

The Catholic Record

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1911

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THE UP-TO-DATE CREEDS

The plans formed by our separated brethren for Christian reunion are of a nature to baffle the uninitiated. We can understand that in towns which house a dozen conventicles it would be a good business move to have but one. But how any drafting of a new creed can effect unity passes our comprehension. The different sects agree in holding that there is no infallible living teacher. Hence the new creed would be the work of men who may be mistaken in their interpretation of the Bible and as such could not demand man's interior and exterior belief. It profits nothing to say the Bible obviates the necessity of a living authority. With the Bible now in their hands they are split up into multitudinous and warring sects. Despite the scholarship of their divines the Sacred Book is powerless to silence their clamor and to prevent disputes. By what process, then, would this Bible, that would after reunion be exactly as it is now, weld the sects into unity. A common creed drawn up by fallible men cannot possibly be a solid basis on which to rest one's religion. The efforts, however, for reunion may possibly induce the thoughtful to investigate the Catholic Church, which guards and interprets the Bible with the voice of the Author of the Bible, and who in her and through her guides men unto salvation.

THE LITTLE MAN

A few weeks ago we alluded to the "little man" who is quite content to shuffle through the world snarling and growling. Because he is such a sordid specimen of humanity the average citizen is inclined to compassionate him. We regard him as a nuisance when he waxes vociferous, but in our heart of hearts there is but pity for the bitter-minded little man who spits out the venom of an unclean heart on all things and persons. Not for him the sunlight, but the dark place where there is the drip of scandal and calumny. Not for him the word of cheer, but the mutterings of criticism and discord—strange things surely to obtain respect and devotion.

DO YOU KNOW HIM

Was it Father Faber who spoke about outside angels and house devils. They are uncanny types of perversity and life, we are informed by sociologists, in every community. With those without the household they are urbane, gracious, kindly, and are regarded as very companionable. The easy laugh may not ring true, and to those who can read the face there are traces of selfishness, but the majority land them as model husbands and fathers. At home they throw off the vesture of courtesy and are their own malignant selves. There they endeavor, and they succeed only too well, to show how a warped and twisted nature can convert a home into an abode of terror and desolation. That they have an abundant store of cowardice need not be stated. But the wife who lives on with this type of an animal must be of approved strength of character. Oftimes her heart bleeds, while she shields its hurts from her friends with a smile and guards the ghastly secrets of the home within closed lips. She is a heroine and a martyr, bound to the most contemptible thing this side of Gehenna.

THE OLD STORY

It may seem right to the young man to up brakes and dash along the road of pleasure. The saloon lights are alluring, and the haunts of the devil coax and whisper to him. And it is an old story. Happiness never dwelt in these abodes. To clean eyes the spectacle of young men telling musty stories in a saloon is inexpressibly sordid and heart-rending. It means not only a loss of time but deterioration, a sacrifice of heart and intellect, a bid for failure. It stands for everything that a man should shun. Yet some will not be warned by the derelicts which are run-logged and waiting to be washed into eternity. They must see for themselves: they must see the lights only to be blinded, and to live with those who have but bitter memories and bitter realization that the wages of sin is death.

MIXED MARRIAGES

Every Catholic knows why the Church detests mixed marriages. It is said, sometimes, that such and such a mixed marriage is not the evil of which the Church is afraid. However that may be, the experience of every pastor is that the mixed marriage is, as a rule, destructive of the spiritual welfare of the family, of mutual harmony and of the

faith of the children. The husband may have every good quality, but, if a non-Catholic, his influence cannot but have an influence on the children despite all the efforts and example of the Catholic wife. In view of the effects, only too visible, of the mixed marriage, we may well pray to be protected from these "good mixed marriages" of which our critics talk. They who know can tell of the sorrow and life-long regret occasioned by the mistake of a mixed marriage. The desire of worldly position, the indifference of parents blind some to this evil, but they soon discover that neither money nor position can ease the ache of the bruised heart.

LOST TO THE CHURCH

There are thousands in Canada without the pale of the Church on account of mixed marriages. Time and again the Church has proclaimed her abhorrence of these hateful marriages. We are also told that such and such a non-Catholic has promised, before marriage, that the children of both sexes shall be brought up Catholics. But are these promises always kept? Every pastor knows that they are oftentimes thrown to the winds. When the children are young there is little mention made of them, but when they advance in age they are played upon by the example of the non-Catholic parent, of his relatives, of environment, of education, with the result that they cease to be Catholics. After a few years the non-Catholic regards these promises in a different light from what he did on the day of his marriage. It is true that the Church grants permission sometimes for these marriages, but only for causes which she regards as grave and to prevent greater evils.

AGREAT DIFFERENCE

But what a difference between the wedding-day of two Catholics, and the participants in a mixed marriage. The marriage in which the Church delights is one between a Catholic man and a Catholic woman. Then the ceremony is performed in the Church and with a nuptial Mass. During it blessings are called down upon the contracting parties. The ring is blessed and placed on the finger of the bride. And the boundless efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice flows over them both to give them help and consolation. But in a mixed marriage, which the Church does not approve, there is no manifestation of joy. There is no blessing and no nuptial Mass. She hears the words of the contract and sends them away. Surely a sad morning for a believing Catholic.

TO A CORRESPONDENT

In reply to a note about the legislation concerning clandestine and mixed marriages we append the following:

1. No Bishop outside his diocese or pastor outside the limits of his parish can validly marry their own or any other subjects without due authorization.
2. The marriage of all Catholics (both parties Catholics) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.
3. The marriage of all fallen-away Catholics (who have become Protestants or infidels) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.
4. The marriage of a Catholic to a non-baptized person is never a real marriage unless the Church grants a dispensation.
5. The marriage of a Catholic to a Protestant (one never baptized in the Catholic Church) before a minister or civil magistrate is no marriage at all.
6. The marriage of a Protestant to a Protestant (provided neither was baptized in the Catholic Church) is valid.
7. There is no marriage at all, unless there be two witnesses besides the priest—one witness besides the priest will not suffice.

THE POWER OF HOLINESS

It has been said that it is the manifestation of the Church's sanctity which most chiefly give convincing and persuasive force to the preaching of her apostles, and to the evidence that she is the one, Catholic, Apostolic Church founded by Jesus Christ. The people reverence holiness of life. Our great stumbling block is the example of the bad Catholic. Cardinal Newman's saintliness of life had a wondrous fascination for the non-Catholic. It disarmed their suspicions even as it consolidated them. At the unveiling of the statue of Cardinal Newman in Kensington, England, Mr. R. W. Hutton expressed this thought in the following words: "I think we may say that we Protestants have learned from him (Newman) a great lesson. This at least is true, that his long life of winning austerity, the tender glow of his piety, and the fundamental steadiness of a nature so strangely sympathetic, have rendered it absolutely impossible for anyone who really knows his writings ever again to speak of the faith of his Church with anything like the stolid and almost brutal contempt so common amongst

us sixty years ago. To some extent he has helped Roman Catholics to understand perhaps to love Protestants. To a very great extent he has helped Protestants to understand and love not only the thinkers but the popular mind of his own great Church."

THE "ROME RULE" CRY AGAINST HOME RULE

The true character and motive of the Orange-Tory "argument" that Home Rule in Ireland would mean "Home Rule" or "persecution of Protestants," as well as for the article appearing in the Catholic Times (England) headed "Irish Protestants and Home Rule," which we reproduce from that paper as follows:

What do the Irish Protestants want in case Ireland gets Home Rule? I put this question lately to a friend of mine. It is admitted now on every side that if they are satisfied all others will be. There is scarcely any other objection except their's to the concession of Irish self-government. Their spokesmen are proclaiming that there must be in any Home Rule Bill which shall be expected to accept a Favored Religion Clause.

They are unable to walk securely on their own feet. Therefore England must provide them with stilts. They are unable to protect themselves against the Pope. Therefore England must put a ban on future acts of his Holiness with regard to Ireland. They distrust their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Therefore England must hold Catholic Irishmen down, and in giving them additional powers for the management of Irish affairs must not only claim general control over them by maintaining the complete supremacy of the imperial Parliament, but must, so to say, dole out autonomy with a half-inch measure, specially reserving authority in everything that affects Protestant interests, and thus inserting a Favored Religion Clause in the new legislation. I confess to being rather puzzled as to their claim for special treatment, for making Protestant reserves in Ireland under Home Rule. Hence the Protestants in Ireland continue to exist in a state of complete isolation. Here is his answer with-out curtailing. He writes as follows:

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR "ALL NON-SENSE"

"Your theory about a fair field and no favor for religion is all nonsense. Do you think that theory has ever been admitted by promoters of Protestantism in Ireland since the days of Elizabeth? No, sir, they have known better. They have always adopted the opposite theory and practice. Their view has been that the best way to make a religion strong in a country is to give it special times down to our day; and, third, that the Church is identical in mission, in holy orders, in doctrines, in sacrifices and sacraments, with the so-called Church of the Roman Empire."

Mr. Nelson cannot prove any of those things. Suppose that there were some few Christians in Britain, in early times, that of it? They died out. They had no priest, no churches, no bishops to constitute them a permanent and national organization.

In the next two centuries, in spots here and there, there were individual converts, but the country as a whole was pagan. Then, in the next, that is the fourth century, the Celts who occupied Britain were in goodly numbers, Christians, but in the middle of the fifth century, they were killed off or driven away by the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons, pagans all. The country reverted to barbarism. Only in the extreme west and north did any Christians remain, and they were too insignificant to convert the invaders, who had conquered and dispossessed them.

In the year 633 the Angles of York sent St. Augustine, with forty monks, to preach Christianity to the heathen in 1531, when Henry VIII first converted to the Roman religion. In the year 683 the Angles of Yorkshire received the faith from the Roman missionary Paulinus. The Angles of the eastern districts of England and Scotland, from the Tees to the Forth, were made Christian by the preaching of the Irish monks of Iona whom St. Oswald in the year 635 invited into Northumbria. St. Aidan, the first Bishop of Bernicia, fixed his see at Lindisfarne on Holy Island, which he held in 1531. Theodore of Tarsus, a Greek monk, who had been consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian, went to England in 673 he held a national council of the English bishops at Hertford and another in 680 at Hatfield.

All the way down from that time the history of the Church in England is beyond dispute, and all the way down from the preaching of St. Augustine to the days of King James, the Church proclaimed itself head of the "Church of England," the Church in England was united with the See of Rome. All through those nine centuries, it had the same mission, the same orders, the same sacrifices, the same sacraments, the same doctrines as the Church Catholic.

But when Henry VIII, wanted to get a divorce from his wife Catherine in order to marry Anna Boleyn, he began the separation of the Church of England from the Church in England, and cut off that sect from its union with the See of Rome. The separation of England from the communion of the Catholic Church and the establishment of a schismatical and heretical national institution, retaining the old titles and the old church buildings, was spread over a period of thirty-two years, and began in 1531, and it was consummated in 1534 when the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury definitely adopted "the new religion" by its acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles.

1530, the Bishops of England, with Archbishop Warham, of Canterbury at their head, were in full communion with Rome. In 1531 Thomas Cromwell advised Henry VIII to break with the Pope and make himself head of a religious establishment of his own. In 1532 Archbishop Warham died and Cromwell became his successor. In 1533 Cromwell declared Henry divorced from his wife. In 1534 an Act of Parliament abolished all appeals to Rome, making the "King in Chancery" the final court of appeals in ecclesiastical causes and recognizing him as the supreme head of the Church of England. Bishop Fisher, of Rochester, and Chancellor Thomas More were beheaded because they would not accept that Act.

This was the beginning of the bloody persecution by which the English people were robbed of their faith and by which "the new religion" was imposed on them by law, by fines, by imprisonment, by torture, by death on the gallows, after their priests were made apostates by similar oppressive or were driven away or murdered.

In 1539, by the statute of the six articles, Henry tried to stay the ravages of the so-called Reformation, and in 1547 Edward came to the throne, and the Protestant party with Cromwell at their head, imposed the Book of Common Prayer on the people of England. Bishops Gardiner, Day, Heath, Tunstall and Veysey resisted the departures from Catholic doctrine taught in that book and they were deprived of their sees.

The short reign of Mary restored the Catholic religion. Then came the nightmare of the reign of Elizabeth, the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII. She made known that she was a Protestant, and Archbishop Heath refused to take part in her coronation. In 1557 the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were passed, which again severed the "Church of England" from the Church in England and from the Catholic Church, and made compulsory use of the Book of Common Prayer. All the Bishops of England, except one—Kitchen of Llandaff—refused to follow "the new religion" and were deposed. Matthew Parker was made Archbishop of Canterbury by the defective ordination ceremony and a new set of "Bishops," appointed by the queen, were "consecrated" by the same invalid ceremony.

In 1562 the revised Thirty-nine Articles were adopted as the faith of the new "Church of England."

The chief differences between the "Church of England" as established by Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell and Parker, and the Catholic Church in England are nine—rejection of the Papacy, denial of Church infallibility, justification by faith only, supremacy and sufficiency of the Bible as the rule of faith, the denial of Transubstantiation, the rejection of auricular confession of sins, the refusal to invoke the saints, the rejection of the doctrine of Purgatory and of prayers for the dead, and the setting aside of the doctrine of indulgences.

The "Church of England" is Protestant. It does not embrace even a majority of the people of England, much less is it universal. It is split up into contradictory sects—High Church, Low Church and Broad Church—teaching opposite doctrines.

The "Church of England" is Protestant. That fact is shown by the coronation service when the King swears to maintain the Protestant religion by law established. In the Act of Union the churches of England and Ireland are called "the Protestant Episcopal Church." The denomination is known in this country as the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The "Church of England" is losing its hold on the people of England, whereas the Catholic Church in England is gaining members and making converts every day in the year. The true hierarchy has been re-established. The true priesthood order offers up sacrifice to God. The day will come when schism and heresy will be abandoned, and all England will once more be Catholic.—Catholic Columbian.

STATUS OF EXCOMMUNICATED PRIESTS

In view of the fact that three priests, formerly of the diocese of Nottingham, England, were recently laid under major excommunication by the Pope for presuming to receive Episcopal consecration in secret at the hands of some "Old Catholic" schismatic bishop, the question has been asked in the Tablet: "What is the status of priests so excommunicated?" The editor replies:

"The priesthood in itself, which belongs to a priest, or in its fullness to a bishop, is not like a mere post or office or appointment which can be taken away by the Church's authority. The Church can make a person an archdeacon, or a vicar-general, or a canon, by a mere act of appointment, conveyed, if need be, in writing or from a distance, and for sufficient reason she could in like manner remove him from the post, and he would be no more an archdeacon, or a vicar-general, or a canon than he was before. The act of the Church in this case is jurisdictional, and, so to speak, extrinsic, clothing the man with jurisdiction and unclothing him. The priesthood is not a mere matter of an office or post. It is an order. Its powers are a derivation from the Eternal Priesthood of Christ. They are conveyed from Him through the Apostles and their successors. They are conveyed not by a mere fiat of jurisdiction, but in a sacrament. In the sacrament the priestly powers and priestly character are, by the action of the Holy Ghost, embodied in the soul intrinsically, indelibly and inalienably. The person ordained is a priest for all eternity—if in heaven, to his greater glory; if in hell, to his greater ignominy. What the

Grace
By A. P. Coates
Blue are her eyes, as though the skies
Were over blue above them,
And dark their full-fringed canopies
As if the night fays wove them.
Two roses kiss to mold her mouth,
Her ear's a lily blossom,
Her blush a sunset in the south,
And drifted snow her bosom.
Her voice is gay, but soft and low,
The sweetest of all trebles,
A silver brook that in its flow,
Chimes over pebbly pebbles.
A happy heart, a temper bright,
Her radiant smile expresses;
And like a wealth of golden light,
Rain down her golden tresses.

Grace
Last week it was stated in the Record that the Catholic population of the United States was \$5,500,000. It should have read 12,550,000.
Dr. Huntington Richards, of Concord, New Hampshire, a keen student of the Papal claims, has at last become a Catholic.
Father Bertrand L. Conway's "Question Box" has been translated into Spanish and is on sale in New Mexico. "Buzon de las Cuestiones" is the title in Spanish. The translator is the Rev. M. Blance Garcia, O. S. A.
The new St. Mary's hospital at San Francisco has been formally dedicated and is on sale in New Mexico. The hospital is one of the notable buildings of the Pacific Coast. As planned, it will, when wholly completed, be one of the largest hospitals in the world.
Father James A. Doolan, one time president of Georgetown University, and one of the best known lecturers in the country, died at the University Washington, on April 12th. He was sixty-nine years of age, and had been in failing health for some time.
Recently the building committee of St. Paul council, Knights of Columbus, signed the contract for the erection of the new club house which will be erected at the corner of Smith avenue and West Fifth street. The building will cost approximately \$10,000.
The Aloysius Truth Society of Washington, an organization pledged to refute published articles attacking the true faith or subverting Catholic morality, has been established by Rev. Augustus J. Duarte, S. J., of Gonzaga College, moderator of the Aloysius Club, of that city.
On April 10, the pastor of the little village of Raches, in France, Father Charles Cadene, will celebrate his 105th birthday. He is undoubtedly the oldest priest in the Catholic world, and is yet extraordinarily vigorous, attending to all his pastoral duties. Arrangements are on foot to honor the event in a befitting manner.
Father Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the Lenten course of sermons to the Catholics of an English speaking country in the church of St. Silvestro in Capito, Rome. Father Benson's works have now an immense circulation in England and also on the continent.
Rev. R. S. Conroy, of the Sacred Heart parish, Worcester, Mass., brother of Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, has established for the Sunday school children the "Missionary Sunday" idea. Each month the children will be encouraged to bring sacrificial offerings which accumulated, will be sent to the foreign missions.
W. W. Farley, democrat, whose home is in Binghamton, assumed the duties of New York State Excise Commissioner April 1 and made the following statement: "I want it understood that in making appointments I will not consider any man who is or has been in any way connected with the liquor business. This policy I will adhere to rigidly."
Recently Father Welsh, one of the Paulist Fathers of Chicago, gave a series of non-Catholic lectures at Baraboo, Wis. The course was under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. Every night Father Welsh was introduced by some prominent non-Catholic citizens of Baraboo. On one of these occasions he was introduced by Rev. Mr. Goddard, the Congregational minister. This made a great impression on the non-Catholics and the result was seen in the fact that the crowds attending every night could not find room in the Knights of Columbus hall.
Frauline Ottilie Zwick, who gave so sympathetic an impersonation of the Blessed Virgin in the 1910 production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, is married. While she was superb in the role, she can never again assume it, as only unmarried women are given the part. Her husband is a young fellow-player named Bauer, a son of the famous Burgomaster of Oberammergau, Sebastian Bauer, who gave so powerful a representation of Pontius Pilate in 1900 and 1910.
Marie Wainwright, granddaughter of the Right Rev. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, Bishop of the State of New York, who was recently converted to the Catholic faith, has this to say of the consolation received in Holy Communion: "I have, in my career as an artist, been called upon to enact most of the noble women in Shakespeare's immortal plays, and also many classic roles from French, German, Italian and Greek writers. My dramatic life has covered a period of twenty-five years, and I have again and again felt my heart swell with triumph at the plaudits of the audience when I know that my work had earned its approbation and applause. But when I approach the table of Our Lord! Here then was my greatest triumph—my sublimest role—for it seemed to me the angels themselves bent down and rejoiced."

Highly Eulogistic
Here is what William Winter that eminent dramatic critic, has to say of the Catholic Church in the World-Herald:
"To think of the Roman Catholic Church is to think of the oldest, the most venerable and the most powerful religious institution existing among men. I am not a churchman of any kind; that, possibly, is my misfortune, but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise and august, austere yet tenderly human ecclesiastical power, which, self-centered amid vicissitudes of human affairs and provident of men of learning, imagination and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of celestial aspiration, and in poetry and in music has heard and has transmitted the authentic voice of God."
"I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York, in Winchester and Salisbury, in Lincoln and Durham, in Ely and Wells. I have stood in Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon the gray and russet walls and upon those lovely arched casements—among the most graceful ever devised by human art—round which the sheets of heaven sweep a perpetual requiem."
"I have seen the shadows of evening slowly gather and softly fall over the giant towers, the spires, the gables, the pillars and the shattered arcades of Fountains Abbey, in its sequestered and melancholy solitude, where ancient Ripon dreams in the spacious and verdant valleys of the Skell, I have mused upon Netley, and Kirkstall, and Newstead and Bolton, and Melrose and Dryburgh; and at a midnight gloom of chance St. Columba's cathedral, remote in the storm-cleft Hebrides, and looked upward to the cold stars and heard the voices of the birds of night mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea."
"With awe, with reverence, with many strange and wild thoughts, I lingered and pondered in those haunted, holy places, but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of the divine life, and hallowed them forever; and thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable pathos of her long exile from the temples that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor reared."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Highly Eulogistic

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When the Angelus Bell Rings in Ireland

"In Home Life in Ireland," written by Robert Lynd, a Presbyterian, we find this passage:
"If you are in a little town in any part of Ireland—except the north-east—about noon, when the chapel bells ring for the Angelus, you will see all the men suddenly taking of their hats and crossing themselves as they say their mid-day prayers. The world loses its air of work, or of commonplace idleness, and the streets take on an intense beauty for the moment, as the old people and the young people half hide their eyes and murmur a rapid prayer to the Mother of God. The boy walking by a loaded cart stands still with bare head or stumbles forward, praying as he walks, and the dogs of the houses, in the entries on the bridge over the river, the town assumes a multitudinous reverence as the tide of prayer sweeps through it to the dining music of the bell. Even the policeman ludicrously stiff in his military uniform, lowers his head with a kind of salute, and offers homage to heaven. I confess I like this daily forgetfulness of the world in the middle of the day. It brings wonder into almost every country town in Ireland at least once every day."

principle of American men are created more boasted than man who, having placed at birth equal to those of his proceeds to raise quality into another superior to his ally, that is, "Practical of reproach coming," "a self-made man," "low-citizens to fortune," or to overcome the found the signature difficult.

Jack's mother went to the wedding. One of Celia's aunts, lacking the girl's kindness, impatiently remarked that "It did not really matter; you'd better know about Jack Cameron's family. Jack's mother seemed to try to obliterate herself during the ceremony and still more during the reception that followed. She wore her heavy gray silk with an air of trying to be as radiant as the rustling, bubbled springing of the splendid supper, surreptitiously removing crumbs of the wedding-cake from the corners of her lips with her finger tips as she reclined."

"Yes, ma'am," to an unheard remark from the bride's magnificent mother.

After Jack and Celia had run the gauntlet of rice, and had gone away in the great French motor-coach which was to take them the first half of their journey across the United States, Jack's father slipped away with his wife, both with an unspoken recollection of their wedding-journey, afloat, the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the church to their four-room house nestling beneath a rowan tree in far-off County Kerry.

"Well, I hope they'll come off as well as we did, and be the half as happy," said Jack's father out of the middle of his thoughts, and his wife did not need telling what these thoughts had been.

After the wedding the elder and the younger Mrs. Cameron saw little of each other. It was inevitable that it should be so, though it troubled Celia when, at less frequent intervals, something reminded her of it. She told herself that by and by, when certain pressing claims upon her were satisfied, she would make an effort to know the lonely little woman who never could grace her dinners and receptions, but who had given her a remarkably good husband, in love for whom they surely must be united, if ever opportunity offered. But opportunity for some things rarely offers; it must be sought, and weeks and months slipped by into years without bringing the two Mrs. Camerons into closer relations.

At the end of five years there were the little Camerons for the grand-mother to watch from a distance wistfully. There were the beautiful twin boy and girl, and the two-year-old baby, noble children, as big, bonny and bright as scientific care and devoted love could make them. Celia and Jack rightly thought that there were no children in the world that could surpass them; young as she was, the world was full of Celia's rival to the grand-mother's delight in them. Her own maternal joy and pride turned her thoughts more often to Jack's mother, whom, somehow, she did not know how to place within her formal circle.

There came a day when, for the first time in his life, Teddy, the twin boy was ailing. Then, the other twin was languid, and Celia, gowned and ready to go out to a great dinner given by her father to celebrate the thirtieth birthday of his immense and increasing business, seeing the doctor passing, sent out a maid to call him in.

"I shouldn't have sent for you, Dr. Longmead," she said apologetically, as she came, shimmering down the stairs "but seeing you at my very door I yielded to maternal weakness. I suppose even guarded little stomachs may get upset sometimes, and I'm sure you will be all right to-morrow, but if you aren't in a hurry will you go up to the nursery and look them over?"

The doctor went up, pulling off his gloves and warming his hands as he went. Celia following in a shimmer of golden silk and flashing gems.

Dr. Longmead raised Ted's head. It had fallen on his arms over a little table, and looked into his eyes. His own eyes changed, the alert, gray look of the physician replacing the amused smile of toleration that had lurked in them as he preceded Celia to the nursery. He examined the child carefully, put down his hand at last and went on to the other half of the hall by sliding downward in her little willow rocker. Then he looked up at Celia, who stood nervously twisting her fingers, catching alarm from the doctor's manner.

"We will have these little twins put to bed, Mrs. Cameron," said the doctor gently. "And then we will telephone for two trained nurses—I'll look after that. I am glad it happened to be passing. I'll go back after anti-toxin and return immediately."

"Is it—it isn't—?" Celia began and stopped.

"It is diphtheria," said the doctor gently, "but I hope we have discovered it in time."

Celia had never before known this gripping cold at her heart, the agony of help, helpless fear for something dearer than life. She did not recognize herself in the crouching, shuddering woman, shivering beside the weeping flames. How suddenly it had come!

The door softly opened, and through it quietly came the little plain figure of Jack's mother. She crossed over to Celia without a trace of shyness.

"My dear daughter," she said, in her soft voice, with its touch of Kerry accent, "I've come to help you with it. I know what it is, Celia dear—I've been through it. But we didn't have means or learning then to fight it; this will end differently."

She put her arms around Celia and drew the tall girl down on her slender shoulder, patting her and stroking her hair. Celia looked at her long and wonderingly, then dropped her head and cried, clinging to her.

"Oh, mother, mother! Oh, mother mother!" she moaned, and that was all. But indeed it was all that there was to say.

That motherhood that overflowed from the little woman transcended the mere fact of her being Jack's mother. It seemed to Celia, unexpectedly, that no one else in all the world could be so near to her, so comforting to her in this hour. She was Jack's good mother, but she was the mother of four little children who slept beyond her kiss in the graves where diphtheria had laid them. And her own children? Celia had heard, Ah, yes, they were one. Jack's mother, the mother of the dead children, and she the mother of the stricken ones.

Jack's mother went to the wedding. One of Celia's aunts, lacking the girl's kindness, impatiently remarked that "It did not really matter; you'd better know about Jack Cameron's family. Jack's mother seemed to try to obliterate herself during the ceremony and still more during the reception that followed. She wore her heavy gray silk with an air of trying to be as radiant as the rustling, bubbled springing of the splendid supper, surreptitiously removing crumbs of the wedding-cake from the corners of her lips with her finger tips as she reclined."

"Yes, ma'am," to an unheard remark from the bride's magnificent mother.

After Jack and Celia had run the gauntlet of rice, and had gone away in the great French motor-coach which was to take them the first half of their journey across the United States, Jack's father slipped away with his wife, both with an unspoken recollection of their wedding-journey, afloat, the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the church to their four-room house nestling beneath a rowan tree in far-off County Kerry.

"Well, I hope they'll come off as well as we did, and be the half as happy," said Jack's father out of the middle of his thoughts, and his wife did not need telling what these thoughts had been.

After the wedding the elder and the younger Mrs. Cameron saw little of each other. It was inevitable that it should be so, though it troubled Celia when, at less frequent intervals, something reminded her of it. She told herself that by and by, when certain pressing claims upon her were satisfied, she would make an effort to know the lonely little woman who never could grace her dinners and receptions, but who had given her a remarkably good husband, in love for whom they surely must be united, if ever opportunity offered. But opportunity for some things rarely offers; it must be sought, and weeks and months slipped by into years without bringing the two Mrs. Camerons into closer relations.

At the end of five years there were the little Camerons for the grand-mother to watch from a distance wistfully. There were the beautiful twin boy and girl, and the two-year-old baby, noble children, as big, bonny and bright as scientific care and devoted love could make them. Celia and Jack rightly thought that there were no children in the world that could surpass them; young as she was, the world was full of Celia's rival to the grand-mother's delight in them. Her own maternal joy and pride turned her thoughts more often to Jack's mother, whom, somehow, she did not know how to place within her formal circle.

There came a day when, for the first time in his life, Teddy, the twin boy was ailing. Then, the other twin was languid, and Celia, gowned and ready to go out to a great dinner given by her father to celebrate the thirtieth birthday of his immense and increasing business, seeing the doctor passing, sent out a maid to call him in.

"I shouldn't have sent for you, Dr. Longmead," she said apologetically, as she came, shimmering down the stairs "but seeing you at my very door I yielded to maternal weakness. I suppose even guarded little stomachs may get upset sometimes, and I'm sure you will be all right to-morrow, but if you aren't in a hurry will you go up to the nursery and look them over?"

The doctor went up, pulling off his gloves and warming his hands as he went. Celia following in a shimmer of golden silk and flashing gems.

Dr. Longmead raised Ted's head. It had fallen on his arms over a little table, and looked into his eyes. His own eyes changed, the alert, gray look of the physician replacing the amused smile of toleration that had lurked in them as he preceded Celia to the nursery. He examined the child carefully, put down his hand at last and went on to the other half of the hall by sliding downward in her little willow rocker. Then he looked up at Celia, who stood nervously twisting her fingers, catching alarm from the doctor's manner.

"We will have these little twins put to bed, Mrs. Cameron," said the doctor gently. "And then we will telephone for two trained nurses—I'll look after that. I am glad it happened to be passing. I'll go back after anti-toxin and return immediately."

"Is it—it isn't—?" Celia began and stopped.

"It is diphtheria," said the doctor gently, "but I hope we have discovered it in time."

Celia had never before known this gripping cold at her heart, the agony of help, helpless fear for something dearer than life. She did not recognize herself in the crouching, shuddering woman, shivering beside the weeping flames. How suddenly it had come!

The door softly opened, and through it quietly came the little plain figure of Jack's mother. She crossed over to Celia without a trace of shyness.

"My dear daughter," she said, in her soft voice, with its touch of Kerry accent, "I've come to help you with it. I know what it is, Celia dear—I've been through it. But we didn't have means or learning then to fight it; this will end differently."

She put her arms around Celia and drew the tall girl down on her slender shoulder, patting her and stroking her hair. Celia looked at her long and wonderingly, then dropped her head and cried, clinging to her.

"Oh, mother, mother! Oh, mother mother!" she moaned, and that was all. But indeed it was all that there was to say.

That motherhood that overflowed from the little woman transcended the mere fact of her being Jack's mother. It seemed to Celia, unexpectedly, that no one else in all the world could be so near to her, so comforting to her in this hour. She was Jack's good mother, but she was the mother of four little children who slept beyond her kiss in the graves where diphtheria had laid them. And her own children? Celia had heard, Ah, yes, they were one. Jack's mother, the mother of the dead children, and she the mother of the stricken ones.

Through the ten days that followed in which Ted and Theo went down to the very grasp of death and were snatched back, and the baby sickened, flickered almost out, yet came safely through, the elder and the younger Mrs. Cameron

were all the world to each other. The elder relieved her first sorrow in anxiety for her grand-children, and Celia learned all that she never knew, fast by grief of the reality of life and living things. And most of all she learned to know Jack's mother.

When it was over and the pale baby came down in her nurse's arms, while Jack followed with white Ted, and another nurse bore away, weak Theo for the first meal in the great dining-room since they had feared no children would be spared to gather around their father's table, Celia fell back to take her little unheard remark from the bride's magnificent mother.

"Mother," she whispered, don't leave me. Stay here always. You've been in the world to me. I couldn't prove it, but I feel that the children would have died if you had not come. Stay here always."

The little woman shook her head. "We're best in our own little home, my dear, when it's fine weather," she said, with a quiet smile. "I don't know what society and I would do with each other. I'm thinkin' I'd be best where I've been fitted by the years that have gone over me, and that's in my own home. I'm better in beddin' than anywhere else. But my girls have gone far from me, and I'm glad I found a daughter. I'll be here, quiet, with you often, dear, but not to spoil the splendor when the big world breaks through. We've grown so close, daughter, that it never'll matter again where my little body stays, will it?"

"Close!" As close as love, as close as closeness!" cried Celia, illustrating with a hug that engulfed Jack's little mother. "Oh, you dear little brown saint, I do love you!"

MARION AMES TAGGART.

THE SOUPERS IN IRELAND

A BROT OF PROSELYTIZERS WENT ABOUT TRADING ON THE WANT AND MISERIES OF THE PEOPLE AND STEALING SOULS FROM HEAVEN

A very dismal article might be written on the "Soupier Period" of Irish history in fact, many a sad account has been written on the same subject. As I have been in the tracks of the soupers (long since departed) in Connemara and in Kerry I feel inclined to be discursive on the subject. No amount of reading can make the same impression on one as a personal visit to the scene of the happenings he intends to chronicle, and personal interviews with those who lived through the dark and dreary days with whose history he is concerned.

Some of your readers may not know who the soupers were, and what their aim was. Well, to make a long story short, the "soupers" were the vilest species of the wolverine ever molded in the shape of a human being. When famine stalked through Ireland, and the main food of the people failed, hunger was most keenly felt in those parts where the land was bad and the means of producing food extremely scanty. In these circumstances flights of human vultures blackened the skies of Connemara and Kerry. They brought food and money, but that food and money were proffered to the gaunt spectres that crawled or staggered with weakness and hunger on condition that they renounce their faith. Honest hearted Australians, no matter what their religion, will be shocked to hear such things, and yet they were done in the light of day and in the teeth of powerless public opinion and of national indignation.

Nor can it be alleged in mitigation of this crime against the rights of humanity that the soupers were casual stragglers, led by fanaticism, or imprudent zealots impelled by superstitious impulse. Not at all. The soupers were a class in themselves—a perfectly organized body, trained and equipped for their special work with all the precision of a government department. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the government of the day had a big hand in the doings of the soupers, whose efforts it encouraged, and whose success it rewarded.

There were several soupier colonies in counties Kerry and Connemara. There may have been other such colonies in other parts of Ireland, but as I never went up much about the subject, I will limit my remarks to those places where the ruins of the soupier shops may be seen, and where the actors in anti-souping campaigns may still be met.

HOW THE SOUPIERS WORKED

The soupier program was this: They came to a locality under the patronage of some rich landlord, and enjoyed the protection of the magistracy and the district inspector. They will be readily understood under what favorable auspices their body-maturing, soul-matching operations were begun. They built comfortable cottages, offered a weekly wage to perverts from Catholicity, also a comfortable home, with plenty of food, besides soup, warm clothing, by day and by night. Now any one who has passed through a long, dreary Irish winter, especially such winters as used to be in bygone times—for the seasons have changed—such a one will quickly perceive the attraction which food, fire and shelter and clothing, must have for the poor, famishing, shivering, half-clothed, homeless human beings. It's no wonder that a brief visit was obtained here, and a small percentage of the starving people yielded to the temptations held out to them. It is quite possible that many of them were in good faith, as they did not renounce their religion, and many have deluded themselves into believing that their action was justifiable. That the government of the day was in league with this nefarious propaganda of proselytism is borne out by history. About 1847 Lord Aberdeen apologized in Parliament for the non-transmission of a marine force to Morocco as "Her Majesty's vessels were on duty on the coast of Ireland." The fact is the war vessel Stentor and the brigantine Lynx were at that time in Dingle Harbour, and sent ashore armed to protect a famous pervert who on a particular Sunday joined the ranks of the soupers. An excerpt from history

may shed some light on this sad period, when the dogs prowled on the graveyards, and rooted up the bones of the dead for food.

"BUT NEVERTHELESS," writes Father T. Maher, S. J., "in all the dark days of her persecutions, the poor Irish people held to their faith so cruelly tried as during the dreadful famine years of '45, '46, and '47." "Then was it," adds the historian, "that this island became like a lazaret house, like a country over which the destroying angel had swept with devastating effect, the whole population struck down, the air a pestilence, the fields a solitude, the chapel deserted, the priest and the pauper famishing together. No inquest, no rites, no record of the dead. Then was it that in the pangs of their hunger, in the throes of their death agony our Catholic people were shamefully assailed by proselytism, now more especially under the form of opportunism, as never in their history were they assailed before."

"Abundance of food collected by Protestant agencies in England and all over the world was forwarded to the stricken districts; a fine condition alone being attached to its distribution—the Catholics receiving it should renounce their faith. It seemed as if the whole population would perish. It seemed as if the entire race would vanish and disappear. One million two hundred thousand, it is estimated, died during that dismal period of disease and starvation; but the food of the soupers they obstinately refused. They would not apostatize their faith."

One scene recorded in West Kerry, a scene typical of many others, tells of a poor widow, surrounded by her three children, dying of hunger by her side. Two of them in a little time perished. The third, a boy about ten years old, alone survived. On the opposite side of the roadway, over against the cabin door, there stood what was called a soup establishment, but the Catholics applying there should first abandon their faith. In the depths of her distress, with her hands clasped in agony, the sorrow-stricken mother would beckon to the starving child that food awaited him beyond. But, oh! bravely, heroically, came the reply to his mother from the famishing, dying boy: "No, mother, no; death is better than apostasy."

That England was an accomplice in the aims and designs of the soupers could be proved by overwhelming evidence. The heartfelt appeal of the English poetess, Adelaide Proctor, to her own nation to disown the dark deeds of superstition may not be known or available to your readers.

"Spare her, O cruel England, thy sister Chained and oppressed she lieth; spare her that cruel blow. When in their wretched cabins, racked by the fever pain, And their bodies marred by their children, When asking for food in vain; When starving, naked, helpless, from the shed that keeps them warm. Man has driven them forth to perish in a less cruel hour. Then, sister, hear my cry, For all we ask, O England, is to leave them there to die. Cursed is the food and raiment for which they starve and die. Tempt not another Judas to barter God for gold. You offer food and shelter, if they their faith deny. What you do gain, O England, for such a shallow lie? Take back your bribes, then England; your gold is black and dim; And if God sends plague and famine, they can die and go to Him."

I supplement the above by three ballads (two of which are very rare), setting forth various phases of superstition. The first is to be preserved to Father D. O'Sullivan's Imitation of Christ in Irish, published in 1822. This ballad is half in Irish and half in English, and is a dialogue between an old woman and her son who had succumbed to the culinary arguments of the soupers. This ballad is not couched in artistic or polite language, and some vanished social usages are referred to.

"You're welcome home, O Tim." "Thank you kindly, mother." "How's your health, O Tim?" "Finely, finely, mother." "And where's your son, O Tim?" "I'll tell you the whole truth, mother. In truth I went to school to learn the rules of grammar. One day I was at home, and a headache in my belly; I walked and went astray, and walked my way to Castlederry. The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in clover. I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over."

"And what did you get, O Tim?" "A fine big shawley, mother." "And what a sort of one, O Tim?" "Every kind of color. I thought that was all right, that meat would be in on the table. For they killed a cow that died. But it was all a fable. The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggog. He ate the meat himself, we only got the cabbage. The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted; She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it. We were honored there one day by bonnets they call, cottage. And when they went away, we called them landlady and her maid. But, mother, wait awhile, we'll try to treat them civil. And when the pratties grow again, we'll pitch them to the devil!"

"This last line has a lot of history in it. Potatoes of one year usually last to March of the following year. The new ones don't be in for three or four months after that and this time of starvation and destitution was the rarest harvest time for the soupers. A pathetic anecdote illustrates this point. A poor creature had to pass the Catholic church, of which he was a member, on his way to the soupers' headquarters. The unfortunate wretch, whose vitals are being gnawed with hunger tries to reconcile his duty to his soul with his duty to his

stomach, and so puts in his snaggy head at the door of the church, and looks up at the altar, and says: "Good-bye, Almighty God, till the pratties grow again." This was the usual prayer of poor perverts in those times.

The second ballad I was more successful, after much search, in getting from an enthusiastic collector. The poet's sarcasm is herein directed against Mrs. Smyley's homes for converts from Rome, in the city of Dublin. The headquarters were Merrion Square.

MRS. SMYLEY, THE SOUPER "Arrah, Mrs. McGrath, did you hear the news? I'm sure, my jewel, you know it. Sure the quality's going to save our son. And pay us for lettin' 'em do it. Ye may curse and swear, the devil may care; Ye may steal, blaspheme and be more especially under the form of opportunism, as never in their history were they assailed before."

"Abundance of food collected by Protestant agencies in England and all over the world was forwarded to the stricken districts; a fine condition alone being attached to its distribution—the Catholics receiving it should renounce their faith. It seemed as if the whole population would perish. It seemed as if the entire race would vanish and disappear. One million two hundred thousand, it is estimated, died during that dismal period of disease and starvation; but the food of the soupers they obstinately refused. They would not apostatize their faith."

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whole circle of Irish ballad poetry contains nothing more sad than the above, and those who, like us, know the circumstances of the time from their grandparents, and the hard lot of the poor victims of famine, will not easily restrain their tears.

"THEY'RE GONE, THEY'RE GONE, THOSE PENAL DAYS." As there is no use in opening old sores by giving heart-rending details of the doings of superstition, I will conclude this sketch with Thomas Davis' poem on the Penal Days. The concluding verse is singularly appropriate now when the eastern sky in Ireland is bright with the dawn of freedom.

Oh! weep those days, the penal days, When Ireland hopelessly complained. Oh! weep those days, the penal days, When Godless persecution reigned! When year by year For self and peer, Fresh cruelties were made by law, And filled with hate Our Saviour's name.

To weld anew each fetter's flaw. Oh, weep those days, those penal days— Their memory still on Ireland weighs. They bribed the flock, they bribed the son, To sell the priest and rob the sire; Their dogs were taught alike to run Upon the scent of wolf and friar.

On the moor, Or on the shore, Were hid the pious and the true— While traitor knave And recreant slave Had risen and set on foot a state sleeping their long sleep under the soft Italian sky. Early this morning prowling about among the ghosts of the past, my steps led me that way, and I slipped in and sat down to think. There four candles burned on the altar, and before some favorite saint's shrine: the morning sun shone through the cruciform windows overhead and straggled through the open door which a green curtain screened loosely. The sounds of the busy world without were hushed. An aged priest crossed himself and mumbled his prayers at the back of the church. Some market women did reverence before their saint. Before the image of the crucified Lord knelt two women in deep black, one old and one quite young and kissed His feet. A stray cat stole through the door; the old priest lifted it with gently careless hand. It stroked itself fearlessly against his knee. A smothered sob throbbled through the sanctuary, and its peace seemed deeper than before. The crumbling pillars, the tinsel and tawdry sacred paintings, as I remembered it, covered the walls yet. There was not much outward change in the premises, and there was none at all in the name. What had been the Cloister of the Holy Ghost was now the Beer Garden of the Holy Ghost, and no one said them nay. When I told the landlord that it had struck a chill to my very marrow, he smiled indulgently at my crank notions.

"So it was with some misgivings I went to church over here this summer. I had had a sample of the length to which crass materialism can go in Germany, or twenty years I had seen from afar the simple faith of my homeland swamped by the bitter and barren critics of the Brandes School until it seemed in the echoes that reached me through my papers and the literature of the day, as if the sunest they had made their it had eaten the heart out of the people. And between the clash of the reactionary forces, with the spirit of free on breaking its way all through the Continent of Europe, I dreaded the loss of the old reverence of the old trust. I dreaded the empty pews that would tell too plainly of the emptier hearts."

But Mr. Riis was happily disappointed in many churches he visited in various parts of Europe. He found the places of worship well filled. "The people were there," he says. "Once more it is the wise and learned who are blind. Like I shall not say, for everyone who brought his own hymn book and there were none to spare. They broke it off in the middle when the preacher came in through his own door and went straight to the pulpit, and the sermon was over they sang the rest."

"Is it that in Switzerland the mountains chant perpetually the glory and praise of the Almighty and need not pany man's testimony that imparts to the outward manifestations of Calvin's theology its utterly hideous aspect? I shall let theologians answer the question. I am glad that Martin Luther left to my forefathers in the Reformation some of the warmth and color of the old worship which the others clawed at as if it were their one desperate purpose to strip the faith of every shred of human flesh, as it were, and make it sit in its bones. I shall long remember the shock the once beautiful Cathedral of Lausanne gave me. Beautiful still in

THE DESOLATION OF THE REFORMATION

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT FROM THE PEN OF AN EMINENT AMERICAN

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, President Roosevelt's friend, and in the Colonel's opinion, "America's best citizen," contributes to The Churchman, the well-known Anglican paper, the following notes of a recent European visit: "Two years ago we spent Sunday in Mainz on Rhine and did not sleep much that night, owing to the noise of traffic in a famous beer garden next door. It had once been a cloister. Next day I visited the old monastery made over into a beer restaurant. Busy waiters rushed foaming mugs to many little tables in what was once, I suppose, the chapel where the monks said their prayers. The sacred paintings, as I remembered it, covered the walls yet. There was not much outward change in the premises, and there was none at all in the name. What had been the Cloister of the Holy Ghost was now the Beer Garden of the Holy Ghost, and no one said them nay. When I told the landlord that it had struck a chill to my very marrow, he smiled indulgently at my crank notions."

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its majestic lines, it is as old as the altar grave. Every touch of color goes—its chancel ravished and empty. Where the altar stood a gray and dreary waste, with two ugly black tables for the Communion service. Why should the Lord's Temple be made so repellent? One touch, and only one, redeemed it all to me, but that was not of Calvin or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I had my misgivings about the Apostolic Succession when I joined the Church, and have them still, though I no longer cherish them. They do not seem to me of enough importance, to tell the truth. But to me those four cuts in the marble floor were worth more than John Calvin's pulpit, and even his high-backed chair, straight and stiff or his follower's doing. Where the image of the Virgin had stood they showed us four deep cuts in the floor, worn through the centuries by the feet of worshippers bowing before it. Idolatry, was it? Well, I am not a Romanist, not even a High Churchman. I

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

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

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DOMINIC, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, F.D. FALCONE, Arch. Vicar, A.D.M. Dioc.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1911

ORGANIC CHURCH UNION

The Rev. Dr. Milligan, a retired or emeritus Presbyterian Minister of Toronto, having time on his hands, seems to be devoting himself to what he calls Organic Church Union. What he means by it is less definite and more loud sounding than we ourselves would desire if we were directly concerned in seeking the union. To our mind Protestantism is to individualize to admit of organization, to display the essential qualities of a Church or to attain unity. We may, and do, deplore the divisions of Christianity—that saddening spectacle to men and angels. We think that as Protestantism is what it is through individualism and the devotion practised by individuals, so union can come only through the return of these units to the one true fold.

soles himself with the idea that in the "organic principle, Christ and Him crucified ought to find an adequate solution." So they would, and so they did, under the pen and thought of St. Thomas of Aquin. The Presbyterian of the twentieth century overlooks a number of chapters of doctrine, truth and worship which undoubtedly come out of Christ and Him crucified. He has forgotten the church, he is silent about the sacraments, nor does he say a word about grace, that supernatural fruit of Calvary's Tree. Dr. Milligan's organic principle is to be despised. Nor is it to be minimized. It extends to all the courtyards of the Church. At the altar it is the worship of the Most High. In the pulpit it is the preacher's universal theme. At the baptismal fountain it is the laver of regeneration, and in the tribunal the word of pardon. To the pontiff it is jurisdiction and sacred union.

Of these and many more important and essential points Dr. Milligan has kept ominous silence. The foundations are unsound and what little superstructure he has erected is wofully weak. He is prepared to admit that Arminian and Calvinist can "organize around Christ and Him crucified, agreeing for all practical purposes that the elect are those who will be saved and the non-elect are those who will not." That is profound; the elect are those who will be saved and the non-elect are those who will not. What is the purpose of inane truisms? If this be the strength of an organic principle in the proposed Church Union it is weaker than straw and as light as a feather. Salvation is the crucial point between the Arminian and the Calvinist. For Dr. Milligan to suggest what he does is to insult ordinary intelligence. These people may talk as they please about Church Union, Organic or Federated. It makes little difference. As long as they bring to it their primary Protestant principle of private judgment it is sure to fail. They are not seeking the lost pearl. They are striving to manufacture one of their own. An eclectic Church, with material chosen by different members of different sects cannot claim to be Christ's Church. It is to our Blessed Lord's Church that we, if they be sincere in their desire for united Christianity, must come. All the good we see in this talk about Church Union is the admission that division is wrong and something is needed. Human considerations and national prejudices play so far the larger part in the attempts at reconstruction. God has his designs in all these movements. May He lead them on, not to the worldly formation of man, not to the increase and strength of that one Church where alone unity is to be found, and to which in the beginning it was duly guaranteed.

BAPTIST OR CONGREGATIONALIST

A prominent minister of a prominent New York Baptist Church has shaken the dust not only of the city but of the motto for his own purpose. "The true function and end of Church organization," says this eminent minister, "is the readiness to adopt organic changes in religious enterprise." Surely not. To adopt organic changes is not the problem before these gentlemen. The real question is to restore their divided house to the unity in which our Divine Lord established and promised to maintain His Church. Men may organize a Church union from now till the crack of doom. That will not mend matters. It will make confusion worse confounded by its increased magnitude. It will not be Christ's Church. The pearl is lost, and these men must borrow a light and call in their neighbors and search the house thoroughly. Union is not unity still less is any union constituted by self-appointed committees apostolic. Dr. Milligan gives himself away in saying that distinction must be made between "pearl and shell." Who is to be the judge between the spiritual pearl and the spiritual shell? Unless such a judge can show that he possesses jurisdiction by divine right and by the authorization of Christ, we cannot receive him. If any angel from heaven were to preach another gospel than that proposed by the Apostles we should reject it. Primary and secondary interests, essentials and non-essentials, are terms which Dr. Milligan handles drolly, but always with the foregone supposition that private judgment must remain the highest court of appeal. Dr. Milligan's suggested Church Union limits itself to a national Church whose "organic principle" is to be "Christ and Him Crucified." This Dr. holds to be "centrally" essential, a kind of bull's-eye in the target. Is there nothing else essential? By what principle do these Unionists take upon themselves the responsibility of discriminating between the revelations made by "Christ and Him Crucified," accepting some and rejecting others, regarding certain truths as essential and discarding the rest as unessential? Is not the Church itself essential? Our Lord clearly taught that the man who would not eat His flesh and drink His blood would not have life. Dr. Milligan con-

in each." As church-builders and organizers our non-Catholic architects are peculiar. They do not look well to the foundations or seek material from the right quarry. This blistering boast of the union on the one hand and the fellowship of the Church with science on the other, is nothing but the unspiritual selfishness of materialism. "The one," says this Rev. Dr. Aked with profound self-complacency, "and only hope of saving the twentieth century is the ability of the church to restate its dogmas in harmony with the revelation to the world which science has made. Let the church fail to do this and the future generations will wander in agnosticism." A church which has to restate its dogmas is self-condemned. Private judgment may have to revise its opinions from time to time; but the dogmas of Christ's Church once formulated "stand four square to all the winds that blow." False science, materialistic philosophy, agnosticism, pantheism, ceasarism may all rush in together or pour their tidal waves one after another: the dogma remains the power and resurrection of God. But dogma, to be dogma and not a mere collocation of words, requires authority. Not every one can say: Thus saith the Lord. It is only Peter who can authoritatively state: "It seemeth good to the Holy Ghost." We are not surprised that the Rev. Dr. Aked finds it opportune for a revision of Baptist teaching, seeing that he is leaving the Baptists to try the Congregational creed. Perhaps in another four years the gentleman may find that the dogmas—so-called—of the Congregationalists will demand correction and emendation. It was an old Greek philosopher who held that it was dux and change. So is it with Protestantism.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

These pets of modern irreligion are just now in the limelight. A pitiful figure they display, without the redeeming excuse that they are doing something for the intellectual outfit of the province. They should show a small return for all that is lavished upon them and for what is expected from them. Neither in refinement, morals or intellectual culture do the Public schools of Ontario deserve aught but obloquy and condemnation. Mrs. Thornley's charge against the local cases of our city of London is not only corroborated, but letters to the Toronto Globe show that the worst festering sores are eating out the life of the whole system. The writers of these letters speak from experience. Their voice comes from various quarters, all testifying "to the prevalent state of affairs along moral lines." One teacher from Kingston finds "more immorality and profanity, more disgusting and suggestive actions among scholars in towns and cities than in the rural districts." He finds that neither rural schools nor public buildings are free from the same filth. Where is the blame to be placed or what remedy is to be applied? A Professor of McMaster University, Toronto, who spent the summer of 1909 in a lecturing tour through western Ontario concluded from the writing he saw on the walls of outhouses in connection with the schools that their moral tone was anything but elevating, and that the neglect of teachers and trustees was most culpable. What is the cure of such widespread evil? Catholic moralists have held this charge, amongst others, against the public schools from their inception. Evidence upon evidence has been forced upon their notice not only about the lack of religious training of these schools, but also concerning the immorality learned through the bad example and wickedness of evil companions. What surprises Catholic moralists is, that notwithstanding their warnings, the supporters of these public schools ridiculed them, and held that the schools were far superior in every way to the parochial schools. Now when the teachers and ministers are out, acknowledging the fault, the country pays attention. What is, we ask again, the remedy? In the case of a pest or epidemic it is always segregation. There is no use the CATHOLIC RECORD offering remedy, for it will be too Catholic. Separate your boys and girls. Get religious communities to teach the latter as well as the younger boys. Send all the children who have attained the use of reason to confession regularly. By adopting these measures a generation will grow up not knowing evil, with purity in soul and God in heart. As long as co-education endures so long are the young doubly exposed to the temptations and snares of bad companions. Unless the strings of the heart be taken when moral life is in its start, and unless the supervision extend to the interior, all external precautions are to little purpose. There is no virtue which the Catholic Church values so highly or fosters with such care as the virtue of purity. Without the sacraments her children could not nourish it and without religious teachers or without prayer our poor children would not be protected. They would be corrupted and their innocence lost before their parents would

know it. In the angelic virtue of an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Although the Public schools will not accept our suggestions, they are the only ones likely to prove efficacious, and they are well intended.

MARRIAGE CASES

As advice to the Rev. Mr. Hincks, of the Methodist Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, we think he ought to devote one of his Sunday evenings to the celebrated Fraser case of Midland, a town on the Georgian Bay. The trial is now before three judges of our higher courts, and is fully reported in the Toronto journals. It is more than usually romantic, in that the groom is of the super-mature age of four score and something and possessed of wealth. Whether he is possessed of his wife, or was possessed of them at the time of his marriage, about two years ago, is the point to be decided. The bride or wife is only thirty-two years of age, discreet but strikingly peculiar when she was wooed and won by a man fifty years her senior. Now it would be most interesting for the Rev. Mr. Hincks to discuss this case, all the more because he holds it a crime to pronounce invalid a marriage which has been held valid. How can it be doubted? The wife is the daughter of a minister from Dundas. Her father performed the ceremony. It was no mixed marriage. No priest had a hand in it. We hope that the Prophet of Broadway Tabernacle will not confine himself to the betrothal and marriage of Catholics, or of Catholics with Protestants. The Fraser case should not be overlooked.

Here is another for the same gentleman, taken from The London Tablet of the 1st inst.:

"Those who now declaim against the Pope may well be reminded of an incident like the following, which is described in a Bill in Chancery filed October 21, 1767, for an excerpt from which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Hobson Matthews:

"And in support of the objection made by said William Dolby and Mary his wife, and Ann Blewitt, to the legitimacy of the Orator, they presented that Orator's mother (formerly Mary Country) was born of Popish parents and educated in the Popish religion, and that she was a Papist at the time of her marriage with said Edward Blewitt, Orator's father; and that Orator's father was then a Protestant, and therefore the marriage was void by the laws of Ireland, where same was solemnized, and particularly by Stat. (Ireland) 19 Geo. II, which enacted that from and after 1 May 1746 every marriage celebrated between a Papist and every person who hath professed himself a Protestant within twelve months before such marriage, or between two Protestants, if celebrated by a Popish priest, should be absolutely null and void, without any judgment of law whatsoever.

"They therefore pretend that said Edward Blewitt, was not lawfully married to your Orator's mother, and that so your Orator is not the lawful son of said Edward Blewitt and hath no right to the estates."

BISHOP EVANS AND BELLARMINI

We referred not long ago to a lengthy and peculiar sermon by Bishop Evans upon The Reformation. It was less devoted to the development of the title than to an attack upon, and vilification of, the Catholic Church. The gentleman seems to have gathered material without stint or discretion. He never paused to ask himself whether a certain quotation proved what he wished it to prove. Much less did he compare his extracts with their original sources. As long as he had a mass of material which, with a semblance of truth and a pretence of learning, he could hurl against the Church, he cared for nothing else. A congregation listening to a preacher with a purple gown, though borrowed, is not apt to question the authorities cited. We can imagine that when Bishop Evans went down from his pulpit after finishing his sermon he was perfectly satisfied with himself, whilst the people on their way home wagged their heads with the conviction of Rome's iniquity and the righteousness of Protestantism. Protestantism has always an erroneous apology for itself in the abuse of the old Church. Let us not forget Bishop Evans. We select one extract to show how unscrupulous and careless this gentleman can be when attacking Catholicism or quoting Catholic theologians. He undertakes to quote Bellarmine: "Cardinal Bellarmine says: 'If the Pope should err by enjoining or forbidding virtues, the Church would be obliged to believe the vices to be good and the virtues bad, unless it would sin against its own conscience.'" The Bishop refers this to Cardinal Bellarmine De Pontif. Lib. IV, Ch. 5. He did not take it from the original, but from the Rev. Strong, in "Our Country" p. 52. The great theologian Cardinal

Bellarmino never wrote such disgusting trash as that. Either Bishop Evans himself or Rev. Strong did not translate the Cardinal properly, misconstrued his sentences and distorted his argument in order to deal a blow at the Church. Malice and ignorance are weak auxiliaries. Let us see what the Cardinal really did say. We shall find it the contrary of that attributed to him by Bishop Evans. Bellarmine states his third proposition: "Not only in decrees of Faith the Supreme Pontiff cannot err but he cannot err in precepts of morals which are prescribed to the whole Church, and which, in things necessary for salvation, or in those things which per se are good or evil." Two strong precautionary conditions are here laid down: that the precepts in question are necessary for salvation and that the prescription is to the whole Church; and which the Pope cannot err in things moral which per se are good or bad. It cannot be that the Pope could err by commanding some vice, e.g., usury; or by forbidding some virtue, as restitution. That the Pope may command something which is useless and which is not per se good or bad it may be. But it does not belong to subjects to judge of the usefulness. If the Pope could err in these matters which are mentioned by Bellarmine, viz., things necessary for salvation and matters per se good or bad, a serious injury would befall the Church and the promise of Our Lord would fail: "When the Spirit of truth shall come He shall teach you all truth." The truth which is necessary for salvation and which concerns things good or bad in themselves must be the least lesson of the Holy Spirit to the Church. The Cardinal's argument is a very simple and logical one, based upon the principle that the Church must be holy, and the equally irrefutable principle that we are obliged to obey the Church. So far from Bellarmine holding the damnable doctrine attributed to him by Bishop Evans, he maintains the opposite. Almighty God Himself cannot make a vice to be good or a virtue to be bad. We cannot judge whether Bishop Evans himself believed what he was saying. If he did he must be credulous. If he did not he must be malicious, because he shows himself quite prepared to believe three hundred millions of his fellowmen and that through three hundred years, the time of Cardinal Bellarmine. In either case Bishop Evans' position is untenable; for a man who is so easily gulled is a blind guide leading the blind. The Bishop should not forget that Bellarmine is only one theologian amongst thousands, so that even through this illiterate and careless Bishop's quotation happened to be correct, it would not be Catholic doctrine. It would be an opinion. But in justice to the great Cardinal Bellarmine we draw the line between his real opinion and that in which Bishop Evans has mendaciously falsified him.

CAESAR OR CHRIST

"He must be slow of comprehension and void of imagination who cannot conceive of circumstances arising in this country, where the State should assert it to be its duty to violate whatever Protestants believe to be the moral law of God." The foregoing looks like a quotation from a Papal Encyclical, but in reality it is an extract from "Obiter Dicta," by Mr. Augustine Birrell, a non-Conformist, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. We commend it to the gentlemen who have worked themselves up to such a white heat over the Ne Temere decree on mixed marriages. A little reflection thereon would be most profitable. If they are honest, and it may be that many of them are sincere enough according to their lights, they must admit that it warns them against a very present danger, and they will think twice before they tack on Erastianism to their strange confession of faith. We have heard much loose talk from pulpit and press about the rights of the State and its jurisdiction in things spiritual. Blind prejudice against Rome is at the root of it. But if the civil power is once enthroned in the sanctuary, who can see the end? Will it be for a divided church to say: thus far but no farther? Our friends should beware of sowing the dragon's teeth. More than curses come home to roost. It may gratify their childish spleen to see the State infringe upon the liberties of the Catholic Church, but what if it should come to be their own turn some day? The Catholic Church has always to bear the first brunt of attack, because it is most obnoxious to the State, but if the civil authority can interfere with impunity with a Church that even her enemies admit is great and powerful, who will foolishly say it would fear to infringe on the rights of a smaller and weaker body? If our friends would only endeavor to see things as they are, and not as they appear to be through the distorted perspective of a heated imagination, they cannot but realize that their present road will lead them right up against a formidable stone wall, which, if they succeed in surmounting, will unhook them in the process. Recent history has demonstrated the truth of Mr. Birrell's statement. In

England the State has violated "what Protestants believe to be the moral law of God." Parliament has legalized marriage with a deceased wife's sister, although the Church regards it as unlawful. What do our indignant champions of civil authority think that? Would they punish an English High Church minister who refused to do what the State authorized him to do? Render to Caesar the things that are of Caesar, but to God what is His. Did you never hear it? Or was Christ, too, a reactionary?

How absurd is this theory of the rights of the State in things spiritual is amply proved by this very controversy. For if the State is the judge of the validity of the marriage bond, then, since each State has its own code of morals, and some of them very dissimilar, God must approve of all. Thus God approves of the Turkish code of morality equally with the Christian. Hence if a Bible-loving citizen of Toronto were to migrate to Constantinople he might lawfully take unto himself several wives! Take another example: The French civil law allows Frenchmen married in London to disavow their English wives on French soil. Would Rev. Mr. Hincks aid Monsieur in contracting a bigamous marriage? The Ne Temere decree is denounced as tending to break up the home. If a secondul gets tired of his wife he can take refuge behind the decree. Of course this is rank nonsense, but we would make bold to remind our friends that the great patron saint of civil control of marriage Henry VIII. did not need to fall back on the decree. He preferred to see the heads of his wives fall on the block. Hatred of Rome has led to many an absurdity, but never before to anything like this. Can it be that some people would prefer Caesar to Christ if it meant siding against the Pope? A little more and we will be shouting, as on the first Good Friday, "we have no king but Caesar." "COLUMBA."

LOW JOURNALISM

Last summer a person was arrested in England for stating that our beloved king had contracted a morganatic marriage in Gibraltar. At the trial it was found that there was no justification whatever for such a statement and the culprit is now serving out a term in prison. A report somewhat similar has been published in regard to the present king of Spain. It is said that the Queen is seeking a separation from her husband because of ill-treatment and bad conduct generally. This statement appears in a press despatch from Madrid via France published in The Guardian, Bay Roberts, Nfld. It is dated 27th Jan. As we have not seen this report in any other paper in America it would be worth while were the publisher of The Guardian to state where and how he received it. It looks very much like that fictitious literature which makes Orange publications occupy such a low grade in journalism. It may be that the manufacturer of this rumor felt he was safe from prosecution from the fact that the King of Spain would not take any notice of him. But sometimes kings do notice such things and perhaps the King of Spain would take measures to discover the author of this ridiculous canard. All accounts from Spain go to show that the King and Queen live a very happy married life and are beloved by their subjects.

FOND OF THE LIMELIGHT

Our Methodist neighbors have become unduly perturbed because of the Ne Temere decree. Grave and learned divines of that sect have sat in solemn conclave in the Queen City and have resolved to take militant steps to stay its operation. How they can effect this will bring them some anxious hours. They threaten to have recourse to legislative bodies, but this has been tried many times without avail. Bismark went to Canossa. Dr. Carman and his brother divines will find that such will be the case also in Canada. If they succeed in having placed in the statutes legislation which has for object the curtailment of the rights of God's Church to legislate for the temporal, and more especially the eternal, welfare of its members. It is lamentable to notice ministers of the gospel so coarse, so offensive, and so un-Christian in their utterances about the Catholic Church. They opened proceedings in Toronto by denouncing the Ne Temere decree, and in order to have this denouncement well spiced, Rev. Dr. Graham proclaimed it as a fact for which he can vouch that the Jesuits were directly responsible for the Franco-Prussian war, and that the dogmas of Jesuitism authorized wickedness, trickery and theft. He might also have added that they were responsible for the lateness of the spring season, Dr. Graham should remember the fate of the man who recently libelled the King, and take warning. Were any member of the Jesuit order to bring him into court on a charge of libel, his usefulness as a minister of the gospel would come to an end. Decrees coming from the Father of Christendom are hearken! to and obeyed by every Catholic. Enactments

of the chief men of the sects are as a rule received with the utmost indifference. In matters of doctrine and discipline every member cherishes his right to private interpretation, and he may or may not give heed to the enactments of the yearly parliament of the particular church to which he belongs. He may hold, with one Methodist divine in this city, that Christ is "more than man and less than God," and yet retain his card of good membership. As to personal conduct, too, he is quite free, Methodist discipline to the contrary notwithstanding. He may attend the races, he may go to the opera house of an evening, he may play cards and he may dance, and the money he tenders for his pew and the change he places in the collection envelope will still be received. He will continue to be addressed as "brother," and get the kiss of peace. We would advise our separated friends in Toronto to leave the old church alone. It is fighting to preserve the sacred ordinance of matrimony from the pollution of modernism, to promote the sanctity of family life—and it ill becomes men who wish to be known as Christians to seek to place obstructions in the way.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE DAILY press has been giving much publicity to the celebration in Rome of the fortieth anniversary of the unification of Italy. This, it has been declared, was one of the great events of the nineteenth century, and signalled not only the birth of Italy as a nation and a world power, but the emancipation of the people from the tyranny of a clique of oligarchs and the oppression of the tax-gatherer under which for a long course of years they had lain helpless and bound.

WE HAVE no intention of discussing here the question of Italian unity as a political measure or the effect it may ultimately have upon the fortunes of the race. That it has given Italy a place in the world's affairs, and created a new type of Italian patriotism, it would be idle to deny. But it may be said once and for all that a unity built upon spoliation and rapine has within it, ere yet the summit of the ambition of the house of Savoy has been attained, elements that can scarcely be said to make for permanence. This is a feature of "Italy's Jubilee" that has been kept carefully in the background by those who have descended so effusively upon the glories of the Revolution. To such it was nothing that the pillage of the Church and the practical imprisonment in perpetuity of the Holy Father was the price of a United Italy.

A MORE concrete proposition is the effect this revolution has had upon the finances of Italy and their bearing upon the pockets of the people. An English paper, the Southern Daily Echo of Southampton, in an article on the "Jubilee," has laid much stress upon the "reactionary spirit that pervaded the Papal States," and upon the "iniquitous taxation under which its subjects groaned." This has drawn from a correspondent of the Tablet some reflections upon the contrast afforded between then and now. "I have always," he says, "understood that taxes were very light in the Papal States and also in Tuscany, where the Grand Duke, being very wealthy, there was not a great call made on the people. If I recollect rightly, the Grand Duke kept up his army out of his own resources." This is fully in accord with the testimony of contemporary writers and it would be difficult for any theorist to go behind the mass of documentary evidence (not mere hearsay) assembled by John Francis Maguire in his book "Rome: its ruler, institutions and people." How far the dicta of the Southampton paper is true, viz. that "progress of any kind was resisted, science and mechanical invention utterly repudiated, and education deliberately checked," a perusal of Mr. Maguire's book will show. It would not be pleasant reading for theorists of the Echo school, for it constitutes an unanswerable vindication of the wisdom and beneficence of government under the administration of the Popes. And we can imagine that those who now pay so dearly for the privileges of Italian unity cast many a wistful glance back to the days that were.

AS TO the days that are, it is all sweetness and felicity, and unbounded prosperity that rests upon the people of Rome and of Italy, as we are asked to believe? One of the leading organs of English public opinion, The Daily Chronicle, has spoken out the truth bluntly and without thought of the consequences. In January last, with the great jubilee immediately in prospect, it had this to say upon the authority of its Florence correspondent: "Mass meetings were held in all the principal Italian cities to-day to protest against dear food and big rents, and to urge universal suffrage as a remedy. In Florence there was a procession of sixty thousand citizens through the streets. They marched with banners flying and under the auspices of the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DOES AN EDUCATION PAY?

Does it pay for an acorn to become an oak? Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus? Does it pay to fit oneself for a superior position? Does it pay to get a glimpse of the joy of living? Does it pay for a chrysalis to unfold into a butterfly? Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind? Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrow life? Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope? Does it pay to know how to take the dry, dreary drudgery out of life? Does it pay to have the exhilaration of feeling one's powers unfold? Does it pay for a rosebud to open its petals and fling out its beauty to the world? Does it pay to push one's horizon farther out, in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision? Does it pay to learn how to center thought with power, how to marshal one's mental force effectively? Does it pay to become an enlightened citizen, able to see through the sophistries of political claptrap and vote intelligently on public matters? Does it pay to change a bar of rough pig iron into hairpins or watch-cases which might otherwise remain undiscovered? Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered? Does it pay the sculptor to call out from the rough block the statue that sleeps in the marble, and to tell the story of heroism and greatness to unborn generations? Does it pay to have one's mentality stirred by the passion for expansion, to feel the tonic of growth, the indescribable satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of perpetual enlargement? Does it pay to have four years filled with the most delightful associations with cultured, noble, and successful men, and to emerge from the college with a mind that is not dulled or shattered by disappointment, or the unbounded faith in human nature shocked by violated pledges?—Success.

READ THIS

The following editorial taken from the Catholic Tribune, St. Joseph, Mo., may be read with interest by young men everywhere: "There was no dirty talk where he was," That was one of the words of praise that were uttered by the coffin of a young man the other day. One who knew him well, uttered them. "He couldn't bear to listen to anything impure, and never hesitated to show that it offended him. He kept his own mind clean. To all women he was a high-minded gentleman. Instinctively they trusted him. The look out of his clear eyes was open and innocent. There was no bad thought back of those eyes. He influenced for good everyone who knew him. He avoided the occasions of sin. He was fond of innocent pleasure and was always cheerful. But his gravity was not stiffness. He had the grit to fast in Lent and to get out of bed to go to mass every morning. He was a practical Catholic. He went to Holy Communion often. But he made no parade of his virtues and only his intimate friends found him out. To others he was only a pleasant acquaintance, a neat, likable fellow, who was noted for being choice in the company he kept. He will not feel ill-at-ease in the society of angels."

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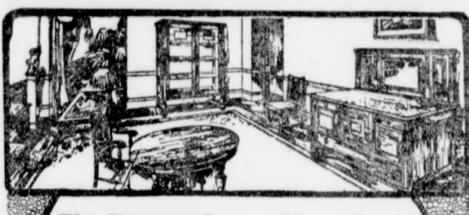


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Every parent should implant into the heart of his children a love for the Faith and a high ideal of its value, that through life they may be upon and very idea of losing it as the greatest of perils. They should instill it into their minds that loyalty to the constituted authorities, above all to the Vicar of Christ, is one of the greatest of guarantees of Faith.

A MOTOR CHAPEL

The Catholic Missionary Society of England, of which Father Herbert Vaughan is the head, has given orders for the construction of a traveling church. The American chapel car, the "St. Anthony," suggested the idea to the English missionaries, and the inception of the work at the time is due to the generosity of an American lady. The Missionary Gazette, for March informs us that: "The railway car (as used in America) seemed less workable in England, first, because the railway has here would make its use almost impossible, and secondly, because the distances are so much smaller here than in the States. For shorter distances the motor car seemed more preferable. The motor chapel can follow the ordinary road and stop at the village green whenever desired. "The apparently so novel has the thorough approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and is heartily welcomed by the Bishop of Northampton, whose extended diocese offers so much scope for the work. "During the coming months of July and August we hope to travel through Norfolk and Suffolk whenever the parish clergy are willing to let us pass, and to give missions in the larger county towns. We have already received the services of many, amongst whom are Fathers E. B. Saiton, Hugh Benson and Vassal Phillips, who have each promised us their services for a week. "The chassis is already bought, and the chapel, being a motor vehicle, will be constructed at the front end of the chapel, on which the altar will be erected. The roof will be beamed, and the part immediately over the altar will be raised 6 inches higher than the remainder. The vertical panel just over the altar will be glazed, and so arranged as to throw light on the altar. Each of the side walls of the chapel will be fitted with two windows. The remaining walls will each contain a concealed folding bed for use if necessary. From these doors a detachable canvas awning, provided with telescopic or folding poles, can be extended, which will be capable of affording shelter to some 200 people. Underneath the whole of the floor there will be 6 inches of space for Catholic Truth Society pamphlets and other literature. We shall carry our own dynamo, and thus we shall be able to light the interior with electric light, and this, with the addition of the headlights, which will be moved to the entrance of the chapel, will give to the whole an attractive and striking appearance. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.



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more subscriptions and you will see a change. "It would be a good plan if every member of a Catholic society would be to be a subscriber to a Catholic paper as a condition of membership. An effective slogan for the Catholic Church in this city and in all other cities and in all rural districts would be: "One Catholic paper, at least, in every Catholic family!"

Reverence says Canon Sheehan, is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence there is no faith, nor hope, nor love. Reverence is the motive of each of the Commandments of Sinai—reverence of God, reverence of our neighbor, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded on it; piety is conserved by it; purity finds in it its shield and buckler. Reverence for God, and all that is associated with Him. His ministers, His temple, His services—that is religion. Reverence for one's neighbor, his goods, his person, his chattels—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean, healthy, pure souls—that is chastity. Satan is slain because he is irreverent. There never yet was an infidel but he was irreverent and a mocker. The jester, and the mime, the laugher and the scerner have no part in the kingdom.



Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful. Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

Whooping Cough CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS Vapo-Cresoline ESTABLISHED 1872 A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. It soothes the inflamed membrane of the throat and relieves the spasms of the chest. It is a powerful expectorant and loosens the phlegm. It is a refreshing and invigorating agent. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all who suffer from these ailments. Vapo-Cresoline Co., Montreal.

ENEMIES

Go straight on and don't mind them. If they try to injure you walk around regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked and that everyone can handle. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. Live down prejudices by right doing. If you savor a dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk, there will be reaction if you perform but your duty, and the sparks, which if you do not blow, will go out of themselves, and those once alienated will look to you and acknowledge error.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHY POOR BOYS MAKE GOOD BUSINESS MEN

The old adage that a man is not a man until he has known what it is to strive for a livelihood is endorsed by Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas is very decided in his views. It is a good thing, he says, for a young man to be born poor. For this reason: If his father is in a prosperous way of business, the son more often than not enters that business. He never realizes the value of money. He may turn out a good business man, but the chances are that he will not, for the simple reason that being well off he will have no incentive to seize opportunities as they come his way. Suppose, however, a young man is born poor and has to work for every penny he owns. Doesn't he realize the value of money, and is he not always on the watch to make the best of chances? Then again, the young man who is born poor keeps green about him the memory of what he was once. He can feel the true nature of things; he can grasp the value of the man who is struggling to come to the front. He has been a poor man himself—he knows what the strength of encouragement is and what good a kindly word does for the working classes; he was once of them. Realizing their struggles himself he works for them, he gains their sympathy and co-operation—he helps himself ahead at the same time. The young man who is born rich is very apt to be particular about his hours of labor—no so the young man who has been brought up to work early and late. The young fellow who wants to get along in the world, and is particular about his hours of labor, is on the wrong track. Employers don't like the man who is always watching the clock. Again, the poor young man, after business hours, is more apt to try to improve himself than is the rich young man. The rich young man feels that he has no need of improving himself in the way of education; the right kind of a poor young man feels that he must. And that is just the spirit which is going to make him succeed. To study is one of the guarantees of success. The poor young man is more apt to have a civil tongue in his head than the rich one. Necessity makes it so. Always be civil.

THE MORAL FORTRESS

The evil in losing love over our spirit is very great. It renders a man defenceless. The quiet man will always be able to defeat the talker, for the latter is like a "city without walls." Calmness and composure can capture an enemy as easily as the army can capture the walled city. To lose control of temper means the loss of a moral fortress and a bulwark of defense. Unreasonable becomes the man who loses his temper, his mind becomes confused like the broken-down city; with no order in his thoughts, he will make confused statements and the truth of the situation is buried beneath the debris of good sense. The violent should remember that anger is never a restorative. Cain may kill Abel, but he loses far more than his dead brother. The moral moves on in spite of unruly tempers, and a display of anger does not change the course of events, though when two persons lose control of their tempers, the result is frequently fatal. For these reasons, we can afford to suffer wrong, rather than do wrong. Excitable men are unhappy men, and they see abnormally and their temper, like a magnifying lens, causes them to see the faults of others in an entirely different light than when calm and composed, and the words of others are misconstrued and taken in a sense which was not intended. The tongue, when it is held, is "set on fire of hell," and woe be to him who loses control of such a dangerous member of the body, for the hands and feet are swift and obedient servants to carry into effect its commands. Let us save our temper, for the glory of God, committing to Him those things that would excite our spirit, and trust His justice to vindicate our injuries, "for vengeance is mine and I will repay," said the Lord.—Catholic Columbian.

SENSIBLE ADVICE

A young man out of work went recently to an older man asking advice. "I have," said the Junior, commanded a certain salary. If I accept the place which offers itself at one-third my previous remuneration, will I not let myself down, practically say that my value has decreased? Is it not better to do nothing than to do what is poorly paid? "John," said the older man, "my advice to a man needing work and out of it, always, is, so to take the first honest thing that comes along. If it is easy, obscure or conspicuous, ill-paid or well-paid, take hold of the work that offers itself to your hand, and do it with your might. You are more likely to find work, if at work somewhere, than if sitting at home doing nothing. In my own day, I once could get no employment except to help the porter in a factory at a dollar a day. I took hold of that; it was all I could find, to-day I control the factory and am an owner of the business."

That Splitting Headache will vanish if you take "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Waters. One point, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

THE PUNCTUAL GIRL

The punctual girl is always a thoughtful girl. She is the girl who does not delay in doing an errand; who never keeps the breakfast waiting while she repairs some forgotten damage to her clothes. No one is ever kept waiting while she sews a rip in her dress or a break in her glove. These things are all done in season. She never puts off doing a thing at the right time, because she has learned that when a thing has been attended to, and put away, there is no need to worry about that particular thing. She is the girl who is at her desk on time if she is one of the great army of working girls. Her employer and friends all know that she will be ready for business or pleasure at the appointed time. This girl's nerves are in good order because she never has to hurry or worry to "catch up" some work that has been neglected at the proper time, and her life runs smoothly and happily because she has never neglected an appointment in worrying her, or making her restless. Character is not formed in a minute. This girl has been training herself for years to be punctual. She is ever ready for emergencies, for she has of punctuality now touches her life in all its relations and she is making her influence felt in her own family, at least, for they must come to see the wonderful advantage of being always on time. The punctual girl, while she is earnest and womanly, has not lost any of her girlish charm. Her outlook is encouraging, new chances are constantly opening to her for advancement because it is known that she can be relied upon.—True Voice.

THE MOST PRECIOUS OF GIFTS

To many Catholics hold their Faith too lightly, and do not appreciate anything like its true value this most precious of all gifts, says the Irish Catholic. They are proud of being Catholics, ready sometimes to fight for their faith, when they do not show its influence on their lives. They regard it as a kind of inheritance come down from a long line of ancestors who preserved it amid a thousand trials and persecutions, and which, as a matter of course, they are to transmit unscathed to future generations. But here is the fallacy—it is no heirloom, entirely at the behest and under their control. It is a precious gift from the garden of God, His gift to man, that will live in this cold world of ours only by constant care, that can thrive and blossom only by the most zealous and anxious watchfulness. Those who are ever ready to criticize the Church and its teachings, to arraign priest, bishop, and even the Vicar of Christ himself, before the court of their judgment, are playing a dangerous game. Their faith is in danger. Those who neglect their religious duties who sympathize with every rebellion against the constituted authority in the Church, have a faith that is rapidly dying and that needs a miracle to save and restore it. Men live and men die, but the Church remains. You cannot sever Faith from the Church. Cut off from the Church, Faith is lost in this land, where vice and error in every form and under every seductive guise menace our Faith, and we need especial watchfulness.

THE VISIT OF A PROTESTANT LADY TO A CONVENT

Miss Elizabeth Anstice Baker, author of "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress," tells a story concerning her first encounter with nuns, which serves to show what absurd notions are engendered in the minds of even the best intentioned persons outside the Church. Miss Baker, who is a sister of Sir Richard Baker, the noted Australian linguist, and who is a member of the Continental pronounciation of Latin, learned that Catholics used this pronounciation, and that she could probably take lessons from the Dominican nuns of a neighboring convent, and she went to the convent. "I answered that I should not dream of going to such people. At last, however, my desire to learn the correct pronounciation of Latin, and my curiosity to see what a nunnery was like, overcame my dread, and I drove to the convent. Before entering I placed a note in the cabman's hand, saying: "Wait a quarter of an hour; if I do not return, ring; and

BRAVED A NUNNERY

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CURED BY TWO BOTTLES D.D.D. On March 21st, 1910, Mr. Angus McMillan, of Port Hood, N. S., wrote us: "My little boy three years old was covered from head to foot with eczema. I tried over twenty different kinds of salves and washes but could not see any improvement—in fact it seemed to be getting worse. I was about discouraged and had lost faith in all kinds of so-called eczema cures, when I saw an ad. telling about D. D. D. Prescription. I sent for sample bottle and the third application convinced me that I had at last got a sure cure. Two bottles effected a complete cure. What D. D. D. did for this little boy, it will do for any skin sufferer. A mild, soothing liquid made up of Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol, Glycerine and other ingredients, it penetrates to the roots of the trouble and waxes the disease germs out. Why not get relief? Simply write to Dept. B. 49 Colborne St., Toronto, and they will send you a free trial bottle. (For sale by all Druggists.)

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THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

In a recent issue the Examiner (Baptist) presents to its readers a sermon, preached at a pulpit, by the Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, D. D., on the text: And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. (Matt. xvi, 19)

This is rather a dangerous text for a Protestant to read or meditate upon, if he would remain a Protestant, and for a preacher to make it the subject of discourse, is venturing on thin ice. Of this the Rev. Dr. Goodchild is well aware, for he concedes that "while the Roman Catholic makes everything of this verse, the Protestant ignores it. In our public reading of it, we make no comment upon it, but read it because it is there in the chapter, though more than half wishing it were not there."

Yet why should any lover of the Bible, or any honest inquirer after truth, who believes the Bible is the word of God, fear anything it contains, and how do those Protestants who face the words explain them? If we believe the Rev. Dr. Goodchild, they are dishonest; for he declares that "in our [Protestant] commentaries little is said in explanation, and what is said usually gives too evident a twist to the words to serve as a satisfactory explanation. And much too often, allusion to Peter and the Keys, just as to Jonah and the whale, are made simply as a joke."

We should be very sorry to believe that the zeal of Bible Christians in distributing millions of copies of the Bible among the heathens is not incompatible with frivolous references to any portion of the sacred text, and particularly to the story of the prophet of Nineveh. Our Saviour Himself has a very pointed allusion to the story of Jonah and the whale, which He singles out from among all the types of old as foreshadowing the best His own Resurrection. If the type may serve as a joke, why may not the great fact of His Resurrection itself be treated in like manner? Dr. Goodchild himself reminds his hearers that "every word of Our Lord is precious to us," and here we have some of the words of Jesus Christ: "He who spoke as never man spoke; His words are never to pass away; He who said that the words He spoke were spirit and life, uttered these words that have been so bandied about for hundreds and hundreds of years."

And how does the Rev. Dr. Goodchild interpret the text? In part, most admirably. What finer elucidation could one desire than the following?

"Beyond any possibility of mistake Christ was speaking of Peter here. He calls him by name. The binding and loosing was in answer to Peter's confession. All the pronouns are in the singular number, showing that only one of the twelve was addressed. There can be no doubt that some sort of authority was being conferred. The key was a symbol of authority through the East. The rabbi sometimes wore a key about his neck as a badge of office. The English housekeeper wears her keys dangling from her waist. The key is a convenience in using, but as a sign that things are in her custody. Among us also the possession of a key betokens our right of entrance to a house and the right to exclude others also. When we lease a house the sign that we are in possession is the delivery of the key to us by the owner. That gives us authority over the premises. We can let ourselves in and admit or exclude others, as we wish."

"This is the thought in Isaiah where God says of His servant Eliakim: 'The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so that he shall open and none shall shut, and he shall shut and none shall open.' Dr. Goodchild thought in the Book of Revelation, where we are told that Christ is the One that hath the key of David, and that when He openeth no man shall shut, and when He shutteth no man shall open. That was the thought that Christ expressed in the Book of Luke when He charged the lawyers with having taken away the key of knowledge, not entering in themselves and hindering others from entering. Where the word key is used in the Bible it carries with it this notion of the power to admit, or exclude, not only one's self, but others as well."

"This interpretation is so luminous and so illuminating, that had the reverend preacher proceeded logically he would have forced his hearers to admit that the true Church of Christ to day is the Church which possesses the power of the keys, the authority in other words then given to Peter. From this would naturally follow the admission of the claims of Rome and papal supremacy. But the Rev. Doctor will not proceed logically. After throwing a certain amount of light on the text, and proving conclusively that "some sort of authority" was conferred on Peter which was not conferred on the other Apostles, he jumps to another text two chapters further on in Matthew xviii, 18 and proves that "the same power" which was given to Peter "was conferred upon all the Twelve." "Matthew says, using the plural personal pronouns, 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall also be loosed in heaven.'"

Now these texts have undoubtedly a certain parallelism. Let us compare them, but before doing so let us give in full the first passage, part of which has been omitted by Dr. Goodchild. It was after Peter's solemn declaration of his belief in the divinity of Christ that "Jesus, answering, said to him: Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona. . . . and I say to thee: Thou art Peter (Kephias) and upon thee I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

In these words Our Lord makes formal announcement concerning the constitution of the Church or of the Society He was to establish on earth, and confers on Peter an authority and an eminence greater than that given later to the other Apostles. For (1) Peter alone is made the foundation or Rock upon which the whole Church is to be built; (2) Peter alone receives absolutely and independently the power of the keys, and, besides the power of binding and loosing given to the others, (3) Peter alone receives that power of binding and loosing which is commensurate with the dignity of him who is the foundation and who possess the keys.

In Matthew xviii, 18, Our Saviour in addressing the apostles, uses only the words, "Whatsoever ye shall bind, etc." from which it is clear that as to Peter alone He had already given the dignity of being the foundation of the whole Church, and to him alone He had given the Keys of the Kingdom; these two prerogatives are not bestowed on the other apostles. There can be no misgivings then that the dignity and authority of Peter and the dignity and authority of the other apostles are not the same. From the words of Christ the Catholic logically concludes that since Our Lord established a Church which was to endure for all time, and since He gave the power of the Keys or the supreme authority to govern the Church in the beginning to Peter, the supreme authority must be found in the representative of Peter to-day.

Dr. Goodchild says that Christ gave the keys to the whole world, for example, to David Brainerd, G. Paton, John Wesley, Charles H. Spurgeon, Dwight L. Moody, Harlan Pace, Uncle John Vassar, and "upon all whose eyes are so opened that they can see that the Kingdom of God is at hand." And, addressing his audience, he concludes: "And in your inspired moods, when you see the greatness of Jesus Christ, when you see how real our need is, and how abundantly He is able to satisfy our needs, then the Keys are put into your hands, too, and henceforth you have the high privilege and the awful responsibility of ushering men into the Kingdom, or possibly shutting them out."

It is easily seen where the Rev. Dr. Goodchild and the Catholic part company. The doctor drops a link or two in his process of reasoning, and then takes a flying leap concludes after a superficial comparison of texts that these, "these words (Matt. xviii, 18) are spoken in such a way that, I think, no candid reader can escape conviction that the power is given to the Church and not simply to the official heads of it." To reach such a conviction the candid reader must confound preaching the gospel with universal jurisdiction over the Church, which Dr. Goodchild acknowledges to be the real power of the Keys; he must assume that the power of binding and loosing given in St. Matthew xviii, 18 is identical in its extension with that given to St. Peter; he must be guilty of the sophism that because the universal jurisdiction of the Keys includes all power of binding and loosing, therefore the power of binding and loosing includes the universal jurisdiction of the Keys. He must ignore the context of St. Matthew xviii, 18, and the power of binding and loosing is given to judges in disputes, and therefore to the authorities only of the Church, and he must close his eyes to this, that whatever is given in Matt. xviii, to the Church is given in a more excellent manner to be the prerogative of Peter.

If men will thus juggle with the sacred words of Christ, and read into them their own meaning instead of the obvious, then all reliable interpretation is at an end, and what is written for our instruction becomes a stumbling block and a snare; and if the blind lead the blind, do they not both fall into the ditch? E. SPILLANE, S. J.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

art thou Simon Bar-Jona. . . . and I say to thee: Thou art Peter (Kephias) and upon thee I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

In these words Our Lord makes formal announcement concerning the constitution of the Church or of the Society He was to establish on earth, and confers on Peter an authority and an eminence greater than that given later to the other Apostles. For (1) Peter alone is made the foundation or Rock upon which the whole Church is to be built; (2) Peter alone receives absolutely and independently the power of the keys, and, besides the power of binding and loosing given to the others, (3) Peter alone receives that power of binding and loosing which is commensurate with the dignity of him who is the foundation and who possess the keys.

In Matthew xviii, 18, Our Saviour in addressing the apostles, uses only the words, "Whatsoever ye shall bind, etc." from which it is clear that as to Peter alone He had already given the dignity of being the foundation of the whole Church, and to him alone He had given the Keys of the Kingdom; these two prerogatives are not bestowed on the other apostles. There can be no misgivings then that the dignity and authority of Peter and the dignity and authority of the other apostles are not the same. From the words of Christ the Catholic logically concludes that since Our Lord established a Church which was to endure for all time, and since He gave the power of the Keys or the supreme authority to govern the Church in the beginning to Peter, the supreme authority must be found in the representative of Peter to-day.

Dr. Goodchild says that Christ gave the keys to the whole world, for example, to David Brainerd, G. Paton, John Wesley, Charles H. Spurgeon, Dwight L. Moody, Harlan Pace, Uncle John Vassar, and "upon all whose eyes are so opened that they can see that the Kingdom of God is at hand." And, addressing his audience, he concludes: "And in your inspired moods, when you see the greatness of Jesus Christ, when you see how real our need is, and how abundantly He is able to satisfy our needs, then the Keys are put into your hands, too, and henceforth you have the high privilege and the awful responsibility of ushering men into the Kingdom, or possibly shutting them out."

It is easily seen where the Rev. Dr. Goodchild and the Catholic part company. The doctor drops a link or two in his process of reasoning, and then takes a flying leap concludes after a superficial comparison of texts that these, "these words (Matt. xviii, 18) are spoken in such a way that, I think, no candid reader can escape conviction that the power is given to the Church and not simply to the official heads of it." To reach such a conviction the candid reader must confound preaching the gospel with universal jurisdiction over the Church, which Dr. Goodchild acknowledges to be the real power of the Keys; he must assume that the power of binding and loosing given in St. Matthew xviii, 18 is identical in its extension with that given to St. Peter; he must be guilty of the sophism that because the universal jurisdiction of the Keys includes all power of binding and loosing, therefore the power of binding and loosing includes the universal jurisdiction of the Keys. He must ignore the context of St. Matthew xviii, 18, and the power of binding and loosing is given to judges in disputes, and therefore to the authorities only of the Church, and he must close his eyes to this, that whatever is given in Matt. xviii, to the Church is given in a more excellent manner to be the prerogative of Peter.

If men will thus juggle with the sacred words of Christ, and read into them their own meaning instead of the obvious, then all reliable interpretation is at an end, and what is written for our instruction becomes a stumbling block and a snare; and if the blind lead the blind, do they not both fall into the ditch? E. SPILLANE, S. J.

THE CHURCH AND SUICIDE
The Emperor William's constructive toleration of suicide has given point to several articles on the subject in current newspapers and magazines. "Ex-Attache" in the New York Tribune, treating the question historically, covers a wide field from the Emperor Trajan to Pius X. "Ex-Attache" will, no doubt, be grateful to us for pointing out a few inaccuracies of fact and law in his discussion of the policy of the Vatican. The case of the young Prince Pignatelli is cited, and Pius X. is represented as having little mercy for suicides. On the other hand, "Ex-Attache" states that before Pius X. "it had been the custom of the Church to take an extremely charitable view of suicide and to assume that a person who took his or her own life must be temporarily insane, and therefore irresponsible."

We submit that the custom of the Church is to be inferred from her laws which in the case of the burial of a suicide have not varied one iota since the days of Pius V. (1566-1572). In the Roman Ritual, first issued by that Holy Pontiff, Christian burial was denied to those who took away their own lives through despair or in anger, except when the suicides were insane or had given signs of repentance before dying.

Furthermore, fifty years ago the Holy Office decreed that when the suicide was clearly in his right mind there should be no Christian burial nor the performance of any of the usual ecclesiastical rites. If the case were doubtful, Christian burial was not to be denied, though the elaborate ritual should be omitted; if the burial might take place accompanied by all the pomp and ceremony of the Church, Leo XIII. therefore, was not in a separate class from Pius X. for both of them with their predecessors from the end of the sixteenth century were the most exact observers of the law which had been laid down for guidance of pastors by St. Pius V.

As to "the instance in point," related by "Ex-Attache," that of the burial with solemn ceremonies of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, at Vienna, with the consent of Leo XIII. the well informed are aware that the death of the Crown Prince was not self-inflicted, as at first reported. Permission was sought from Rome for the Christian burial of the Prince, and a special messenger was sent to Rome by the Emperor with proofs which could not be gained that the Prince was murdered. Not until he had weighed these proofs and was convinced that the Prince was not a suicide did Leo XIII. allow him to be entombed with the full rites of the Church.

As we have said before, we feel satisfied that "Ex-Attache" will be pleased to add these foot notes to the pages of his diary recording the "severities" of Pius X. and "the charitable view" of suicide taken by Leo XIII.—America.

S. T. SWIFT, in The April Catholic World.

The publication of the Ecclesiastical and Religious Correspondence of William Ewart Gladstone is but a tardy act of justice to his memory. We wish the title could not be bought without the Letters! There is no "inhumaneness" in these. Their humanness is as pathetic as it is lofty. On some pages we find a consciousness of the insufficiency of human nature, a reaching out for sacramental aid, a desire for some hierarchical Jacob's ladder, where, on scale heaven, which instinctively remind one of the legends of waiting prelates and expectant priest, ready to reconcile a Gladstone following hard after Newman and Manning and Hope-Scott. He craves for an infallible Church. Again, we find expressions of beliefs so contradictory, lines of argument in theological matters so opposed to those to which he was so devoted, that we are almost led to believe that we are in the House of Commons that we are once seen in this "greatest citizen of the world" only a tremendous example of Catholic teaching on "invincible ignorance," and the inability of the human intellect to pass Godward beyond a certain fixed point without special illumination by divine grace.

Of personal affection for or interest in those below his own social or intellectual level, we find no trace. The mass of Englishmen idolized him. He seems no nearer to them than the platform of his hustings. His desire to serve the people seemed never to individualize them. Lord Morley hints at special interest in work for fallen women, and Manning and Hope-Scott. We have vague recollection of notice given by the great man to Miss Ellice Hopkins' Rescue work, back in the very earliest of the eighties or before. But nothing in these letters bears any personal work for the poor or the sinful. The dream of shepherding souls, put away in early youth, seems to have been put away forever. Perhaps with his pitiless, undirected efforts at self-discipline, it seemed to him another temptation and sin, which might lead him away from his God-given public work. The common people heard him gladly. But if virtue went out from him to them, it had to be without contact even with the hem of his garment.

To their writer's genuine goodness and profoundly religious nature, as to his deep sense of personal responsibility to God, these letters bear fullest witness. The written to Mrs. Gladstone on peace (No. 387) reminds one of the lines of Fenelon. To his strange failure to

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follow those he loved and revered most on earth into the City of Peace, they give no clue, save, as we have reiterated, that Mr. Gladstone was profoundly human; and we can only leave him, to quote his own words, "in the never-dying hope of what lies beyond the veil."

Picturesqueness and Piety
The interior beauty which is inalienable from Catholic piety lends a distinctive charm to Catholic countries. The shrines of Spain and Italy, the saint-guarded bridges of Austria, the crumbling stone carvings of Brittany, these are among the attractions which Baedeker gravely points out for the guidance and edification of tourists. Whole villages in Bavaria are so decorated that they look like illustrated bibles. Painted on the walls of one house is the stable of Bethlehem with the adoring shepherds; on the next, a muscular Judith hacks away the head of a weakly protesting Holofernes; and a third displays the sacrifice of Isaac, with an angel tumbling headlong from an upper story to his rescue. . . . Although picturesqueness is not and never will be

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HOLY WEEK IN LONDON

The different services during Holy Week at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, were attended by congregations which completely filled the vast edifice. It seemed as if the people were determined to evince the greatest ardor in entering into the spirit of the week's devotions. On Wednesday evening, when the Mass of the Tenebrae was recited, it was a beautiful sight to witness our beloved Bishop, accompanied by Mgrs. Meunier and Aylward, and practically all the priests from every section of the diocese, numbering nearly sixty, march into the sanctuary. Bishop, priests and people were imbued with that intensity of devotion so becoming the close of the Lenten season.

On Easter Sunday the three Masses were attended by congregations which show that there is a steady growth not only in the piety of the faithful but as well in membership. At the Pontifical High Mass, of which His Lordship was the celebrant, the Papal Benediction was imparted to the people. The Bishop, at the end of Mass, addressed the congregation, expressions of love, sincere and warm, coming from his lips, to his beloved people. He prayed that the God may bring to them all the blessings of the Easter time. On this day our Lord has triumphed over the powers of man. This is the day that the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad therein.

What we have said of the exercises at the cathedral may also apply to the devotions in St. Mary's Church. Father McKoon and his energetic assistant, Father Dolan, have built up in the east end of the city a congregation which they have just reason to be proud, not a few of whom are converts who have been brought into the one true Church by the ceaseless zeal of these devoted priests.

MISSIONS IN THE SOUTH
The priests working in the new mission territory recently established in the South, are making interesting reports of the number of Catholics found in that district. Writing to the Church Extension Society, one of the Vincentian Fathers said: "Our territory contains 5,300 square miles; and in the five months of our labor in five countries, we have unearthed 152 Catholics. Three of these are catechumens. The average collection to date has been about ten cents per week. From this it will be seen that, although we have not one chapel in the whole 5,300 square miles, we cannot build any without outside help. "The Catholics are few, but they will grow. The Protestants seem well disposed. Some different ones of them come to our house every Sunday to attend Mass; but the many stay away on account of the embarrassment they feel in entering the private house of a priest. The harvest indeed is ready; the laborers, if few, are willing, but there is not yet built one granary. "There is no exaggeration to say that in the past generations the faith has here

DIED
HEALY.—At Chapeau, Que., April 3, 1911, Mrs. E. Healy, age seventy-seven years. May her soul rest in peace!
FORRESTAL.—At the family residence, 406 King street, London, on Thursday, April 13, Walter, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. John Forrestal, aged twenty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOK
"Freddy Carr's Adventures." A sequel to "Freddy Carr and His Friends." By Rev. R. P. Garrard, S. J., author of "The Boys of St. Bart's," "The Man's Hands," etc. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price 50 cents.

TEACHERS WANTED
TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION S. No. 1 Logan and Ellice for the remainder of the year 1911. Duties to commence after Easter. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to John Dwyer, Jr., Sec. Trustee, Bormholm, Ont. 1899-2

WANTED PROFESSIONAL TEACHERS OF Catholic religion for schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan, commencing during the spring months. Apply stating qualifications and salary expected to John Dwyer, Jr., Sec. Trustee, Bormholm, Ont. 1899-2

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE FOR R. C. S. S. Duties to commence April 1st. Salary \$300. Write stating qualifications and experience to Timothy Sheehan, Sec. Treas. Ruscom, P. O., Ont. 1899-2

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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, 1911, both days inclusive.

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WANTED AN ORGANIST TO TAKE LARGE choir and children's choir in a small town east of Peterborough. Please state qualifications and salary expected. Apply H. C. Catholic Record, London, Ont. 1899-2

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