly send us a messenger charged to tell us what the rich man of the parable desired to tell his brethren: "You have still a span of life before you, you are within reach of the confessional, where the divine Saviour of the world remits sins by the ministry of His priests, of your parish church, where you can so easily go to pray, and to ask Our Lord in His tabernacle, and His Mother, the refuge of sinners, the Mother of divine grace, the mighty mediator for humanity, to grant you the grace of conversion or of perseverance; I entreat you, in the name of your dearest interests, in the name of the tears you shed over my lot, in the name of the deep joy we shall feel when we meet again to part no more, once more I entreat you, be converted, sanctify yourselves, live the lives of Christians and of saints."

My brethren, if our ordeal is prolonged, it is because the design of divine Love is not yet accomplished. The design of Providence is a design of love, doubt it not. It is carrying out for some a work of justice, for others a work of mercy, but for all it is, in the divine intention, a work of love.

In God, all attributes are substantially identical. God is omnipotence, but His omnipotence could not exist without wisdom, and the wisdom of the Almighty is not separable from His love. He can do all things, He knows all things, but He will only in love.

Theology ascribes omnipotence to the Father, omniscience to the Son, the Word of the Father; and all-embracing love to the Holy Spirit, Who proceeds from the Father and the Word; but the works of Creation and of Providence have as their author the unique nature of God, in Whom the three persons of the Blessed Trinity are indissolubly united.

Do not forget your baptismal faith. Believe in God. Believe in love, which is, in substance, God, Deus charitas est. (1 St. John iv, 8.)

Believe in the sayings of the Word: He came to reveal the love of God to the world, and in order to convince us and bring us to Him, He deigned to carry the evidences of His love before our eyes and hearts, far beyond that which the most rigorous divine justice could have demanded for the redemption of mankind. For whereas a prayer, a sigh, a tear would have sufficed for the salvation of humanity, our Saviour strove to conquer our souls by every means that could touch and move us, that could make us love Him and pass by Him to the love of the Father.

Need I remind you, brethren, of the Babe of Bethlehem, for whom His parents did not even demand the humblest place in an inn; of the flight through the desert into Egypt, under the threat of a murderous persecution; of childhood and youth spent under a humble roof, in the obscurity of a workshop; of the fatigues of a ministry exposed to the opposition of the Scribes and Pharisees, the ingratitude of the masses, the obstinate prejudices of the disciples and apostles; finally of that last week, into which rushing one upon the other like the waters of a torrent, were crowded the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the treachery of Judas on the very eventing of the institution of the sacrament we so rightly call the Sacrament of Love, and the institution of the priesthood, the choice between Jesus and Barabbas, the frenzy of

the crowd, blaspheming Him whom but yesterday they had acclaimed with triumphant Hosannas, the scenes in the Praetorium and in the court of Herod; our gentle Lord's back and shoulders scourged with rods, His head lacerated by the crown of thorns, His face defiled by spitting and swollen by buffeting; the whole adorable person of the Man-God outraged and mocked, rendered what the prophetic psalm describes as "a reproach to man, despised of the people," "abjectio plebis." (Ps. xli, 6) or as Tertullian has it, "one who is of no more account," "nullificum plobis"; then the ascent to Calvary, the swooning of the Victim under the weight of the Cross; the desertion by all the apostles save St. John; the Crucifixion, the Messiah exposed to public derision between two thieves, in the sight of His Mother, a martyr with Him; all suffering, physical and moral, heaped upon a single head, even to that sense of total abandonment which drew from the dying lips that sigh of supreme distress: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" "Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?" (S. Mark xv., 34.)

Brethren, you who pass so often before the crucifix, pause for a moment and see if there be any sorrow like unto this sorrow: "Vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus." (Lamentations I, 12.)

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Sic enim Deus dilexit mundum, ut Filium suum unigenitum daret, ut omnis, qui credit in eum, non pereat, sed habeat vitam aeternam." (St. John iii, 16.) Christians, do you not hear resounding in your souls the challenge of Jehovah to His chosen people, of the vine dresser to His vineyard; inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judea, He says by the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah, "Judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My vineyard. What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done in it? "Quid est quod debui ultra facere vineae meae et non feci?" And do we not understand how the Apostle Paul, about to die for the love of His Saviour, ventured to cry "If any man love me, let him love Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, Si quis non amat Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum, sit anathema." (1 Cor. xvi., 22.)

CONCLUSIONS

1ST CONCLUSION: BELIEVE IN THE DIVINE LOVE

My brethren, you cannot doubt the love of God for you; you cannot doubt that all He does is well, that it is the work at once of His Power, His Wisdom, His Love, the work of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

You cannot at the present moment understand the why and wherefore of all the events which His Providence ordains or permits; it is not required of you to understand them. Is it surprising, I ask you, that the finite should fail to understand the infinite; that the child, lisping the first letters of the alphabet, should not grasp the meaning of the great book of history; that the spectator of a sunrise and a sunset should not take in the meaning of eternity?

If indeed you could understand, you would not believe; and it is God's will that you should believe, that your faith should be meritorious for you, and more glorious for Him. The holy man Job, whom the Scriptures offer as a pattern to suffering souls, was absolutely right in refusing to listen to his wife and his friends, who urged him to rebel, on the pretext that the trials which had overwhelmed a faithful servant of God were senseless chastisements. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God," replied the martyr, "and shall we not receive evil?" "Si bona susceperimus de manu Dei, mala quare non susceperimus?" (Job. ii, 10.)

In other words, it is not for us to judge whether a thing is good or evil; the main point is not to know whether it pleases or displeases us. Our point of view is too restricted, our horizon too limited, our faculty of judgment too uncertain to enable us to pronounce wisely upon the bearing and value of providential events.

There is a safer safer course, the only truly safe one, that is, to keep our own place, in the humility proper to our incompetence and our inferiority, and to leave God sovereign autonomy, understanding and love. The holy King David, whose life was so full of trials, was often troubled at the sight of the insolent prosperity of his persecutors and enemies; he poured out his doubts, his anguish, and his grief in his psalms; but Faith triumphed in him, and finally led him to these outbursts of loving confidence: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee? My flesh and my heart faileth but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. For Lo! I say that are far from Thee shall perish... but it is good for me to draw near to God; I have put my trust in the Lord God." (Ps. lxxxvii, 25, 28.)

Quid enim mihi est in caelo? Est Deus caelo et cor meum Deus ecco qui elongat se a te, peribit... Mihi autem adhaerere Deo bonum est; ponere in Domino Deo spem meam. If you are tempted to be sceptical, my brethren, take your Psalter; read and meditate upon a few Psalms; your faith will revive, and almost involuntarily, you will begin to pray.

2ND CONCLUSION: ACT OF ADORATION, SUBMISSION AND LOVE

Pater Noster, Our Father: My God, the first thought I will contemplate when, in sorrow as in joy, I lift up my soul to Thee, is that Thou art my Father, that I am Thy child, that between Thee and me, thanks to Thine ineffable condescension there are family relations. It is as a child with his father that I wish to live with Thee. I do not doubt Thee, any more than I doubt my own father and mother; I have less confidence in my own father and mother than in Thee, because my father and mother are often unable to give me the good things they would bestow upon me, whereas, O my Father in Heaven, nothing can resist Thy sovereign will.

Our Father who art in Heaven: It is not upon earth, in the restricted space of a shelter made by the hand of man, that the family life of God's children develops. Heaven is the region above matter, above the reason of the feeble human creature; it is the spirit, of which baptismal grace has made a temple; it is the bosom of the divine Trinity, where the Christian soul, transformed by Faith, Hope and Charity, and by the gifts of the Holy Spirit, breathes in God, believes in God, and expands in God, until it attains the stature allotted to it by the design of eternal predestination.

Hallowed be Thy Name; My God, Thou art essential sanctity, and as such, inaccessible to a miserable and sinful creature. Thou art infinitely above us. Thy Majesty, enthroned in the holy temple of its glory, dominates our vain efforts to praise and glorify it. "Benedictus es in templo sancto gloriae, et superlaudabilis est supergloriosus in saecula." (Dan. ix, 8.) But O, unfathomable depths of divine Love, Mystery which comprises all mysteries. Thou wast pleased to bring us forth from the void, to bend down toward us, to enfold us with Thy Love, to offer us a share in Thy life and Thy felicity. There is, however, a condition attached to this deification of our souls. We must believe that Thou lovest us, we must have faith in Christ, the supreme revelation of divine Love. We must believe in Thy Love, O Jesus, my friend, my friend in heaven, as the child in his mother, the wife in her husband. This faith is the highest glorification of the Holy Name of God. "Sanctificator nomen tuum." Hallowed be Thy Name.

Thy Kingdom Come: My soul is a temple for Thee, my Saviour may it also be a kingdom for Thee! I am and will be Thy subject. Reign supremely over me. If I have sometimes turned away from Thee, if I have even rebelled against Thee, it was because I did not know Thee. Happily for me, my God, Thou art not estranged either by the cowardice or by the revolts of my nature. Thou askest only my faith, and a loyal will under the guidance of faith and the inspiration of Thy Love. Lord I believe, I would believe, help thou mine unbelief (S. Mark ix, 24.) Overcome my resistance. I know that Thou subduest me only in order to love me. To submit myself to Thee is to make myself beloved by Thee; it is to leave Thee free to realize my happiness, even in spite of myself. Dispose of me, Lord, break down in me either with or against my own will, all obstacles to the invasion and triumph of Thy Love.

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be, is the real university. But alas! there are few homes, schools, and unless the home is at least a supplement to school and church it is neither a credit to religion nor patriotism.

Many homes destroy the influence of the school in not concerning themselves about the tasks of the children, while in some bad example becomes a distraction for the child from everything that pertains to soul as well as mind.

Heaven is very near the home where the child learns from precept and example the great truths that Christ came to give men.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

CHRIST'S PROOF THAT HE IS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"I am the Good Shepherd; the good shepherd gives his life for his sheep." (John 10: 11)

Could proof be stronger than that given by our Blessed Lord to show that He is the Good Shepherd? No. Because: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) The laying down of His life for all mankind attests His love more than any other, yes, more than all His other favors. Therefore it was that He advanced it as the proof of His love for man. Though great as His other favors undoubtedly are, they seem in a manner eclipsed, and as it were, to lose their value on entering into comparison with this. No one questions the greatness of the boon of existence, and yet the Church in her praise sings: "What would it have availed us to have been born, had we not also been redeemed?" "Behold how He loved him," said the Jews when they saw our Lord weep as He was about to raise Lazarus to life. They admired our Lord's love for His dead friend. When, therefore, we behold Him weeping tears of blood from every pore of His virgin body, as from so many eyes, when we see Him from head to foot covered with wounds and observe Him spill the last drop of His life-blood for man, have we not a much stronger reason, have we not the strongest possible reason to admire His love and exclaim, "Behold how He loved him!" It should not have been a source of much astonishment to the Jews that our Lord showed signs of love for Lazarus, since in life he had proved himself a true friend to our Lord and His apostles. Had he been our Lord's declared enemy, then, indeed, since love for enemies was unknown to the Jews, they would have great reason to admire His love for Lazarus. But if the tears prompted by His love for an enemy would have furnished the Jews with so great a reason to admire His love, what, I ask, should be our admiration of His love for man when we behold Him suffer the most cruel torments, yea, give His very life for the sinner. He declared enemy, to deliver him from eternal death! Should not this be sufficient to command the extreme admiration and eternal gratitude of the people of all generations?

All this He did without obligation or interest on His part, or claim on ours. God's action would have been perfectly just had He dealt with us as He did with the angels, since we were their fellow-criminals. He was not in the least constrained to show us mercy. Hence were we in the moment of such a display of love on His part to cease forever to be His enemies and to become His most loving and devoted friends, the extreme love which He manifested should command all the admiration and all the gratitude of the whole human race. But how shall we attempt to admire the mercy and be grateful for the love that made these sacrifices in the clear knowledge that generations of ingrates would arise who would either disown the favor, or refuse to apply its fruits?

Our Blessed Redeemer, in His infinite wisdom, could have had He so willed it, made choice of an easy and efficient expedient to wrest us from eternal ruin. A simple act of His will, a word, one single tear, or a drop of His blood would have in the strictest justice sufficed to pay the debt that we owed to His eternal Father. But what would have sufficed to satisfy the justice of His Father, could not have met all the demands of His love for man. Our indebtedness to His Father only required of Him to affect our redemption, but His love constrained Him to be likewise our Brother, Master and Guide. Hence in life He has been our model, and in death not only our Redeemer, but also an everlasting source of grace to our souls. Yea, more, in His most Blessed life, and His most intense sufferings and most cruel death He has taught us how dear to Him is the salvation of our souls.

When a friend bestows on us a favor, impelled by the common instincts of our nature, we feel we owe him, at least in the utmost of grateful heart. His labor, his inconvenience, his pain in procuring and bestowing that favor, form a proportion by which it is enhanced in value, and accordingly raises the degrees of our gratitude. But were he willingly to forfeit his very life, to spill the last drop of his life-blood, to procure and bestow that favor, our gratitude should surpass all degrees; nay, we would be monsters, we would deserve to be placed outside the pale of humanity, did our hearts have less than the utmost gratitude, or our lips have aught but benediction for his name. But so far we have only supposed a case in which an equality exists between those favored and the benefactor. How, then, obeying simply the voice of the immortal part of our nature, can we have less than an eternal admiration and gratitude for the benefactor when the one whom he favors at such extreme expense is a poor criminal almost on the verge of execution, and he is not less but infinitely more than a king, yea, the King of Kings? Each one of us, dear people, is the favored criminal, and our Blessed Redeemer is the more than royal benefactor. Have we not, therefore, acted a monstrous part in the ingratitude of our past

lives? Would we not brand as an ingrate of the worst type the man who would appear half so devoid of gratitude for the ordinary favors of his fellow creatures? He indeed has proved Himself the Good Shepherd, but we have shown ourselves a most ungrateful flock. It is high time that our ungrateful conduct, so unnatural and un-Christian toward our divine Redeemer, should forever cease. We should, now at least, turn to Him and make Him the meagre return of which we are capable.

The only acceptable return we can make to our Blessed Redeemer for His love, in laying down His life for us, is to love Him with our whole hearts. Divine love sets all the powers of the human soul in motion to study and follow in all things His blessed will and pleasure. If in our respective states in life we do this, we make the return which our Blessed Lord expects and which our capabilities will allow. It is greatly to be deplored that there are so many in every congregation who do not make this return. Certainly those can have no claim to making it whose daily prayers are seldom said, and when said, are rather an insult than an honor to their Divine Benefactor—those who make light of omitting to hear Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, and when they hear it, do so without any fixed purpose of enriching their souls with God's grace—those who are asleep in mortal sin, and heed not the warning voice of the priest reminding them of their duty. Are there any such here? If so, then there are those in our midst who are acting a monstrous and most un-Christian part against their divine Benefactor, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

TEMPERANCE SOBRIETY BY CONVICTION

In an address delivered at the forty-sixth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, Archbishop James J. Keane emphasized a lesson that is much needed in these days of prohibition by civil statute. He warned his audience that men must be made sober by conviction, not by legal enactment which disregards the very crux of the whole problem, weakness of character.

The drunkard is such by an act of the will, and the will is an elusive faculty, far beyond the reach of statutes. Though law may prevent the sale of intoxicants, yet it does not abate the passion for drink. As a consequence men who are sober by compulsion only are apt to give themselves to vices as destructive as drunkenness. They can not indulge their passion in one way, but it will find an outlet in a thousand other ways. It would be a blessed thing if all people were temperate to the last degree, but this boon must be brought about by voluntary self-denial which is founded on love of God and not on fear of law. This has been the central idea of our most successful apostles, both of temperance and total abstinence, priests like that flaming sword, Father Mathew, of whose work Archbishop Keane says:

"I saw communities in my boyhood who, when they wanted to reform, knelt down in reverence and pledged to God their word that they would never taste drink again, and to-day, throughout America, you can shake the hands of men who took the pledge from Father Mathew and have still kept it unbroken. It has made innumerable communities prosperous and honored, and it is winning favorable consideration from those outside our faith who are interested in movements for the betterment of man and for a truer and greater America."

Men knelt in reverence and out of the fulness of adoring hearts swore unto God that they would never drink again. Their souls hallowed by grace, they performed an act of religion which was at once a stay and an inspiration, and they went in honor to their graves under the protecting mantle of Christ, by whose power and for whose sake they despised themselves the least indulgence in alcohol.

In this they but reflected the spirit of the Church which has never ceased to urge her children to deeds of virtue whether by mere temperance or by rigid abstinence. But this urging, especially to the latter virtue, has been done through the breath of the Spirit of God, gently inspiring the soul to conquer itself.

This problem is not new to the Church. It reaches back to the first days of her existence. Her solution now is as it was then, prayer and the Sacraments, not statutes which drive the vicious to new excesses and deprive the virtuous of legitimate liberty. By prayer and the use of the Sacraments, the self-indulgent Roman became the confessor of the catacombs or the martyr of the arena; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments all men will be rendered at least temperate. Thus does the Church work—of the half-brute she makes the whole man; of the whole man she makes the saint.—America.

"Better late than never" is not half so good a maxim as "Better never late."—Anon.

A woman of honor should never suspect another of things she would not do herself.—Marguerite de Valois.

A MOST IMPORTANT DECISION INVOLVING OF PRIESTS' KNOWLEDGE IS UPHELD IN CALIFORNIA COURT

The inviolability of communications between clergymen and their clients, even outside of the confessional, has been upheld in the Superior Court of California. A decision just rendered by Judge Wood of that court, sitting in Los Angeles, is one of great importance to Catholics throughout the country. The decision was occasioned by a subpoena issued to Mgr. Hartnett, of Los Angeles as witness in a divorce case. The priest's refusal to answer a question, on the ground that his knowledge was confidential, was upheld by the court.

Some years ago, a young man arrived from the East who was separated from his wife. He became acquainted with Monsignor Hartnett and requested him to write to his wife in the hope of effecting a reconciliation between them. At his request Monsignor wrote to the lady in question requesting her to come to California and assume the marital relations with her husband. A reply was received; the nature of which was communicated to her husband. Years passed and the parties remained apart—his wife evidently refusing to be reconciled. In order to protect his property interests, the husband entered suit for divorce and subpoenaed Monsignor Hartnett to appear as a witness.

PRIEST DECLINES TO ANSWER
The case was tried before Judge Wood, who rendered a decision in the case. The question having been propounded as to the nature of the communication received from the estranged wife, Monsignor Hartnett declined to answer the question, stating that the principle involved was of a serious nature and that he did not feel justified in answering the question unless obliged to do so by the court. His relations with the woman referred to were of a confidential nature, such as the relations of Catholic priests with Catholic persons often are in similar circumstances.

Mgr. Hartnett maintained that it was to the interest of the community that he be not obliged to answer the question. The statute in the case was read by the judge, J. Wiseman Macdonald, Esq., the lawyer for the Monsignor, maintained that the question should not be answered. He admitted that there was no question of Sacramental Confession, which undoubtedly was safeguarded by law, but strenuously maintained that there was question of another kind of confession which also should be held inviolate.

The case was similar to the case of a man in jail, who in order to obtain relief acknowledged his guilt to some private individual in whom he had confidence.

NOT ACTING AS PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL
The same statute which refers to confession was evidently the one which safeguarded communications to non Catholic ministers in dealing with their people. The judge, having inquired of Monsignor Hartnett if he, as a private individual, could not have obtained the information from the aforesaid lady, received the reply that as a private individual he would not have written her because he would not have expected a reply to his letter. It having been definitely stated to the court that the Church is opposed to divorce, and that in accordance with her ordinances a priest is supposed to do all in his power to effect a reconciliation between husband and wife when estranged, the judge rendered a decision sustaining Monsignor Hartnett in his contention. He thereby declared that confidential relations between priests and people, even though these relations have no reference to sacramental confession, are nevertheless to be regarded as sacred and inviolate.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE WAIL OF A GENTLEMAN

The Anglican Bishop Weston, of Zanzibar, Africa, complains to the Archbishop of Canterbury of conditions in the Anglican church. The letter is the plaint of a gentleman, the depths of whose character are sounded with sorrow at the awful contradictions in a sect which is vainly attempting to reconcile contradictions. In manner, the letter is that of a nobleman; in mind, it is an awful, though sad avowal, of a conscience whirled by the chaos that rumbles and tumbles and roars outside the "colossal calm" of the Catholic Church. Every word is stamped with solemn regret that the story of the church (?) to which he gave generous allegiance should manifest such wretched force in itself and such crippled agencies in its work.

His first period to his superior shows that anger has no part in his course and seals the arraignment, with unmistakable candor. With the poor Bishop of Zanzibar it is a bitter question of principles and, not at all, a dispute with a person. His is the voice of a loyal heart, torn with contending forces, and not the concoction of a rebel. His is more a profound prayer for truth than even a philippic against falsehood or its hypocritical adherents.

In hearing his heroic tirade against the illogical character of Anglicanism, we would naturally suppose that he would forthwith enter the haven of Catholicism, but there is a difference between conversion and

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conviction, the one a gift of God, the latter a gift of self.
Seven Oxford men, a few years ago, gave to the Anglican church a work which was duly and gratefully received by Canterbury and its subordinates. The work is called "Foundations" and attempts to create harmony between principles of the English church and modern thought. The seven wise-aces, of course, agreed to differ, and so the book is a mosaic constituted of the diverging and discordant minds that did its fashioning.

At this latest expression of Canterbury, the troubled soul of Zanzibar's Protestant Bishop directs its arguments. "The Foundations" says substantially that the Old Testament is not a history of what God did but what religious men thought He did.

If this execrable fancy should stand, away with the Bible as an unspiced word, touching Heaven at no point and the human at every angle. Such a canon of criticism is a whole battery to devastate the inspired character of Holy Writ.

How, in the name of all things sacred, could there be, after these words, even a fanciful reason for the existence of the Church of England? From turret to foundation stone, it was supposed to be constructed from Sacred Scripture, and here, with one fell blow, the heavenly text is destroyed as a merely human record that is not good history and even poor fiction.

There would be no need to go farther and review in detail the sequence of such a judgment upon the merely earthly character of the Old Testament, as it would make ancient history in a day of the parading pomp of the English Church. Yet the seven wise men continue their work of destruction in declaring that at His baptism "Christ suddenly realized a vocation to be the last of the Jewish prophets."

Here is Christ's Divinity eschewed! Here is a blasphemous evolution! A spasm of spirit is announced, instead of the Divine consistency and presence of the unchanged and unchangeable God, knowing His mind from the beginning and gloriously conserving it to the end of the ages, after and forevermore.

The Catechism of the seven furthermore declares that Christ did not come into the world to die for us, but His death was the result of unavoidable circumstances—our dear Lord in direct speech to the contrary saying, "I lay down My life as I please, and I take it up as I please." Here the Anglicans, in one word, declare the redemption accidental and not from the Divine design of Love Eternal. The Church of England would have us thank Christ's murderers and not our Lord Himself, the willing Victim of Calvary.

In continuation, hear this horrible thing from seven blasphemers: "Christ was mistaken in what He thought about His second advent, thinking that the world would not outlast St. John." As a consequence of all this, the seven held that Christ did not found a Church, nor ordain Sacraments, and that His sacred body was returned to corruption.

Now, if all these diabolical tenets of this respectable English Church were so, whence may we ask, in simple truth, did His Grace of Canterbury get his authority, obtain the sacraments he offers to his dupes or receive power to preach a Christ that was but is not? O inconsistent humbugs of the brain coinage of a faithless tyrant—Henry VIII—Catholic Columbian.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT HOME

"A man of simple and direct nature Monsignor Bonzano is the friend of all about him and delights in visiting and exchanging opinions with the laymen," observes Extension. "With a kindness of soul which is almost incredible in so busy a man, he has often answered sick calls when no one else was available; no one in his vicinity is in sorrow or distress without receiving an expression of sympathy. He believes in doing a little parochial work every day to keep the heart tender, and he encourages his auditors and secretary to take over a chaplaincy, or something involving active care of souls, as an antidote against the formalism which follows too much study and living in theology and canon law."—Sacred Heart Review.



WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

IT was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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- Improved Beefsteak Tomato, enormous fruit.....Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c
- XXX Scarlet Oval Radish, tender, crisp.....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 50c.
- Hodson's Long Pod Butter Wax Bush Beans...4 ozs. 15c, 1b. 50c,
- Worldbeater Cabbage, hard heads, very large.....Pkg. 5c, oz. 30c, 4 ozs. 90c.
- XXX Snowball Cauliflower (highest grade).....Pkg. 25c, 1/2 oz. \$1.00, oz. \$3.00.
- XXX Golden Self-Blanching Celery, very fine.....Pkg. 25c, 1/2 oz. 75c, oz. \$2.75.
- Famous Golden Bantam Table Corn, early.....Pkg. 10c, 1b. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.
- Early Market Sweet Table Corn, big ears.....Pkg. 10c, 1b. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50.
- London Long Green Cucumber, Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c, 1b. \$1.25
- May King Lettuce, favorite butter head, Pkg. 5c, oz. 20c, 4 ozs. 60c
- Citron for Preserves, red seeded, great cropper.....Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.
- XXX Connecticut Yellow Globe Onion (black seed).....Pkg. 10c, oz. 35c, 4 ozs. \$1.00.
- Yellow Dutch Onion Sets, select.....1b. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70
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- Giant Branching Asters, Crimson, Pink, White or Mixed, Pkg. 10c
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- Sweet Peas, fine mixture, best for the money.....Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 4 ozs. 25c, 1b. 75c.
- Mammoth Cosmos, Crimson, Pink, White or Mixed.....Pkg. 10c
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAN WHO QUITS
The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next; but he lacks the sand

NICE MANNERS
"Can you write a good hand?"
asked a merchant of a boy who had
applied to him for a position.

There are thousands of young men
today who, like this youth, are handi-
capping their efficiency and queering
their chances of success by their rude
manners.

WHAT IS CHARACTER?
We have in mind a certain family
who in general have minds so bright
that some line of life out of the
ordinary could reasonably be expected
from any member of the family.

person a fighting chance, which he
proudly accepts and slowly succeeds
in, while the other plods on in some
rut of mediocrity?—Catholic Sun.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO A LITTLE GIRL NAMED MARY
What a precious name you carry,
Little maid with eyes of blue!

WHAT CONVENT GIRLS SHOULD BE
Convent girls should come forth
into the world possessing the great
and admirable power of sacrifice for
the benefit of the unfortunate, for
the uplifting of humanity, the consol-

ARE YOU LIKE BETH?
Without thinking much about it,
Beth had fallen into the way of
making little complaints about her
mother.

THE POOR BOY
Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you
have a patch on your elbow. It

speaks well for your industrious
mother. For our part we would
rather see a dozen patches than hear
one profane or vulgar word escape
your lips.

SINCERITY NOT DESIRED

AN APOLOGIST FOR QUEEN
ELIZABETH MAKES A FEW
DAMAGING ADMISSIONS
There are probably few of us, who,
when seeking to justify some course
of conduct, have not in doing so laid
bare our greatest weaknesses.

A FINE TRIBUTE TO CARDINAL GIBBONS

On "Cardinal's day" at Washing-
ton, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary
of the Interior, paid a fine tribute
to Cardinal Gibbons. "Everybody has
respect and reverence and affection
for the man we are honoring to-day,"

THE PROTECTION OF THE CURE OF ARS

REMARKABLE RECORD OF THE
SOLDIERS FROM THE VILLAGE
The Paris correspondent of the
Irish Catholic says: "The Croix
vouches for the authenticity of the
following statement, and asks
whether it does not indicate super-

most important forms of anti-
Romanism." That Elizabeth could
thus write her course of "reform"
will cause no wonder when we are
told by our author that "The
sovereign herself stood for no heroic
principle of power or right.

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children if you have a McClary's
Florence. This is a time-giving
stove, because it needs no watch-
ing. Height of flame never varies
of itself. Properly adjusted, with
plentiful oil supply, it will do its
work unattended for an hour or two
if desired.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

HEADACHES! What woman
isn't subject to them?
Some frequently. Others less
often. But, in any case, if the
womenfolk would only follow the
example set by their husbands
and brothers in the use of Eno's
"Fruit Salt," they, too, would
escape the annoying, painful head-

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door. We pay carriage one way.
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sure promptness as well as ab-
solute thoroughness, — when
you think of clean-

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

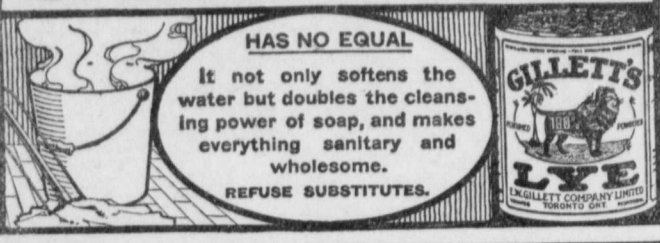
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GILLETT'S LYE



LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Da Wang, Feb. 7, 1917

Dear Friends,—I am keeping up my reputation of a building a church every year. Today I laid the corner-stone of the first Catholic Church in this town of Da Wang or surrounding region. It was raining whilst performing the ceremony and while I tried to take a picture of the stone and foundation, and now it is snowing as I try to grasp the pen in this cold left—the only place of worship the poor people of Da Wang have had up till now. There are no window panes—just tissue paper and that full of holes. No fire at all, no cooking, but only loose tiles and the snow is blowing through them and falling on me and the table as I write. At one end of the place is the altar and in the other my bed and that of my acolyte. I visited all the homes of the Christians. The people are miserably poor. The houses are nearly all minus a wall or roof. One man showed me his ox that had died that very morning. Another said that his died recently. There is an epidemic among the oxen, eighty or eighty or eighty during the winter. An ox costs about twenty dollars—a regular fortune for these poor people who only earn ten cents a day. No cattle are raised for food, they are too poor for that. The oxen are used for plowing and pumping water to irrigate the rice fields. They are housed under the same roof with their owners for fear of being stolen and also for want of room elsewhere. The pagans attribute the plague among the oxen to the devil. I asked them if they fed the cattle on during the winter. They said "Straw." "I am convinced," said I, "that that is the reason of the many deaths, straw is too dry for the beasts." "But we boil it," they argued, "before giving it to them." "If you yourselves," I returned, "ate rice during the summer and only bran during the winter do you think you could stand it, without getting sick; you ought to give them hay instead of straw." This was quite new to them, but I think I convinced them and they will try the experiment next year.

I found quite a number of boys and girls in the different families I visited growing up without instruction and ordered them to go to Taichowfu immediately where they will be trained in the Christian religion by pious nuns and masters, make their first Communion and receive confirmation. They were delighted to accept the invitation. Really, there is no hope for them if they are left in this pagan town in their tender years. Devil worship and idolatry are continually being practised and all sorts of bad examples. Only last night I saw a procession go by—a big long dragon was being paraded to the sound of drums and in many open temples could be seen adults and children offering incense to the idols.

To get to Da Wang I had to make a journey of thirty miles over the mountains. One pass was seven miles long and so very high it took us four hours to make the ascent and descent. In places we walked along the edge of steep precipices and gullies hundreds of feet deep. At one place called The Bridge of the Immortals, a huge mass of ice in confederation held the remnants of an earlier world. I attempted to take a photograph. I thought the place was a solitude but in a twinkling I was surrounded by a big crowd of curious people—wherever they came from I don't know—eager to see the wonderful foreign invention which they had heard of but probably never seen before. They were good-natured and polite and some of them at my suggestion climbed the rocks and gave me a fine view of the human species, not a wonder, for four hundred millions are crowded into a space only half the size of the United States!

My visit to Da Wang will mean a score more of bright-eyed, smiling-faced little boys and girls in my free boarding schools of Taichowfu. This town has been fruitful in vocations for the priesthood. I have sent a half a dozen of its boys to the seminary during the past few years and the thought that these levites will have a decent place in which to say their first Mass added not a little to my consolation in laying the corner-stone today. The church will be dedicated to St. Teresa.

Next Sunday I say Mass for the first time in the new church of the Sacred Heart in Sangliandui which is now finished. The faithful are to come from all the surrounding villages for the opening.

I have placed a catechist, as I promised in a recent letter, in the place I took supper as you remember on my midnight sick call. Since I wrote that letter, strange to say, the Protestants who have had a

clination of the planter to be more liberal in his advances.

The practical viewpoint of the "peon" is evidenced by the ideas prevailing among them at the time of the accession of Madero. They were assured that their accounts were to be cancelled and that they were to be free to incur new obligations. Madero refused to cancel the debts and so they were disillusioned. But Carranza issued a decree cancelling all the debts, and since then they have been trying to borrow money which is not permitted, and to find employment—which can not be found.

Many Americans in Mexico heartily disliked the system for many reasons principally and practically because it kept a large amount of capital tied up in an unrealizable asset. Many of them succeeded in inducing an occasional laborer to forego credit and be content with his weekly wage. Unfortunately, the result obtained was that the laborer worked only part time.

Peonage in Mexico did not mean a low rate of wages, and, as a matter of fact, the average laborer or peon, or indebted servant, received frequently as much or more than his fellow workers in other districts where "peonage" was unknown. For example, the writer was employed, some twenty years ago, on a certain plantation, or hacienda, where the "peons" received 45 cents per day in wages, and, in addition, were given houses to live in, and food for themselves and their families. They were permitted to keep all the domestic animals they cared to own, and, by this means, drove a thriving business with the plantation headquarters and the neighboring village. They were permitted to make as large a corn and bean patch as they cared to cultivate. The limited stock of goods in the "store" was sold at prices no greater than charged in the village. The estimated cost of raising a family was 15 cents per day, so that the laborer received, in reality, 60 cents a day for his labor, plus the use of house and land. In ten years this wage had practically doubled.

Far from considering his condition as "deplorable," the "peon" looked upon such employment as "steady," because those not so employed were "casual" laborers, working only on occasion. Furthermore, they really considered their "accounts" as an indication of their financial worth. In fact, more than one occasion the writer has heard individuals boasting of how much they owed, as evidence of their industry and, particularly, of the confidence reposed in them.

When the system prevailed, it was customary for the laborer, if dissatisfied, to call for his "carta cuenta," or statement of account. Custom decreed that this be given him and he then went forth to seek a new creditor. He never had to look far. In fact, one of the prolific sources of "peonage" in Mexico, and in those sections noted for their ignorance and backwardness. To urge peonage as a pretext for revolution in Mexico is an exceedingly dangerous precedent for Americans, especially for those living in the Southern States. If Mexico deserved a revolution because some of its ignorant laborers were in "peonage," the same can be urged with much greater justice for the negroes in the Southern States. In those commonwealths the blacks are "peons" to an extent involving vastly worse conditions and vastly greater numbers than was ever dreamed of in Mexico.

As indicating the labor conditions in our own Southern States, the following advertisement appearing in the Atlanta Journal, May 8, 1914, is illuminating:

"\$25 REWARD

For return of Walker Banks, yellow negro, about twenty-five to twenty-eight years old, about five feet ten inches tall, weight 240 or 250 pounds, raised at East Point, thick lips, and has big eyes. Will pay \$25 for this negro delivered to Estes Bros., Gay, Georgia."

How would Southern politicians like to see a revolution started by Socialistic agitators among the blacks of the South, which would have as its object the cancelling of all debts and the killing or driving out of all the big land owners and the division of their properties among the negro revolutionists? Such an enterprise surely would be very unpopular among the Southern aristocracy. It would be especially so if some foreign government were to arm the blacks and coddle their Socialistic leaders and condone their bloody deeds. If, in addition to this, the foreign government were to assist in the overthrow of the established government at Washington, it would be called the vilest act ever committed by one State against another. For an unprejudiced mind possessing a knowledge of current history, the parallel need be extended no further.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as pleasant weather.—Franklin.

THE CALL TO ARMS

A call has gone forth to every American Catholic to join in a Crusade of Grace for the welfare of our country and spread of the faith in our midst on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of America's first saint—Rose of Lima. This anniversary occurs on the 30th day of August, and will be commemorated during the ensuing year with great splendor in the saint's native Peru.

Those who join the Crusade volunteer to offer up for our beloved country and our priceless faith Masses, Holy Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, rosaries and other good works. The number of times any of these good works are performed should be carefully noted, so that at the end of the century year we may lay at the feet of St. Rose a concrete testimonial of our faith in God and our love for and trust in her. Therefore, all those who join the Crusade are asked to send their lists of good works to The Rosary Magazine, 871 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

In these perilous days it is not necessary to urge upon every patriotic person the necessity of prayers for the welfare of our land. Preparedness is in everybody's mouth now, and the nation is really beginning to bestir itself to put itself on an adequate military basis. But the arms of man cannot avail unless supported by stout hearts, clean hearts, hearts that trust in God. And our trust in God will be all the greater if we know that there are before His throne powerful intercessors joining their prayers with ours. Now, of all the saints, none possibly takes as great an interest in America as Rose of Lima, the first flower of sanctity to bud in this western Hemisphere. Therefore in this Crusade of Grace we ask her in a most especial manner to watch over our land.

The second great object of the Crusade is to pray for the spread of the Faith in our country. Religion is the only bulwark of any nation. Catholics know that there is only one true religion, and that in proportion as that religion spreads and takes root the future safety of our land and its ideals will be guaranteed. It is for this reason that devout and patriotic Catholics pour forth prayers to the throne of the Almighty for the conversion of those who have not the full light of God's truth. St. Rose, by the example of her life and by her prayers has helped many of her countrymen to a knowledge of the truth. She is interested in the spread of the Faith in this country because being the first saint of the American Church, she cannot but wish to see the life of grace become more and more operative amongst us.

Every Catholic is therefore kindly invited, may urged, to join in the Crusade with a right good heart. Talk about it to your friends, because it is something which will appeal to every patriotic Catholic.

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will be glad to march to the feet of the Great White Throne, asking for her sake a blessing upon our land, and a quickening of life in the American Church.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. "No beauty can come without time and trouble. Even the flower which seems to bloom without effort has lain long underground in the shape of the seed, which perished before it could be born. Nor is it otherwise with souls. To endure injustice without answering back with hatred, to endure grief without having the spirit broken, to endure disappointment and yet to go cheerfully on these things make character."

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Nothing is quite so good as it seems beforehand.—George Eliot.
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