

The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXVIX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1917

2012

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OUR DUTY

"What would you do if the enemy came?" has been a frequent question put at political meetings to the men who wished to talk futile theories up to the last moment; and few of them have penetration enough to see that the enemy is on his way here now by every route he can follow, and that he has to be met either far off or nigh, and that the man is the true defender who meets the foe afar off. As the Germans used all their carefully prepared forces to rush the War away from the German frontier; so we have made our first line of defence as far out beyond our frontier as possible, in Belgium, in France, in the Balkan mountains, on the Mesopotamian plain, with the sea as our second line of defence and the homeland trenches as a third line never to be reached.

It requires little imagination or sense to see that wherever the conflict takes place it is all the same, and the soldier or sailor who yields up his life in Picardy or the Gallipoli Peninsula, in Egypt, or on the gray North Sea is really holding the fort of his own home against a ruthless enemy. In simple truth the hero has died for us in a very direct personal way. But we rise to a far higher level, to the plane of his own instinctive nobility, when we realize that the hero died not only for his friends but for his country and all that it means to the world.

How profound that meaning is, how vital to the whole story of mankind, must by this time be dawning on the minds of the dullest. Thoughtless people who do not know the world and its varied inhabitants as they have been made by centuries of traditional training have said lightly in the past that it matters little where a man is born, for in essentials all men are the same. Is the typical Englishman or Frenchman or Irishman the same in character, in ways of thinking as the typical German? We venture to hope that by no command, compulsion, or provocation could we be made to do what the average German apparently delights in doing.

We are instinctive lovers of independence, freedom, and fair play. The German is a slave, shaped by generations of harsh, rigid training to do the grim work of enslaving others and to glory in it; and this war is a test as to which type of humanity shall predominate. The man who dies resisting the German attempt to cramp mankind within the narrow mould of the German character dies as truly as any martyr-hero in the cause of human freedom—the freedom which now Britain and her Colonies, France, America, Italy, and the little Northern lands all know, but which the Germans have never known and have been trained to suppress. Who can fail to see further that, dreadful though the price is, the decimation of our bravest and best is winning for struggling, hoping, perishing mankind release from the most terrible of the insensate tyrannies that have destroyed human happiness?

These boys of ours in a large measure will have died in vain if they have not died that war, as the method by which brutally ambitious men carry out their cruel schemes, does not itself die and peace reign under international security guaranteed by the common sense of the free peoples. Though it has required a cataclysm great enough to shake thrones, and wide enough to fill every family with sorrow, to convince us, can we not now see that war is a survival of man's primeval savagery, a survival entrenched behind the military pride of the Hohenzollerns and the retinue of followers whom they have trained?

The war was made with the utmost deliberation by the War Lord and the high priests of war he had gathered about him; and if he and they go down in the stupendous strife war will go down, and the arts of peace, of lowly, kindly, mutually helpful men, will flourish on the ruins of discarded savagery. The fabled dragon is alive again, and has to be slain. Again it takes its daily toll of life. The name of the dragon

is War, and the St. Georges of the great crusade that will trample it underfoot are these knightly boys of ours who have waged war to the death against the maker of wars while they have loathed war itself. And, if it was worth their while to make the great renunciation of life in a holy cause, it is worth our while to bear the loss with a spirit as staunch and high as their own.

AS IT STRIKES US

Extravagance plays havoc with many a household. It is a homewrecker in so far as it dissipates the atmosphere in which the flowers that bring forth blossom and fruit for the future can live. For extravagance is an offshoot of pride, is a changeling that is nurtured by ostentation, that measures life's values by dress, much or little, and by social standing.

Bred in this atmosphere, children are in a fair way to be snobs, men and women who, having no self-respect, are always climbing to the sacred mount of Society and are grateful to the verge of tears for even a smile, though it be of condescension, from the dwellers thereon. And a Catholic snob is the most obnoxious of the kind. If they had a grip of the principles of their religion they would be safe against the ridicule which is their inevitable reward. Instead of apeing others they would square their conduct in all things with the teachings of their faith.

For example, they would have the home freed from incessant babbling about the things that pass. With responsibility awakened and their duties clear they would make their faith vibrant, luminous in word and deed. Then we might not have some of the household strutting around with short skirts and powdered and painted as if life were a comic opera show. And when we refer to these of the household we have in mind also the old ones of the sex feminine who in desperate efforts to be gay and childish are pathetically foolish. Poor people! going around with the cap and bells for the amusement of the multitude.

NOT AFRAID

The extravagant are not afraid of debt. They are not afraid of the sentence pronounced against unjust debtors. But they are afraid of not being in the fashion, even if they must leave dressmakers' bills unpaid. They are ashamed not to make a display, but they are not ashamed to do it at the expense of others. In love with the insane and shoddy creature to pass for what they are not, they live beyond their means and owe debts and are qualifying themselves for a place among adulterers, fornicators, who shall not possess the Kingdom of God.

CATHOLICS PROTEST

AGAINST PROVISIONS OF THE CARRANZA CONSTITUTION

N. Y. World
A document just received in this city from Mexico City contains a protest signed by all the archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico against provisions in the Carranza constitution adopted at Queretaro on February 5 of this year curtailing the rights of the Church in that country.

The protest says that the Church has been willing to abide by the constitution of 1857, although, it is pointed out, injustices were done even by that constitution. The Queretaro agreement, it is stated, takes away from the Church even the remnant of the liberty it had to enjoy its rights.

Following are some of the provisions of the new constitution against which the authorities of the Catholic Church in Mexico have raised their voice:

1. Churches throughout the country are no longer recognized as entities.
2. The clergy are prohibited from establishing or directing primary schools.
3. The Church is forbidden to own or manage property, and any property so owned or managed up to this time is ordered confiscated.
4. Episcopal parishes, parish houses, church colleges, seminaries and convents or any building devoted to the propagation of the faith are confiscated for the use of the federal government to the exclusion of religious teachings.
5. All churches built in the future are to become automatically the property of the federal government.

6. The government usurps all the Church's rights to direct religious activities.

7. The government arrogates the right to designate the number of priests for each church, "according to local needs."

8. The clergy are deprived of the vote and are prohibited from meeting for political purposes.

9. No clergyman is permitted to receive by inheritance any property devoted to the advancement of religion or to charitable work.

10. No priest is allowed to receive by inheritance any property from any citizen unless through relationship within the fourth degree.

11. Marriage is made merely a civil contract.

THE ROUND TABLE CAMPAIGN

Toronto Globe

At a time when the public attention in Canada and the Empire is distracted by the War and by the possibilities of a world famine, the Round Table leaders in this country are carrying on a campaign for an Imperial merger. Notwithstanding the fact that McGill University, Montreal, and the University of Toronto are the headquarters in Canada of the New Imperialism, which in its origin, outlook, and tendencies, deserves to be known as the New Oxford Movement. On Friday night last the Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto was given up to the furtherance of the Round Table propaganda, a political movement which, after years of organized effort in this country, has failed to produce any practical scheme of closer Imperial union on which the Round Table members themselves are willing to agree. Before the Round Table leaders undertake to educate public opinion would it not be well for them to point to some plan of Imperial reorganization which has stood the test of criticism and which commands their undivided support? They do not agree with the proposals of Mr. Lionel Curtis. As to Mr. Lash's scheme, even the author himself has found it necessary to modify it. In abandoning the private methods of the past, and in deciding to appeal to public opinion, the Round Table organization in Canada has taken the first step in a campaign which may be fraught with fateful consequences for the Empire as well as for Canada. In appealing at this time to the fervid loyalty of ultra-Imperialists, and in opposing Imperialism to Nationality, they are awakening latent forces in this and every Dominion which prudent statesmanship would refrain from antagonizing at this critical juncture in the affairs of the Empire. Mr. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, was the only speaker present who appeared to be seized of the importance of putting first things first. "Save the Empire before we try to reorganize it," he exclaimed in a powerful speech that won the applause of the audience. If the Round Table leaders have no ulterior ends in view, if it be their desire, which The Globe does not doubt, to see this War ended in a way that will leave the Empire strong to face the problems of the future, why this unnecessary haste to precipitate a political controversy at a time when the War calls for unity and concentrated effort in the saving of the Empire?

Mr. Rowell dissented from the view, prevalent in Britain, that Canadians are dissatisfied with the present relations between Canada and the Empire, and desire a change. In another direction Mr. Rowell was equally explicit:

"The Irish question must be settled before they settle the question of Imperial relations. I think the statesmen of Great Britain must display sufficient statesmanship to solve the Irish problem before we would be justified in putting our destiny into their hands."

Canadians must be satisfied of the good faith and democratic tendencies of the statesmen at the heart of the Empire before they would be justified in entering into any entangling Imperial bonds. So long as British Governments insist in forcing a titled class upon Canada, so long as the champions of the New Imperialism in Canada are represented in Imperial councils by men of the calibre of Hon. Robert B. Eggers, plans for closer Imperial relations will be viewed with distrust and suspicion. Nor can there be any true with that class of Imperialists which sees in Canadian nationalism the enemy of Imperial unity and progress. Mr. J. W. Flavelle, referring to Canada's part in the War, said:

"We are doing these things not because Britain needs our help, but because we had travelled much farther along the way of idealism than we had imagined. Is this development towards nationalism or is it toward what we call Imperialism? Be careful that we are not possessed of the same spirit as our French-Canadian brethren and travelling the same way under a different guise."

Mr. Flavelle differs from Sir Edmund Walker, who expressed the view that Canadians must think nationally before they can think

Imperially. Can it be said that Canadians, after fifty years of Confederation, are thinking nationally? Has not Sir Edmund Walker raised the most forceful and the most reasonable objection to the Round Table propaganda?—its insistence upon the subordination of the national idea, so frankly stated by Mr. Flavelle, who gave voice to the strong current of political thought that underlies this New Imperialism. That thought has found expression in the unreasonable opposition to Irish self-government, and in the strong opposition of the same ultra-Imperialists to the granting of self-government to South Africa.

Before plans of Imperial reconstruction can be considered the foundations of democratic government in the United Kingdom must be well and truly laid. The reform of the upper House, electoral reforms, the contentment of Ireland on a sound, national and democratic basis—these are questions that must be got out of the way before Canadians are asked to agree to plans of closer Imperial union. The future of India also must be settled. What guarantee have Canadians that the men who are at the head of this movement in England—the same men who opposed the establishment of the South African Union, and who to this day resist self-government in Ireland—would prove safe guides for the democracies of the Empire in the task of reconstruction after the War? Canada will not put her head in the Round Table noose so long as Lord Milner and Lord Curzon are at the other end of the rope. In freedom, consultation, and coordination lies the road to Imperial strength and continuity.

IRISH QUESTION

ONLY BAR TO FULL SYMPATHY FOR BRITAIN

N. Y. World

Washington, April 27.—If informal negotiations now pending between the United States and Great Britain are successful—and there is strong prospect that they will be—an American President will accomplish more toward obtaining real freedom for the Irish people than has resulted from a century of agitation and revolution.

The London Foreign Office is understood to have been informed by Arthur James Balfour, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that President Wilson is of the opinion that a speedy solution of the Irish problem will do more to further the fight for universal democracy throughout the world than any other concession Great Britain could make.

Speaking unofficially during two interviews with Mr. Balfour, the President told the Foreign Secretary that the Irish question was the sole obstacle that stood in the way of actual sympathy and co-operation between the people of the United States and Great Britain.

The speedy adjustment to the satisfaction of the Irish people of their ancient fight for freedom was pointed out by the President to Mr. Balfour as the chief cause for irritation to this Government in the present crisis in the world's affairs and mainly responsible for the prejudice existing in the United States and the breadth of the United States against the people of England.

Without taking counsel with any one, the President is believed to have made up his mind to espouse the cause of Ireland even before the coming of the British High Commissioner under the leadership of Mr. Balfour.

The subject is known to have been discussed at the initial interview between the President and Mr. Balfour at the White House last Monday and to have figured in a subsequent discussion on Tuesday night.

What effect the representations of the President made upon Mr. Balfour is not known beyond the fact that the latter is believed to have communicated to his Government the information that the President, disclaiming any responsibility for intervening in the domestic affairs of his British ally, was convinced that the consummation of the British promise to grant real Home Rule to the Irish people would cement by the strongest possible ties the people of the British Empire and those of the United States.

In an editorial the N. Y. World says:

In his Guildhall speech Premier Lloyd George spoke of Ireland as "a suspicious, surly, dangerous neighbor" that must be converted to "a cheerful, loyal comrade." The way to accomplish that is to grant to Ireland the full measure of Home Rule pledged to it by Parliament three years ago.

Most of the troubles the British Government has faced have been due to its yielding to the dictation of a few individuals in their efforts to prevent a settlement of the Irish question. It has thought it expedient to act the suppliant before the enemies of Home Rule instead of resolutely asserting its will as the master of the situation.

Americans are keenly interested in the Irish question. As the partner of Great Britain in the War, this country, earnestly hopes that the last obstacles to the establishment of self-government in Ireland will be speedily removed. In the response to the appeal made by Lord Northcliffe through The World for expressions of opinion in the United States, there is the plainest evidence of this active sympathy with Ireland. In the circumstances, it cannot fail to carry weight in Great Britain.

"Settlement of the Irish question," said Premier Lloyd George at the Guildhall, "is essential for the peace of the world and essential to a speedy victory in the War." Nothing at this time would more certainly promote loyal friendship between the American and the British peoples and strengthen the bonds of alliance by which they are now united in a common cause.

The New York Evening Mail says editorially:

There are millions of Americans in whose veins flows the blood of Irish ancestors. The survival of justice in Ireland is a powerful factor in shaping the sympathies, not only of these Americans but of all Americans. If England hopes for close co-operation with the United States in the future she must remove the stain that has attached to her administration of Irish affairs. She must give Home Rule to Ireland. And the scope of Home Rule should not be limited by dismemberment. As in every other democracy, the voice of the majority should be decisive in Ireland. To give Home Rule to one part of Ireland and keep another part in its present relation to the United Kingdom would be abhorrent to the great majority of Irishmen.

England must recognize the rule of the majority in Ireland. By so doing she will clear the way for the establishment of that equality of rights and opportunity for all races to shape their own destinies to which England, like the United States, has pledged her faith.

That principle is the main issue in this War for the triumph of democracy. That principle should apply to Ireland as to every other sore spot on the political surface of Europe.

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

EPOCH-MAKING ADDRESS OF GENERAL SMUTS

London, May 1.—(Through Reuter's Ottawa Agency)—What may be described as an historical record in the annals of the city, was celebrated to-day, when the freedom of London was conferred on five of the empire's representatives, namely: Gen. Jan. Christian Smuts, Minister of Defense, of South Africa; Sir Edward Morris, Premier of New Foundland; Sir James Meston, the Maharaja of Bikanir and Sir Satyendra Prassano Sinha, of India, delegates to the imperial war conference. A striking speech was made by Gen. Smuts, who said:

A GREAT HONOR

"I will not suppose that any poor merits of mine have justified the distinction of being enrolled among many of the greatest and most illustrious names of history; but I confess that I am very proud and grateful and the small boy of South Africa, especially the poor people to whom I am proud to belong, will also feel greatly pleased and honored. A decade ago you similarly honored my leader, Gen. Botha, who ever since, through storm and sunshine, has led the people with a firm, wise and kindly hand, under whose guidance the enmities and antagonisms of the past are disappearing and a new nation is slowly but surely being built up in that great lone land. No one will be more pleased with the honor you have done me than my friend and companion in arms, whose heavy task in far South Africa has prevented him from attending the imperial war conference."

I know your best wishes accompany him in his great work of statesmanship. Gen. Smuts then referred to the great historic tradition of the City of London, in which it showed it was a bulwark of liberty and the refuge to which oppressed liberty could flee and never in vain. He continued:

"Centuries of prosperity followed during which you and the nation grew and flourished and became rich beyond the dreams of avarice. People whispered that you had become corrupted with luxury and were soft and that the day of trial would find your leaders nerveless, yourselves wanting and unprepared."

"What was your answer? Your enemies forget on what milk you had been nurtured. Free men have hearts to do and to dare anything. Without conscription and compulsion you raised millions of men; you transformed your industries from a peace to a war basis and in the end you became the financial, military and moral mainstay of the alliance. Such are the fruits of liberty in these islands. And beyond these islands, millions of the white inhabitants of the British Empire live on the equator, beyond the seas, scattered far away over the

whole globe, practically having no interest in the struggles and feuds of old Europe. Germany counted on their apathy, perhaps on their disruption. Yet see what they have done voluntarily. And why have they made their magnificent effort? Not to help the mother country, but to help the cause which is as much theirs as hers—the cause of freedom the desire of all nations to work out their own salvation without coercion without the terror inspired by an ever growing, ever more insolent more threatening and more aggressive military autocracy.

WHAT FIGHT IS FOR

"We shall never understand the mightiness of the effort of the British Empire until we recognize that the fight is for not mere self-interest or mere small issues, but for the greatest of all issues. It is because we all realize that the greatest, the most essential and the most fundamental interest, that of human liberty, is at stake; that the old cause for which millions have in all ages sacrificed their all, is once again in danger. It is for this that you witness today this spontaneous uprising—an uprising not only among the nations of the British Empire, but of the world."

WHY AMERICA JOINED

"Why has America at last joined the conflict? Some say it is because of the submarine, some say it is because of President Wilson, some that American honor was hurt by Germany, some that America was afraid of isolation after the War. It is far more than all these. Slowly, painfully, America recognized what was at stake—realized that it was once more the old historic issue, the same as their issue of George Washington versus George Rex—the issue of freedom versus slavery, of democracy versus autocracy, of national self-government against imperial despotism. You will find it set forth with matchless skill and burning eloquence in President Wilson's historic message. Just as we had no option in August, 1914, so had America come to see that she had no option, unless freedom was again to be endangered throughout the old and the new world, unless Russia was again to be delivered over to reaction, and unless Germany had to be given up as lost forever. Even the soul of Germany will have to be redeemed before the end. Do we not see how, under the terrific strain of this struggle, the bonds of military despotism which shackle the German and other peoples are beginning to snap as the end is approaching—for the end is coming."

DAINGEROUS TIME AHEAD

"There are difficult, dangerous weeks and months ahead; but the spirit of our armies at the front is magnificent. In confidence and determination let this spirit of the nation be equal to that of its armies. Let us be neither too elated by victory nor too depressed by ill fortune. Greater forces are fighting for us than our armies. The spirit of freedom is on the wing. A great creative spirit is once more moving among the nations in their unspoken anguish. Let us gather inspiration from our cause, and when the end comes—it cannot now be far off—let us in the hour of victory remember the greater ally and endeavor to build up a better world on the enduring foundation of liberty. Let all institutions be monuments to the real victory of this greatest, and let us hope, last war of the world."

FACE DANGER UNFLINCHINGLY

"I have emphasized the cause we are fighting for, because I am assured that in the grave dangers ahead a clear consciousness of that cause alone will strengthen us to hold on unflinchingly. The circumstances of my life have made me realize more than most men what that means. In my day and country I have seen freedom go under in what appeared to be the death agony of a people. I have seen her rise again, indestructible, deathless and immortal. I have seen the same beaten people fight for the same freedom, no longer for themselves alone but for the whole world. To-day I see another vision. From the freedom of the City of London to the freedom of humanity may the vision come true."

A VALUABLE FIND

A manuscript of eighty-five folio sheets, written by an Italian monk of the sixteenth century, Rev. Benigno Bibobetti, has been discovered, according to an announcement by Prof. Walter Lichtenstein, librarian of the Northwestern University, Chicago. The manuscript includes a vocabulary of 2,500 words in the Mosetenan and Spanish languages, a treatise on Mosetenan grammar and a religious tract. The Mosetenan Indians inhabited at the time of the Spanish exploration what is now known as Bolivia. The manuscripts were contained in a library, purchased in Bolivia from Senor Lonata Lanza two years ago. The importance of the manuscript was first noted by Dr. Rudolph R. Schuller of New York, who was doing research work in philology at the Northwestern University.—The Catholic Bulletin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Hon. William B. Young, a leading banker and former mayor of Augusta, Ga., has been received into the Church by Father Morrow of St. Patrick's Church, in that city.

Rev. Father Haig, C. S. S. R., the superior of the Redemptorist house at Perth, Scotland, is a brother of Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British army in France and a convert.

John McCormack, famed Irish tenor, in an interview, declared his intention of offering his services to the American Red Cross in event of war and help raising funds for relief of the poor, sick and wounded. He says he could do more good that way than by "stopping bullets in the trenches."

Boston priests have from the beginning been especially interested in the American Seminary for Foreign Missions at Maryknoll, Ossining, New York. Two pastors, recently deceased, Rev. Patrick H. Billings of Abington, and Rev. James J. Keegan of Woburn, remembered this new and worthy work in their wills.

Bishop Charles E. McDonnell, of Brooklyn, who received a purse of \$125,000 from Roman Catholics in honor of the anniversary of his consecration made plans to dispose of the money. He will send \$15,000 to Pope Benedict XV., and the remainder will be used in diocesan charities, the orphans and sick receiving most of the fund.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Chicago, have presented Most Rev. George W. Mundelein with a check for \$2,500 for a fund to be known as the A. O. H. perpetual scholarship. The fund will be used to educate Irish youths for the priesthood.

Mrs. Dewey, widow of Admiral George Dewey, who is president of the Woman's Section of the Navy League, has presented to that organization a fund for the equipment of a naval base hospital. She has also founded six scholarships at the second encampment of the First National Service School of the Woman's Section of the Navy League, which opened in Washington on April 16.

Among the literary treasures in the library of the Carmelite Fathers at the Catholic University of America is one of the sacred books of India written on palm leaves. This book was brought from India by Father Paschalis Heriz, O. C. D., formerly Apostolic Missionary in that country for fourteen years. It is one of the four principal religious books of Brahmanism and is written in Tamil.

The Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll has received a report of Catholic activities in China for the past year, and remarks a smaller increase of Christians than usual. For several years past, the annual gain has been about one hundred thousand (100,000) souls, but this past year it was only sixty thousand (60,000) and the cause is traceable to the War in Europe which has withdrawn missionaries, kept others in the home-lands, and diminished the propaganda offerings. It is interesting, however, to remark that the number of Chinese native priests has increased, so that at present they are 828 as against 803 a year ago.

Rev. Thomas Francis Regan, of the Catholic University of America, has been appointed chaplain of the United States Navy, by Secretary of the Navy Daniels—this being the first appointment to the chaplain corps since the declaration of war with Germany. Father Regan is a native of Wisconsin, and a son of the late Captain Matthew O. Regan, a veteran of the Civil War, who acted as Quartermaster and Postmaster of the National Home, Wisconsin, for more than twenty-five years. Another son is a lieutenant in the United States army.

The death has occurred, in his seventy-eighth year, of Very Rev. T. J. O'Mahony, D. D., All Hallows' College, Drumcondra, Ireland. A native of Cork, he spent the final years of his ministry in that city and Carrigrohane. He was an accomplished and widely read scholar, was proficient in the ancient classics and in several modern languages, wrote mystical and lyric poetry of a high order, contributed articles to various reviews, brought out an admirable compendium of the "Summa," and took part in nearly all the International Catholic Congresses.

The Holy Father has conferred the title of Doctor of Philosophy upon Mr. Alfred Herbert, a layman, who since 1904 has held the responsible position of prefect of studies in St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, which is the diocesan seminary of Westminster, England. Mr. Herbert belongs to a Protestant family and was originally destined for the Anglican ministry. He became a Catholic in 1873 and devoted himself to teaching. The duties to which he has given his life have never allowed him time for literary avocations. The honor conferred upon him is as unusual as the post he holds at St. Edmund's.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER V—CONTINUED
THE FIRST STEP IN APOSTASY

He impatiently altered the position of his head, reclining on the other side of the chair, where her touch could not reach it unless she changed her posture, replying petulantly: "Sufficiently well—only leave me—I am better alone!"

She rose, prepared to obey; but O'Connor who had been vainly striving to quell his indignation at the manner in which Howard received the fond attentions of the gentle girl, also rose, and, listening neither to his better sense, which would have cautioned him to silence, nor to his regard for Ellen, which would have counselled him to wait at least till she had left the room, he said suddenly, and in a voice tremulous from anger:

"Are you repenting for the cowardly thing you're after doin' down stairs? Are you mindin' the apostate that you made yourself for the praise of the company below? Are you thinkin' how God in Heaven and His blessed mother regards you now, and what broken hearts your mother and sister will have when they know it all?"

Howard sprang to his feet. The old man's words were the expression of the thoughts with which his mind was occupied. He questioned not how O'Connor had gained such knowledge,—he only knew that the speech, because of its very truth, stabbed his sensitive feelings to the quick, and goaded him to a madness of action which was foreign to his nature. He hurriedly crossed to the old man, drew his hand from the velvet cloak which still rested about his shoulders, and gave a passionate slap to the one of the withered cheeks. The blood rushed into old O'Connor's face, surging into the very forehead, and dying even to the withered neck. It was such an unexpected, such an unprecedented outrage, that his lips were sealed for a moment; then he bowed his gray head, and said in pathetically tremulous tones:

"Strike again, Master Howard. It is meet that an old servant who has been thirty years in the family should receive the first insult from the youngest son of them all." Howard, who was heartily ashamed of himself, and stung more by the last rebuking speech of the old man than he had been even by the indignant censure, strode hastily back to his seat, buried his face in his hands, and sat motionless as a statue. Ellen, who had watched the scene with every trace of color flitting from her cheeks and lips, now sprang to the old man, who remained standing with his head still bent, and the hot, indignant flush in his face, and, catching one of his hands between her own, she said, brokenly:

"Forgive him, O'Connor; he didn't know what he was doing." The old man replied without changing his attitude: "God bless you, sweet angel that you are; but O'Connor can never forget the blow he received tonight," and, with his head still bowed, he went slowly from the room. Ellen knelt beside Howard's chair. "Oh, Howard! Howard! how could you so forget yourself?" He could not bear her reproaches, and, rousing himself, he feigned a harshness which he was far from feeling, while he said:

"Leave me, Ellen! I requested before to be alone." He closed his eyes, but he might not see the heart-broken look in hers, and shut the door between the apartments when she had gone to her own room, that he might not hear her passionate sobbing. "Oh, mamma!" she moaned, "you counted on my influence in vain. Howard is beyond it all now. I cannot save him for you." She sobbed herself to sleep on the velvet cushions on which she knelt, but the troubled slumber was full of visions of her brother, from one of which she awoke with a start to find him standing mournfully beside her. He bent tenderly to her, saying tremulously:

"I am afraid, Anne, that you do not like our prolonged stay from home, but it is for Howard's health." Miss Flanagan smiled grimly, and then, asperity returned to her countenance, while she replied so much bitterly: "I never had a home, Miss Ellen." The young girl would have questioned to elicit the meaning of such a strange remark, but something in that cold, stern face repelled even the sympathy she would have proffered, and she bent to her desk again.

CHAPTER VI
THE STRANGE VISITOR AGAIN

The life in Paris was so agreeably suited to every disposition of the Grosvenor household that six months had gone delightfully by ere any one seemed to be aware of it. There had been occasional absence of Lord Stanwix when he crossed the channel to make the stirring speeches which returned to his family in newspaper form, with the added laudatory comments of the press—speeches which fired Howard's soul, and made him more anxious, more impatient than ever for manhood's years. The Irish agitators were beginning to assume a threatening form, and Lord Grosvenor, English born and English bred, endorsed with his tongue and pen the design of his government to tighten the bonds in which that unhappy country was held. Howard Courtney, taught by his mother to love Ireland as her birth-place, and incited to an affection for the country by the kindness and warm-heartedness of its people, an example of which was afforded by his father's servants, opposed the nobleman on principle and feeling; but when he would discuss the matter Lord Grosvenor waived it by saying, with his peculiar smile, and the malicious sparkle in his eyes:

"You and I hold a very different relation to each other to that which Ireland occupies towards my government. We are good friends, and must let no Irish feeling come between us," and the fiery youth was invariably obliged to let the subject pass.

The time of their stay in Paris drew at length to a close. Mrs. Courtney's letters were growing slightly impatient for the children's return, since Howard's health seemed to be so completely restored, and Lord Grosvenor and his lady decided on a few weeks' sojourn in Italy, from which country the party would immediately return to England, when Malverton would begin his collegiate term, and Howard and Ellen return to New York. Lady Grosvenor, though grieved to part with the gentle girl whom she had grown to love with an unwonted strength of affection, was pleased that the children were going so soon, and Ellen, delighted though she had been with foreign scenes and pleasures, rejoiced that her peculiar charge would be so soon resigned to her mother. Child though she was in years, she felt the responsibility of her mother's injunction as few girls of her age would have felt it, and though Howard, since his shameful outburst of passion towards O'Connor, had been exemplary in demeanor and expression, there was an undefined fear in her heart that this placid conduct only concealed for a time the fierce workings of his ambitious desires. For Howard, since this decision of Lord Stanwix, had grown moody and discontented. Foreign life, so different from his life at home, pandered to his fastidious tastes, in a measure gratified his ambitious wishes, and he was reluctant to relinquish it—so reluctant that his sister perceived it, and she said to him reproachfully:

"Surely, Howard, you are anxious to see mamma!" "Yes," he answered, "anxious to see her, but dreading that her fears for my health will impel her to control the bent of my desires," and he turned impatiently away, while Ellen painfully felt how he would sacrifice even affection's ties did they oppose the progress he wished to make. His discontent continued, entering into everything, and depriving every pleasure of half its charms, even for Ellen. Thus Italy, with its blue skies, charming landscapes, and thousand wonders celebrated for their beauty and antiquity, was entered with a heavy heart by the gentle girl.

Just the clime to develop your loveliness," Lady Grosvenor said to her on the second evening of their sojourn in Naples, when both from a balcony were viewing the effects of the sunset on the waters of the magnificent bay. "And just the clime to harmonize with that faith of yours," she continued, as Ellen blurted herself at the sound of some distant bells chiming the hour. The gentle girl did not reply, and Lady Grosvenor knew by the attitude of the young head, and the peculiar expression of the fair face, that she was mentally praying, not for herself, but for that idolized, wayward brother, Howard. The kind-hearted lady turned away with a sigh, for she feared that Howard Courtney's was a nature which neither maternal love nor sisterly care could control. Ellen could not bear to acquit her mother with Howard's strange reluctance to return, and she strove to make description in her letters alone for the little she said about him. Recently he had adopted the plan of writing what he would say in her letter, as it saved him the trouble of writing a full letter himself; but these conjointly written

missives caused Mrs. Courtney's heart to throb with renewed anxiety. For Ellen she had no fears, for her religious enthusiasm was apparent in every line of the affectionate epistles she wrote. Mrs. Courtney's eyes swam as she read one which ran: "Dear Mamma: I cannot describe to you the rush of feelings which overpower me each time I enter those grand old Roman churches—God seems so much nearer there—as if those beautiful eyes with their sad, tender expression, which you used to tell me you were wont in your girlhood to imagine you saw whenever you thought of Jesus, were looking at me from every altar. I do not know whether it is due to the influence of the climate, or the people with whom I come in contact, but I perform my religious duties with more devotion here than I ever did at home. Perhaps the early martyrs have a special watch over this, their own city, and obtain through their sufferings the grace of worshipping well for even transient suppliants at their shrines. Whichever it is, pray for me, mamma, that my present fervor may not diminish, and that my faith may be made strong as that of the blessed martyrs."

CHAPTER VII
HOWARD'S BRIEF APPENDIX

Howard's brief appendix contained a description of the churches as works of art, but not a syllable in his coldly beautiful language to tell if those grand edifices had awakened within his soul a particle of religious fervor. Alas! for his mother! too surely she felt the spar, to which her broken hopes clung, drifting from their grasp. Neither O'Connor nor Anne Flanagan were as well pleased with life in Italy as they had been with it in Paris, though to both, the multitude, and warm, religious character of the churches were something particularly pleasant. O'Connor was disgusted with the uncleanness of the "lazzaroni," as he termed the lower class of the natives, and found it difficult to adapt himself to Italian customs; while Anne Flanagan, holding herself aloof with what she considered becoming pride, and with her stern, repelling countenance, became an object of dislike and slight fear to the Italian servants with whom she came in contact, in consequence of which she was compelled to solicit O'Connor's escort when she went abroad, lest she might lose her way; not that the old man was better versed in the devious streets of the strange localities, but his tact and native intelligence accomplished the purpose as well as a hired guide would have done.

One afternoon when the peculiar pair were abroad in the streets of Florence on some shopping expedition of Miss Flanagan, the latter suddenly turned, with a sharp exclamation, to look after a man who had just passed her in the narrow street—a man who walked with gliding, noiseless gait, and whose peculiar garb attracted attention even amid the various peculiar garbs about him. The transient glimpse which she had obtained of his face showed her a complexion dark to swarthiness, straight black hair, and almond-shaped black eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked O'Connor, too absorbed in Miss Flanagan's agitation to have observed its cause. "Matter enough!" she answered gaspingly; "there goes the strange man who visits Mrs. Courtney every year. Come quick! I must see where he goes." Seizing the old man's reluctant arm, she compelled him to hurry with her through streets where the massive, gloomy architecture of the buildings seemed, at first sight, to frown away all idea of beauty, and on by a divergent route, to the Casine, where the gay world of the beautiful city were assembled. On they hurried, still keeping that figure, with its snake-like gait, in view—the golden gleaming of the embroidery on his cloak shining out distinctly from the many and varied costumes of the pedestrians on the thronged square, and now, to the affrighted sight of O'Connor, and the intensely agitated one of his companion, flashing almost between the wheels of a decapitated looking drag, driven by an Italian Prince, with four showy horses. But the oriental-looking figure passed safely on to the circular square near the Arno, where the flower girls were busily plying their trade, his rapid course winding faster than his pursuers' hurried steps could follow.

He turned at last, as if aware of the chase, and smiled at the agitated couple, who, by violent exertion, had arrived within a few paces of him—it was a smile in which the eyes took no part, and, from that fact, seemed more like a mocking grin—then he resumed his erratic course with such an increase of speed that, in a few minutes, he was lost entirely to the agitated view of his pursuers. O'Connor, disappointed and out of breath, turned upon his companions with:

"It's like all your unreasonable whims, ma'am, to be dragging me on such a wild goose chase as this—following some outlandish stranger, for what purpose I'd be obliged to you if you'd inform me." Miss Flanagan's chagrin was visible in the changing hue of her face. "You don't understand it," she said. "True for you," he replied, his indignation increasing at every step, "I don't understand it, for I haven't been trusted as you have been."

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"George!" exclaimed Frances, flushing deeply, "if you say another word, I'll never forgive you!" "All right," grinned her cousin amiably, "but I think Tom ought to know the way you talk behind his back." "Never mind, Frances," said Tom laughing, "I don't believe a word he says. I'll trust you." And the somewhat shy glance that passed between the two was not lost on the observant George.

"Oh, well, if you insist on buying the pearl, I suppose we'll have to let you," he said, in a resigned tone, sauntering off with his hands in his pockets. "What's he talking about?" asked Tom, mystified. "I haven't the slightest idea," answered Frances, glaring after her cousin. "Let's change the subject." And the new subject, whatever it was, proved so engrossing that the call to Sunday evening supper found them still with plenty to say.

It was plain to the most casual observer that Dalton's admiration for his friend's cousin was deepening into something stronger, and in the course of time it became evident, too, that as far as she was concerned, Tom might add to the pearls any day. Matters stood thus when Tom was sent West on a business trip, expecting to be gone a month. But various annoying details occurred, and on a cold blustering night, three weeks before Christmas, he found himself in Denver still uncertain as to the date of his return. It was too bad, he thought gloomily, for the hundredth time, as he sought to dispel his increasing loneliness by watching the gay crowds on the streets. He drifted idly along, thinking of Frances and wondering just what he would select for her Christmas present. "I believe I'll buy something here," he thought with a sudden happy inspiration. "It will help to pass the time. I did intend to wait till I got home, but—"

A jeweler's window took his eye and he stopped. In the midst of the brilliant array of jewels there was a handful of loose pearls in a velvet basket, against the dusky background of which they glowed with their own peculiar soft and alluring luster. Tom's eyes brightened. The purchase made, Tom returned to the gay street feeling a little less lonely, for he could, reposing chastely in a handsome case in his coat pocket, brought Frances strangely near to him. A warm feeling stole around his heart as he allowed himself to dwell on the incidents of the presentation. And thus happily meditating he made his way towards his hotel, unconscious of a tall figure with a muffled face following furtively in his rear. As he reached a dark alley in the shadow of a large building he suddenly became aware of labored breathing just behind, but before he could turn, with a nameless fear in his heart, he was felled to the ground by a heavy blow. As his assailant stooped over the prostrate body, seeking the jewel which he had seen his victim purchase, a big car whisked quickly out of the alley and struck him with a violence which threw his body over against the curb. Victim and assailant both woke in a hospital some hours later.

Tom was not seriously injured, though he had a broken leg and a battered head. The blow from his assailant had thrown him to the side and thus out of the way of the car. The would-be robber, however, had received a mortal injury and was suffering intensely. When he awoke in the hospital the first face he saw was that of a Sister, who was assisting the doctor to arrange his bandages. He looked at her wistfully and then turned his eyes away with a groan. "I'm not fit to look at such as she," he thought remorsefully, before oblivion closed over him again. The next time he awoke there was a priest at his bedside. He still felt dazed, but he struggled back to consciousness. "Father," he said weakly, "an encouraging hand on his, 'You are better. Don't you think you could tell me your name?' A wan smile lit up the sufferer's face for a moment. 'Ah, my name doesn't matter, Father,' he said. 'I'm nobody—just a wanderer—just a poor, unfortunate wanderer—no home—no friends—Oh!—a spasm of pain contracted his pinched features. 'Oh, it's been a long lonesome road. I'm thinking maybe'—and he looked up at the priest wistfully, fearfully—'that this is the end.' 'I'm afraid the end is not far off,' the priest answered gently. 'Do you want to make your peace with God?' The sick man groaned and turned his eyes away. His peace with God! Strange, curious words! How many years—hard, sordid, shameful years—it had been since he had experienced the sweetness of those words. Feebly his mind tried to grasp the meaning of it all. The priest helped him.

"You have had a hard life?" he asked softly. A quivering lip answered him before the man spoke. "Hard enough, Father." "We all have our troubles," said the priest, speaking in a slow, soothing tone, "but the good God is over all. Did you ever think of that?" The sick man pondered a moment. Then he turned restlessly. "I had a good mother," he said with apparent irrelevance. "A good old Irish mother—you know the kind, Father? Oh, her heart would break if she could see me now! And those were her very words—the good God! Do you think"—and the haggard eyes

questioned the priest—"do you think he could ever forgive—a person—for knocking a man down and trying to rob him?" The last words were in a terrified whisper, to catch which the priest had to lean close. It was four days later. In Tom Dalton's room at the hospital there was what George Naughton called "a sound of revelry," for the patient was better, his convalescence helped on by the arrival of George, always a host in himself as far as entertainment was concerned. The press despatches had carried the news of the assault back to Pittsburgh and George had left on the next train for Denver. He was weighted down, he declared, with messages from his father and mother—and Frances, put in merely as an afterthought.

"And what about the old duffer who attacked you?" he asked at the first pause in conversation. "He's dying," answered Tom, rather slyly. "Dying? Well, serves him right. The car hit him and all but missed you. It isn't often a thief meets retribution so quickly, is it?" "The poor fellow!" said Tom thoughtfully. "Do you know, I feel rather sorry for him. Father O'Connor has been telling me about him—"

"Sorry for him!" interrupted George blankly. "Well I'm blessed! Tell you what," as Tom laughed, "if a thug up and hit me over the head, I'd be sorry for him—I don't think I'd be his enemy." "But he isn't a thug, really," Tom explained. "He's only a poor unfortunate old fellow who was driven temporarily mad by bad luck and exposure." "Fine story!" said George derisively. "Every holdup man no doubt puts up the same plea. And old soft-hearted Tom—he's going to let him go scot free, I suppose?" "He'll be freed all right," Tom answered gravely. "Really, George," he added, "I wish you would go to see him and hear the story from his own lips." "Who, me?" asked George in plain but ungrammatical surprise. "What do I want to see the old duffer for? Besides, if he's dying—are any of his people with him?" "That's the sad part—I believe he had no people." "George," Tom went on with unaccustomed earnestness, "I can't tell you why, but I do feel sorry for the old man. Here's a man who knocked me down, gave me a broken leg, and worst of all, tried to rob me, and yet I can't feel hard toward him. He isn't a regular thief, he had never robbed anyone in his life, and he wouldn't have thought of doing it now, only he had been out of work and hadn't eaten anything for nearly a week. Think of it! And when he was almost starving he met an old mining camp chum who took him to a saloon and gave him a drink. That was the condition he was in when he attacked me. The queer part of it is," Tom concluded, "he told Father O'Connor he didn't want to hurt me—it was only the pearl he wanted for his little girl. But Father is inclined to think he was wandering when he said that." "The pearl?" asked George in surprise. "What pearl?" "Why," Tom explained in some confusion, "I bought a pearl for Frances—for Christmas, you know." "Oh!" exclaimed George significantly, "the sixteenth pearl! I knew you were slated for it! Well, pitying his friend's confusion, "do you really want me to go to see the old stage robber?" with a smile. "I wish you would," was Tom's rejoinder. The small ward in which George's "stage robber" lay dying was in a pleasant corner of the hospital with a western outlook. The pale, wintry sun shone softly on the old man's face, and George was constrained to admit that the countenance turned toward him was a prepossessing one, though sunken now in the dark shadow of death. "My name is Naughton," said George as he took one of the wasted hands. "I'm a friend of Dalton's you know, and he asked me to come to see you."

The dying man looked up intently at the visitor. "Naughton," he said in a feeble voice. "I used to know a George Naughton here twenty-five years ago." "Then you must have known my father," George said, "for he used to live here. In fact I was born here." The sunken eyes regarded the young man closely. "Your name is George," he said finally, "and you have a cousin Frances." "That's right," George answered in growing surprise. "You knew my people then?" The lids fell over the watching eyes, and there was no immediate reply. Then George noticed a tear slip down the pallid cheek as a trembling hand was reached out to him. "Tell your father and mother," the sick man said faintly, "that I blessed them with my last breath. And when you go home,"—he choked his—"when you go home give one kiss to your little cousin for a poor, lonesome, sorry old man!" His face broke up into a misery of tears; and George, answering the signal of a watchful nurse, slipped out of the alcove, softened, mystified and shaken with a curious presentiment which had seized him as the old man spoke. "How awful if it should be so!" he thought blankly. Then, "I'll go straight to Father O'Connor and get his right name!" Frances bounding over the bed in the alcove had no fault to find with the face of her long-lost father, turned to her in such adoring love. He was her father, giving back to her

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"Sorry for him!" interrupted George blankly. "Well I'm blessed! Tell you what," as Tom laughed, "if a thug up and hit me over the head, I'd be sorry for him—I don't think I'd be his enemy." "But he isn't a thug, really," Tom explained. "He's only a poor unfortunate old fellow who was driven temporarily mad by bad luck and exposure." "Fine story!" said George derisively. "Every holdup man no doubt puts up the same plea. And old soft-hearted Tom—he's going to let him go scot free, I suppose?" "He'll be freed all right," Tom answered gravely. "Really, George," he added, "I wish you would go to see him and hear the story from his own lips." "Who, me?" asked George in plain but ungrammatical surprise. "What do I want to see the old duffer for? Besides, if he's dying—are any of his people with him?" "That's the sad part—I believe he had no people." "George," Tom went on with unaccustomed earnestness, "I can't tell you why, but I do feel sorry for the old man. Here's a man who knocked me down, gave me a broken leg, and worst of all, tried to rob me, and yet I can't feel hard toward him. He isn't a regular thief, he had never robbed anyone in his life, and he wouldn't have thought of doing it now, only he had been out of work and hadn't eaten anything for nearly a week. Think of it! And when he was almost starving he met an old mining camp chum who took him to a saloon and gave him a drink. That was the condition he was in when he attacked me. The queer part of it is," Tom concluded, "he told Father O'Connor he didn't want to hurt me—it was only the pearl he wanted for his little girl. But Father is inclined to think he was wandering when he said that." "The pearl?" asked George in surprise. "What pearl?" "Why," Tom explained in some confusion, "I bought a pearl for Frances—for Christmas, you know." "Oh!" exclaimed George significantly, "the sixteenth pearl! I knew you were slated for it! Well, pitying his friend's confusion, "do you really want me to go to see the old stage robber?" with a smile. "I wish you would," was Tom's rejoinder. The small ward in which George's "stage robber" lay dying was in a pleasant corner of the hospital with a western outlook. The pale, wintry sun shone softly on the old man's face, and George was constrained to admit that the countenance turned toward him was a prepossessing one, though sunken now in the dark shadow of death. "My name is Naughton," said George as he took one of the wasted hands. "I'm a friend of Dalton's you know, and he asked me to come to see you."

The dying man looked up intently at the visitor. "Naughton," he said in a feeble voice. "I used to know a George Naughton here twenty-five years ago." "Then you must have known my father," George said, "for he used to live here. In fact I was born here." The sunken eyes regarded the young man closely. "Your name is George," he said finally, "and you have a cousin Frances." "That's right," George answered in growing surprise. "You knew my people then?" The lids fell over the watching eyes, and there was no immediate reply. Then George noticed a tear slip down the pallid cheek as a trembling hand was reached out to him. "Tell your father and mother," the sick man said faintly, "that I blessed them with my last breath. And when you go home,"—he choked his—"when you go home give one kiss to your little cousin for a poor, lonesome, sorry old man!" His face broke up into a misery of tears; and George, answering the signal of a watchful nurse, slipped out of the alcove, softened, mystified and shaken with a curious presentiment which had seized him as the old man spoke. "How awful if it should be so!" he thought blankly. Then, "I'll go straight to Father O'Connor and get his right name!" Frances bounding over the bed in the alcove had no fault to find with the face of her long-lost father, turned to her in such adoring love. He was her father, giving back to her

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to die it was true—but to go with her loving hands tending him, and all their prayers to speed him on his far journey. A knowledge of the circumstances was not allowed to accentuate her grief, for she never knew he was Tom's assailant.

"It's strange," remarked Mrs. Naughton to Father O'Connor after the funeral, "that after all it was his thought of Frances that brought him back to repentance. When he saw the pearl, he said, his mind could only center hazily on getting it for her. Only for his attack on Tom"—she shuddered—"he might have died in the gutter—any place! It's absolutely startling, isn't it, how God brings good out of evil?"

"It is," answered the priest, thoughtfully. "Truly, His ways are wonderful and past finding out!"—Helen Moriarty, in the Rosary Magazine.

CONFESSIONS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

PROTESTANT SECTS WHILE DEORING CONFSSIONAL, ADMIT THAT SOME KIND OF CONFSSION IS NECESSARY

By Wilmoth A. Farmer, former Methodist Minister, received a Catholic in May, 1915, at Savannah, Ga.

In speaking to a Protestant about the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, among the many points at which he is sure to take offense, there is no one so misunderstood and contemptuously spoken of by him as confession. And in order to set forth in clearness and detail all that pertains to confession, it would be necessary to treat of the whole subject of penance, of which confession is but a part. The space of this article will not permit of such an extended treatment; therefore, we shall confine ourselves to a general and popular exposition of it, keeping in view the antipathy Protestants feel towards the confessional.

By way of a prefatory remark we also state, that this doctrine of the Holy Catholic Faith, like some others of salutary importance and necessity has been vigorously attacked by all sects not retaining confession in their system of religion. They have treated it like other doctrines which are not palatable to the carnal man, viz., cast it out. As if, forsooth, the ignoring of what God has been pleased to reveal rendered His law null and void! They do not like the idea of the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist and the Mass is "a blasphemous deceit" which has been abolished, so we are informed; again, they do not fancy the doctrine of Purgatory, and consequently, "there is no Purgatory," but it is only a "money-making superstition of the Roman Church." They dislike in detail their sins to a fellowman, and hence "confession to a priest is not necessary." They treat the whole Christian creed as one who, disliking the heroic treatment and bitter medicines prescribed by the physician, discards whatsoever he pleases with the result of maladies uncurable and the body tending more and more to disintegration. Such a state of mind without the grace of God cannot comprehend what is meant in its fullest sense by the Christian Revelation and the institution of a Divine Church to preserve that revelation pure and intact. This attitude of mind, too, is maintained in face of the plain facts of Church history, a little investigation of which would set them right.

That some kind of a confession is necessary in order to obtain forgiveness of sins is generally admitted by all sects which make any pretense of being orthodox from a Protestant standpoint. It is certainly insisted upon before baptism, and after as a means of restoration when one has fallen into sin. What are the many efforts of the "revivals" held in Protestant churches but earnest appeals to penitent sinners and back-slidden Christians to confess their sins as a means to "get right with God?" Does not the writer of this article well remember how in the days when he was a Protestant, that the success of any effort he made to reach the souls of men was measured largely by the numbers he could persuade to confess sin and start to live a Christian life; the greater the number who could be induced to come forward to the "mourner's bench," or remain for an after-meeting of "inquiry, prayer, and instruction," the more real and lasting he felt was the effect of the grace of God in their hearts.

Who does not know that in every Sunday morning and evening prayer service of the Episcopal Church, after the general confession is made by the congregation, the minister gives them absolution? Or let anyone attend the Sunday services of any Dissenting body and he will hear, extempore though the prayer may be, a confession of sin by the minister in behalf of himself and the congregation.

Confession then is a sine qua non of the Christian religion. For, since on the one hand, "without shedding of blood there is no remission," so on the other, there is no forgiveness without confession. He that will not confess his sins shall perish. All of this is too plain to need further discussion. The Church, the old and new Scriptures, tradition, and conscience, all testify only too plainly to the imperative duty of the confession of sin.

But let us now take up the real point at issue. Why is it necessary to confess sin to a priest? Because this doctrine has the authority of the Church, the Scriptures, Tradition, and Fathers. Moreover it is exemplified in all ages from the inception of Christianity until the present day. And while to a Catholic the fact that the Church teaches it is sufficient, (for he knows how sacred and infallible are her utterances upon all questions pertaining to salvation,) yet that his implicit faith may be made to rejoice at the explicitness of this holy doctrine as manifested in Holy Scriptures, councils, writings of the Fathers, and constant practice of the Catholic Church, and furthermore that those outside her communion who think confession to a priest a horrible thing imposed upon humanity and a usurpation of power over the souls and consciences of men, may be enlightened and helped, we wish to call attention to some salient facts below.

For whereas in smaller sinners do penitence during a suitable term, and according to the order of discipline come to confession, and by the imposition of the hands of the bishop and of the clergy receive the right to communion, now, at an unsettled period when the persecution still continues, peace not yet restored to His Church, they are admitted to Communion and their names are offered, and penitence not yet done, confession not yet made, and the hand not yet laid upon them by the bishop and clergy, the Eucharist is given them, though it is written: "Whoever shall eat the bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and of the Blood of the Lord."

Lactantius in the fourth century, says: "As every sect of heretics thinks its followers are above all others, Christians, and its own the Catholic Church, it is to be known that that is the true (Catholic Church) wherein is confession and penitence, which wholesomely heals the wounds and sins to which the weakness of the flesh is subject."

In the same century St. Athanasius on Pa. xcix 4: "Enter into His gates with confession. He calls the Church on earth the gates of the Lord, in which (Church) we must make confession, proclaiming our past transgressions, and we must make known the benefits conferred upon us." Also, "As man is illuminated by the grace of the Holy Spirit by the priest that baptizes, so also he who confesses in penitence, receives through the priest, by the grace of Christ, the remission of sins."

St. Ambrose: "We have received the Holy Ghost, who not only forgives our own sins, but also makes us His priests to forgive the sins of others."

Finally, St. Augustine: "Confession I say, heals us; the Apostle John saying, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all iniquity.'"

"Trammelled in the bonds of sins so deadly does he decline or delay, or hesitate to fly unto the keys themselves of the Church, by which he may be loosed in heaven—And when he shall have passed upon himself the sentence of a most severe remedy, but still a remedy, let him come to the prelates through whom the keys are ministered to him in the Church; and as one now beginning to be a good son, let him—in the order of the members of the mother being preserved—receive the manner (measure) of his satisfaction from those who are set over the sacraments."

So we find that confession has not at any time been considered a new practice imposed upon the Church by "priestcraft." Like other great dogmas of the Church, if it had not been of divine institution people of every clime, age, and condition of life, would not have submitted to it. Yet until the rise of the Protestant sects in the sixteenth century all Christians went to confession. And moreover, it is a fact of no small significance that the overwhelming majority of Christendom still in this very day go to confession. In this, like in some other fundamental articles of faith of the Church, the "reformers" (?) were not and can never be successful in the attempt to overthrow it.

In the third place, though hard to the natural man, yet confession is truly a response to the deep needs of the human heart. What is a "mourner's bench" or an "after-meeting" but a kind of Protestant confession? Do not tell me that there they weep, pray, and confess their sins to God alone, because we know from personal experience and observation that many of those who seek such a kind of confession about their souls' salvation do not stop short of a confession to the Protestant minister of many of their sins and difficulties. Let no one deny that the Protestant minister is often made the depository of the sinful burdens of his parishioners. If it be said in reply, that this is indeed true, but not with the purpose of obtaining absolution, I answer, alas! that the Protestant church, having separated herself from her Mother, the Holy Catholic Church, stands before an unbelieving sorrowing, and sin-soured world, unable, since she has repudiated the institution of confession founded by our Lord Himself, to speak the words of authority and power by which the soul may be released from the bonds of sin.

Let me quote a passage from that illustrious and good man Cardinal Newman who had such a rare gift in portraying Christian truth and was such a keen analyst of the emotions of the human heart. On Confession he says: "How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a

benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such is it kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away. Oh! what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as the Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away forever! This is confession as it is in fact!"

Confession, instead of being as many Protestants ignorantly think and assert, an opportunity and inducement to lead men and women into sin, is, on the other hand, a positive deterrent to keep them from sin. The fact that a man who is solicited to sin, knows that if he yields he must declare it to a fellow-being in order to obtain forgiveness, causes him to stop and think many times before acting. To confess one's sins to God alone and in a general way, is a much easier thing than to deliberately kneel down in the confessional and there detail one's sins and shortcomings to a priest. Men and women would never do it if it did not have the incontrovertible authority of Christ and His Church back of it.

Again, if you think, my dear Protestant friend, that a Catholic can by the mere telling of his sins to a priest obtain forgiveness, you are sadly mistaken. Without sincere contrition, purpose of amendment, confession amounts to nothing and the poor penitent does but add sin unto sin—even sacrilege. And as for the (horrible thought!) it is a malicious lie when told by those who know better and an unkind and cruel slander when spoken by those who could know better if they would only take the trouble to investigate.

Since becoming a Catholic the writer has often contrasted the time, when as a Protestant minister he felt that much had been accomplished if he could induce a number of back-slidden Christians and sinners to come forward to the chancel-rail or "mourner's bench" to confess sin and seek pardon of God, with what he now knows to be a fact, viz., that without any great solicitation on the part of the priests of the Church, thousands upon thousands of Catholics go constantly to confession, and also the large number who are being instructed in the Christian faith preparatory for the same holy sacrament. When we read of the strenuous efforts put forth by the Protestant churches in a union "revival," etc., the great rejoicing over a few hundred cards signed, or hands held up, while we rejoice, too, in all the moral impetus and positive good that may be derived from such efforts, yet cannot but thank God that in the thousands upon thousands of Catholics there is provided a way and means of divine renovation of which thousands are constantly availing themselves. Oh! that Protestants knew (for they do not know), of the wonderful life of Sacramental Grace Christ has provided for mankind in His Church. There is nothing of good attempted in Protestantism but what it may be found in the Catholic Church, and as a beautiful tree planted by God, has been bringing forth its these centuries, blossoms and fruit to perfection, and confession is one of these trees.

O compassionate Lord and Redeemer of mankind, how wonderful are Thy wisdom and goodness! Thy love knows no limit, but Thou hast shed Thy Precious Blood, that man confessing may receive remission of his sins and become a worthy temple of the Holy Ghost. Let Thy Sacred Heart pity, we beseech Thee, all who in their ignorance calumniate Thy Holy Church and her saving doctrines. O Lord, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."—The Catholic Convert.

noted maker of powder and guns, issued a rather dogmatic work on the essentials of true poetry. He was easily paralleled by Mr. Edison, who relied on his undoubted achievements in practical electricity, to lend authority to his sophomoric effusions, denying the immortality of the soul. Psychologists did not take Mr. Edison seriously. With none but the crudest notions of "soul" and "immortality," his conclusions had no interest, save as showing the possible vagaries of a constructive mind. They were in no sense conclusive, except to the unthinking multitude. Mr. Edison had made wires glow and discs talk. He was therefore competent, so their logic ran, to dogmatize in philosophy, Scripture and theology.

It was left for Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, a surgeon of genuine attainment, to relinquish the scalpel on Easter Day, and prove to a Baptist congregation that the soul, if it exists, is not immortal. If correctly reported by the press, Dr. Crile did not state that physical science, as such, had nothing to do with the soul's immortality; a position which is not only intelligible but correct. On the contrary, the learned doctor held that physical science, having explored heaven, had rejected it as a very dull and dreary place; that science had demonstrated that "religion is unsupported by logic and facts;" that "individual resurrection" and "eternal life" are only dreams. Having thus extended the field of science, beyond the dreams even of the discarded Sage of Jena, Dr. Crile received with becoming modesty the thanks and congratulations of the assembled Easter Day Baptists.

No doubt Dr. Crile is a man disposed to cry out against the supposed attempt of religion to "dogmatize on science." He has no scruple, however, in leaving his last to dogmatize on religion. Eminent as a surgeon, Dr. Crile's own words prove that what he knows of the soul and its immortality, of the resurrection of the dead, and of future retribution, forms a notable contribution to the world's store of nonsense. Perhaps, after all, what is significant in the whole episode is not the fact that Dr. Crile chose Easter Day as an appropriate time for a public denial of the truth of Christianity, but that he was invited to do so by a church supposedly Christian. There is little doubt that Dr. Crile needs a truer sense of the limitations of science. There is no doubt whatever that the East End Baptist Church of Cleveland needs the first beginnings of faith in the promises of Jesus Christ.

THE COBBLER'S LAST

There is an ancient saw which bids the cobbler stick to his last. The axiom is founded on common sense. Some of us can do one or two things fairly well, but very few of us can do all things, even passably. An excellent cobbler, even passably. An excellent cobbler, may make a poor philosopher. A plumber of distinguished attainments in his useful and opulent art, may be painfully insufficient as a critic of old tapestry. Creakless shoes and insubordinate pipes are their metier. They will wisely leave art and philosophy to more practised hands.

Here in the United States, however, we accept the theory that eminence in anything, or even notoriety, makes one a doctor of universal learning. Washington Irving long ago pointed out the peculiar felicity which attaches to the jokes of rich men. To day we accept not merely their witticisms, but also their theories in art, literature, education and philanthropy, and that without question. We have infallible popes in everything except religion: priding ourselves on our intelligent freedom, we daily reject the scholastic principle that no authority is worth more than the reason back of it. Some years ago, Mr. Hudson Maxim, a

Who learns and learns, but acts not with the know, is one who plows and plows, but never sows.

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The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.50

Wahlehar and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops of Canada and Bishops of Ontario, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 20 cents. Subscribers changing residence will please give full address as well as new address.

St. John N. B. single copies may be purchased from Mrs. M. A. McGuire, 249 Main Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Brasseau street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Millot, 341 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1917

DIVERSE WEIGHTS AND DIVERSE MEASURES

In the Home Rule debate on the seventh of March, Lloyd George by his impudent and cynical volte-face on Home Rule shocked the conscience of the civilized world. And he was made to feel it. Less than two months later, he himself tells us, "if he appealed for settlement of the Irish question it was because he knew from facts driven into his mind every hour that in America, in Australia, in every part of the empire, it was regarded as the one essential to speedy victory."

"The one essential."

And yet we have Canadian newspapers professing an exclusive and superior brand of loyalty to the Empire doing all in their power to thwart this settlement by forcing the treason of North East Ulster on decent and self-respecting British subjects as the only basis on which "settlement" may be achieved.

The hoary old lies and shams are marshalled again. "Ulster is irrevocably opposed to Home Rule." Ulster has recorded her verdict at the polls on this question and is now represented in Parliament by a majority in favor of Home Rule. "Lloyd George has offered Home Rule to those parts of Ireland which want it." Yes; and at the same time he shirked and evaded the pertinent inquiry as to how he would delimit the Home Rule territory. "County option" is now proposed. Robert Donald, editor of the Daily Chronicle, tells us that the Nationalists would reluctantly agree, doubtless because they know that county option pleases neither Unionist nor Home Ruler, and can not, therefore, be of long duration.

"But there are strange Orange political troglodytes in the North of Ireland, who have never heard of the Russian revolution or of the world war, and they are opposed to this democratic solution. They are, however, prepared to accept county option on terms and have put forward a preposterous proposal which is now being considered by the Prime Minister."

Their terms are that while exclusion from Home Rule can be carried by a bare majority, inclusion can only be carried by a majority of 55%. This suggestion sustains the Orange theory, held as tenaciously as a religion, that one Orangeman is worth more than one Nationalist.

"The pettiness of all this is amazing enough, but we must recognize in it the fine art of political legdemain."

Yet that is the sort of "democracy" that our Canadian apologists for "Ulster" unblushingly advocate.

The majority in Tyrone and Fermanagh are in favor of Home Rule. The majority of Ulster are in favor of Home Rule.

The majority in Ireland, the majority in Great Britain, the majority in the British Empire have emphatically declared themselves in favor of Home Rule.

Two hundred Congressmen of our new ally, the great democracy of the United States, have made this open profession of faith: "The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M. P., London, England: "You are quoted as saying that the settlement of the Irish question is essential for the peace of the world and a speedy victory in the War."

"May we, members of the American Congress, suggest that nothing will add more to the enthusiasm of America in this War than a settlement now of the Irish problem. "We believe that all Americans will be deeply stirred and their enthusiastic effort enlisted if the British Empire will now settle this

problem in accordance with the principles announced by President Wilson in his address to Congress asking it to declare War on autocracy for the world-wide safety of democracy and of small nationalities."

The President, whose recent pronouncements have been enthusiastically acclaimed, is emphatically in favor of Home Rule, for "governments derive all their just rights from the consent of the governed." And yet, in defiance of every principle of democratic government, "a microscopic bit of territory in Ulster is paralyzing the influence of one of the chief belligerents in the world war."

"Coerce" Ulster! Never! Why should "Ulster" be "coerced"? If the Orange "troglodytes" submit to the laws enacted by the will of the overwhelming majority of the United Kingdom there will be no need of coercion. If they rebel they are rebels. Why should there be one law for Belfast and another for Dublin? "Diverse weights and diverse measures, both are abominable before God."

Ulsteria elevates this abomination into sacred political principle.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated a simple and self-evident truth when he declared that the "Irish problem has reached a stage where either it must be solved by the British Parliament or the bankruptcy of parliamentary government will result."

THE ROUND TABLE, IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE

A public meeting under Round Table auspices, in Toronto, was addressed by many prominent men, amongst them the Prime Minister, Sir William Hearst, and the leader of the Opposition, Mr. N. W. Rowell. Discussing the Round Table program of Imperial Federation or the practical steps leading thereto that are immediately possible, Mr. Rowell said:

"The Irish question must be settled before they settle the question of Imperial relations. I think the statesmen of Great Britain must display sufficient statesmanship to solve the Irish problem before we would be justified in putting our destiny into their hands."

In this outspoken, courageous and statesmanlike pronouncement the leader of the Opposition was stating nothing new or sensational. In fact he was simply joining in the myriad-voiced chorus from America, from Australia, from every part of the Empire that is driving into the mind of the British Prime Minister that Ireland, deprived of self-government, bars the way not only to the federation of the Empire but to the whole-hearted prosecution of the War to a speedy and successful issue. This number of the CATHOLIC RECORD gives some inkling of the tremendous reality of the appeals to British statesmanship from all parts of the English-speaking world to which Lloyd George has just borne such eloquent testimony.

Before these appeals and protests had swollen into the present unmistakable chorus many voices were raised in the same sense. Here is one from the antipodes. J. Clerc Sheridan, Commissioner for Revenue to the Union of South Africa, himself an ardent Imperial Federationist, in the Nineteenth Century for June 1916, writes:

"So the position remains that the Irish question blocks the way to Imperial Federation and unless that question be wisely and permanently settled it will continue to block the way until at last, by causing ever-widening embarrassments, it will force itself into cognizance as an Imperial question. Well, if ever the Dominions have to participate in deciding whether it is right and proper that the Irish should have self-government if they want it, the history and experience of the Dominions will lead them to a speedy and certain affirmative; but their estimate of the Mother Country's capacity for leading in Imperial Federation would be sensibly damaged if they were given any reason to believe that the Mother Country was in any degree herself responsible for the long-continuing failure to settle the Irish question."

This, a year ago, from the other side of the world is strangely like Mr. Rowell's statement at the Round Table a few days ago. And yet it found an honored place in a strongly Imperialist magazine which has in almost every number an article favoring the objects of the Round Table meeting which Mr. Rowell was addressing.

The Globe, an article from which we publish on another page, is strongly opposed to any change in our relations with the Empire that might lessen Canadian control of

the destiny of Canada. We do not agree with The Globe's views in the premises, nor do we assent to all it says in the article quoted. But we feel strongly that The Globe in its outspoken and reasoned opposition is doing a good thing, a necessary thing for Canada, for the Empire, and the best thing possible for honest members of the Round Table movement. If the Round Table proposals are sound they will stand criticism, they will court criticism; no better opportunity could offer for the prosecution of that educational campaign to which the Round Table groups are devoting time and zeal and intelligence and study. The Globe has given Professor Milner, Professor Wrong, President Falconer space, prominent editorial page space, for the Round Table side of the question. The Round Table professes, and we believe sincerely desires, that this educational campaign, this general study of a great problem, should be kept free from entangling alliances with the parties into which we are divided in domestic politics. President Falconer in restating this position warns—should we say threatens?—The Globe that its course may force the movement to abandon that position.

The Daily News, on the other hand, charges Mr. Rowell with "going very far indeed at the Round Table meeting in the use of a high Imperial issue for vote-catching purposes." Now, we do not think there is an intelligent Conservative, or an honest Imperialist of any sort who would not place N. W. Rowell amongst the forefront of Canadians sincerely devoted to the Empire, whatever they may think of his views on other matters.

On May 3, the News, which professes great friendship for the Round Table, in an article purporting to defend the movement in general and President Falconer in particular concludes thus:

"It is insisted that Ulster shall capitulate. But Ulster has emptied itself of men for the Allied cause, while the rest of Ireland has not done nearly so well. The attitude of Nationalist Ireland is such that it has been impossible to apply conscription to Ireland as to Great Britain. Liberal politicians in this country advocate the coercion of Ulster. They demand that while its manhood is away fighting for the Empire, it shall be forced against its will under the rule of that section of Ireland which has done much less for the common cause. The next thing these same politicians and newspapers will demand is that Ontario, having exported its defenders, shall submit to the domination of Quebec, which has shirked its duty in the war, and kept its men at home for selfish reasons. If these journals and political leaders have their way that is just what will occur at the general election which it is now sought to force upon the country. In the absence of 400,000 English-speaking voters, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, French Canada and the alien enemy vote in the West may be able to dominate Ontario and the rest of English-speaking Canada."

Though it may not be known generally, it is well known to President Falconer that the founders of the Round Table movement studiously avoided the terms, "Imperial," "Imperialism," and even to a considerable extent, "Empire." "British Commonwealth" in their writings is as a rule substituted for British Empire.

And the reason? Frankly because Imperialism had been so cheapened, so degraded, so prostituted by flag-waving political mountebanks to the basest partisan purposes that they felt it advisable to adopt another term even though it did not lend itself to the formation of derivatives and necessitated some circumlocution to avoid the discredited terms, "Imperial," "Imperialism" and "Imperialistic."

If President Falconer on behalf of the Round Table felt impelled to warn The Globe, what does he think of The News? Just a few friends and champions like The News will do more to destroy the patient work of the Round Table than a hundred honest and outspoken opponents like The Globe, however uninformed its criticism may be.

Is it not about time that The News as well as The Globe received a warning from the Round Table leaders? Otherwise, especially in view of the attention given to The Globe, it might not unfairly be inferred that they look with no disfavor on the action of The News in coupling the name of the Round Table with the recrudescence of that type of "Imperialism" so distasteful, so nauseating, to the gentlemen who founded the movement.

LORD ELGIN AND CHINESE MISSIONARIES

In connection with Father Fraser's Mission, the testimony of Lord Elgin as to the contrast between Catholic and Protestant missionaries in China is worthy of being called to the attention of readers of the RECORD. It appears in his "Letters and Journals" by Theodore Walrod, (2nd Edition, London, John Murray, 1873.) and is all the more valuable by reason of the prejudice it manifests against the Church on the part of an otherwise fair-minded and singularly gifted statesman. Lord Elgin was at the time engaged in his first diplomatic mission to China.

"Shanghai.—Easter Sunday, (1858).—I have been at Church. In the afternoon I walked to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is about three miles from the Consulate. I found a really handsome, or at any rate spacious building, well decorated. The priests were very civil. They count 80,000 converts in this province. It is impossible to help contrasting their proceedings with those of the Protestants. They come out here and spend the whole of their lives in evangelizing the heathen, never think of home, live on the same fare and dress in the same attire as the natives. The Protestants (generally) hardly leave the ports where they have excellent houses, wives, families, go home whenever self or wife is unwell, etc. I passed an American missionary's house yesterday. It was a great square building, situated in a garden and at the entrance gate there was a modest barn-like edifice large enough to hold about twenty sitters, which on inquiry I found to be the Church. These people have excellent situations, good salaries, so much for every child, allowance for sickness, etc. They make hardly any converts, but then they console themselves by saying that the Roman Catholics who make all these sacrifices do it from a bad motive, teach idolatry, etc. I cannot say, but I must admit that the priests whom I met today talked like very sensible men, and that the appearance of the young Chinamen (seminarists) whom I saw was most satisfactory."

tilt night. And those children were repeatedly pleaded with not to do this or to do that, and if there was a single case of obedience it escaped my attention.

"There was a case of a respectable well-to-do household from which all trace of parental authority had been eliminated. There are many thousands of homes just like it. Can you imagine anything worse for the children in such thousands of homes and can you imagine anything worse for the nation which is depending on such recruits for its citizenship? There is nothing worse. It will be a fatal thing if allowed to go on indefinitely unless the country intervenes somewhere in the course of each man's life to show that man what authority really is."

It may be that amongst the homes into which the RECORD goes there is none quite so bad as that pictured above; but there are many in which the incipient stages of the disease are easily detected.

"Honor thy father and thy mother" imposes obligations on the parents as well as on the children. As depositaries of divine authority the fathers and mothers will have to render an account as to how that authority has been exercised.

Read again the words of that vigorous old man of seventy-two whose business has brought him into contact with so many physical and moral wrecks; and remember the first step on that downward path is due to the lack of discipline in the home.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

NO MORE significant event has happened in the United States in many years than the gathering at Washington's Tomb of representatives of Great Britain, France and America. But little more than a hundred years ago these same nations were locked in deadly strife for supremacy in Europe, or for the possession of a continent; now they are joined hand in hand for the overthrow of an autocratic military power, whose continued existence as such would constitute a menace to human liberty the world over. May it not be that the simple ceremonies over the mortal remains of the "Father of his Country," ushered in an era of lasting peace and amity between nations long kept asunder by imaginary rival interests, and misunderstandings springing therefrom? Britain, France and the United States of America united in the cause of human liberty—is not that a prospect to thrill the heart and give birth to new hopes for humanity?

MR. BALFOUR's words on the occasion referred to may well be long remembered: "There is no place in the world," he said, "where a speech for the cause of liberty would be better placed than here at the tomb of Washington." Or the tribute of the British mission of which he is the honored head, in laying a wreath upon the tomb: "Dedicated by the British Mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen, and the country which his genius called into existence, fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism." What sentiment could have been better calculated to heal the sores of a century, or to remove the last remaining vestige of irritation or misunderstanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Celtic race? But one thing remains—the long-deferred justice to Ireland, and that, let us hope and believe, is not far away.

WHILE THE authorized representatives of the nations are thus cementing what should prove to be a solid and lasting union of hearts, other individuals are still busy, notwithstanding the War and the existence of the common enemy, sowing the seeds of discord and distrust between the two Americas. Under the utterly mendacious heading, "Latin America calls to Northern sisters," the Toronto Globe publishes a report of proceedings at a meeting of the executive of the General Mission Board of the Methodist Church in Canada. From this heading the unwary reader might suppose that the people of South America were famishing for spiritual food, and had issued a frantic appeal for assistance to their northern neighbors. A glance at the paragraph below, however, would reveal to him, (what the initiated would know without that formality) that the hungry "missionaries" of that denomination from the United States and Canada

who have for years been making themselves a common nuisance in South America, were running short of funds and were "touching up" their credulous brethren at home for more. Read with knowledge and understanding that is what the "call" means and it casts a curious reflection upon the Methodist conscience that not a single voice is raised in protest from within.

WHAT METHODIST, or Baptist or Presbyterian so-called missions in Latin countries imply we know from the testimony of independent witnesses. The methods of Robert E. Speer are the methods of them all. They may be read between the lines of their "reports" to their employers at home. They are illustrated perhaps as well in the capital of Christendom as anywhere. The Superintendent of Methodist propaganda in Rome—the man with the tee-tot name, (the Reverend B. M. Tittle, D. D.)—has furnished numerous reports of his work "at the very door of the Vatican itself." A perusal of any one of these is very instructive, when contrasted with the bald truth as to the genesis and carrying-on of this Methodist "mission." Let a few illustrations from independent observers suffice. Dr. Tittle assures the American public that his work is really prosperous. Prosperous it unquestionably is if prosperity be measured by expenditure, for money has been poured out like water in Rome. But if, on the other hand, it be measured by its influence upon the people of Rome, it is, as it always must be, a ghastly failure.

WHAT IS the actual status of Methodism in Rome? It has in reality no status at all. By virtue of lavish expenditure of money it has gathered about it a little band which any heathen cult might have gathered by the same means. Aside from its own salaried staff and the considerable floating population from the United States, you could put all the Methodists in Rome into a submarine, said the Superior of the Irish Christian Brothers a short time ago. In the early years of the mission they opened schools to teach foreign languages, which it is essential that young Romans who cater to the tourist traffic should know. For a while these schools prospered, but one fine morning saw two other schools opened near by, one for boys and the other for girls, and both conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers. They had come to render Methodist proselytism innocuous, and they succeeded in doing so. Day by day attendance at the Methodist schools declined, until left practically without pupils. Then they attacked the poor!

THIS CAMPAIGN against the poor has continued ceaselessly to this hour, and it constitutes the staple of the Methodist mission. Dollars by the bushel arrive from the United States to carry it on—from the same people who are now appealed to by the proselytizing itinerants in South America. Presents of money; employment sought for those out of work; payment handed to persons to merely enter the edifice on the Via Venti Settembre during prayer; promises of subsidies made to parents on condition that they send their children for instruction—these are the methods by which it is sought to make an impression upon the Roman poor and which constitute the "spiritual harvest" of the Rev. Doctor Tittle. Specific instances could be given if it were worth while. One will serve as an illustration. "Hello! Johanna," cried a Roman gentleman, astonished to see his old nurse issue from the Methodist conventicle, "Have you turned Protestant?" "Not at all, Signore," was the reply. "They give me 25 centimes for coming, and it is a nice warm place to say my Rosary."

BUT, IT MAY well be asked, if the Methodists are so anxious to "preach the Gospel" in Rome, why do they not go after the Socialists, the atheists, and the many others who never enter a church of any kind? They never get recruits of that kind, for the keen-minded Italian theorist penetrates the sham. He laughs at religious compromises, and looks upon Protestants half with pity, half with amusement, shrugs his shoulders, and indulges in a contemptuous smile. And upon the substantial people of Rome they make no impression whatever. The 600 churches of the city continue to be thronged with worshippers who never give the Methodist mission on

the Via Venti Settembre a serious thought. And it is the same in Latin America, where, notwithstanding the lavish display of money from the United States, the serious people of those countries remain unaffected thereby. A few stragglers with an end to serve enter the net, and they form the lever for additional contributions from a too-credulous public at home.

THE CANADIAN LINE at Fresnoy holds against the repeated efforts of the enemy to recover the positions north and south of the village, which was captured on Thursday. The big guns are again busy searching out the enemy's batteries in the rear. Until the Drocourt line is reached, about three miles west of Douai, the enemy has no regular trench system, says Stewart Lyon. The German troops shelter from the shells in shallow trenches dug here and there, the main defenses being the chain of villages, where the cellars are converted into underground fortresses manned by machine guns. German casualties in Thursday's fighting were heavier than usual. This was due to the fact that the Germans were massed in the trenches for a big offensive when they were caught in the storm of the British assault.

THE BRITISH STRENGTHENED their hold yesterday in the captured section of the Hindenburg line and fought their way eastward in the enemy's trenches, killing many Germans and taking some prisoners. Heavy fighting took place yesterday in the air. Six German machines were brought down and five others were damaged and forced to descend. Two British machines failed to return.

NINE HUNDRED GERMAN prisoners were taken by the British in Thursday's operations. These included twenty-eight officers.

NORTHWEST OF RHEIMS the French have captured the first line of German trenches along a front of about two and a half miles. Six hundred prisoners were taken. The village of Craonne, on the edge of the Vauclere plateau, also was captured yesterday by the French in their drive on Laon, which is under gage. In addition to Craonne village the enemy was driven out of several points of support. Violent artillery engagements are reported from Champagne, in the region to the south and southwest of Moronvilliers.

THE GERMAN SOLDIERS bread ration has been cut down to a third of its former weight. Some of the prisoners when captured had eaten their emergency rations through hunger, but this may have been due to the British fire, which cut off supplies from the men in the trenches.

THE GERMAN REPORT on the Western front states that the British attacking force comprised sixteen to seventeen divisions. It admits the capture of Fresnoy and the seizure of a portion of their front trenches at Bullecourt, but alleges that the British objective failed. The report also says that British cavalry were massed in readiness southeast of Arras. The Germans claim to have inflicted heavy losses upon the British, and to have taken one thousand prisoners.

THE RUSSIANS ATTACKED the German positions in the Carpathians, north of the Suchias Valley. The German official report says the attack, which was made by three battalions, failed.

A BRITISH TORPEDO boat destroyer was sunk, one officer and sixty-one men going down with the vessel. The announcement was made by the Admiralty last night. The destroyer which was an old boat, struck a mine in the English Channel on Wednesday last.—Globe, May 5.

Petrograd, Thursday, May 3, via London, May 5.—Although the sentiment of the workmen and soldiers' council to-night apparently is against extreme measures, unless they are absolutely necessary, every speaker at the meeting emphasized the contention that the power in Russia rests in the hands of the representatives of the workmen and soldiers, and that they are determined to enforce their views upon the temporary Government or immediately dispossess it and construct a Government of their own making.

Petrograd, May 4.—A virtual armistice exists along almost the entire Russian front to-day. Not a shot has been fired on the Austro-Russian front in more than a month. There has been no real activity on the German Russian sector.

At many places Russian and German soldiers are fraternizing, meeting unarmed in No Man's Land.

We are children,—very young children, when one considers the antiquity of this plane and the brief time it has been peopled, and the knowledge we are "babes and sucklings," not yet capable of understanding anything at all about the things which are real and everlastingly worth while. The most we can do now, despite our frequent and furious boasting and all our display, is to let the Divine One guide and lead us, through love, into those paths which will some day bring our undreamed children into light and knowledge.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE CANADIAN LINE at Fresnoy holds against the repeated efforts of the enemy to recover the positions north and south of the village, which was captured on Thursday. The big guns are again busy searching out the enemy's batteries in the rear. Until the Drocourt line is reached, about three miles west of Douai, the enemy has no regular trench system, says Stewart Lyon. The German troops shelter from the shells in shallow trenches dug here and there, the main defenses being the chain of villages, where the cellars are converted into underground fortresses manned by machine guns. German casualties in Thursday's fighting were heavier than usual. This was due to the fact that the Germans were massed in the trenches for a big offensive when they were caught in the storm of the British assault.

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T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

ANOTHER FAILURE TO SETTLE IRISH QUESTION PROBABLE

THEN ENGLAND REACTING TO THE PRESSURE OF WORLD OPINION WILL EFFECT SETTLEMENT

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

London, May 5.—There is no doubt in the mind of any thinking man that the Irish question is closer today to a settlement than it ever has been before, and that not a great deal of time will now elapse before it will be adjusted. Nevertheless, not all the difficulties have yet been overcome.

Several weeks ago I made a prophecy, and I am more certain now than I was then, even, that it will be fulfilled. I said then that there would be another failure to settle the question, and that after that failure there would come a final act that would bring the entire thing to a conclusion. If the preliminary failure is made, as I believe it will be, it will come because of the differences that exist between the two Irish parties, especially because of the apparent impossibility of reconciling the Ulstermen and the Orangemen, though want of proper firmness on the part of leaders in dealing with all sides will not be without its effect.

Appeals to Great Britain to yield to Ireland the freedom for which she has fought so long and so ardently, for which she has shed so much of her blood and given so largely of her treasure, are coming from all parts of the civilized world. Especially strong are the appeals from America, free herself and jealous for the freedom of other countries, where it is not impossible that the great government of the United States, now in conference through her highest officials with representatives of England, may take up the question. These expressions of strong desire that Ireland shall be permitted to govern herself, coming at a time when the whole world is engaged in a desperate battle against serfdom, while they have a certain influence on a part of the British Empire, leave both Ulstermen and Orangemen cold—even untouched.

Some Orange organs in Belfast have answered the appeals from America with scorn, and have not hesitated, even, to descend to insult in their fatuousness. They remain immovable up to the present in their demand that six counties be the portion excluded from the Home Rule that is bound to come, and soon. They are not willing to ask the inhabitants of these counties, by a plebiscite, what are their own views and desires as to their political destinies. A review of the conditions in these counties would readily explain why. Their demand involves the exclusion from the Irish parliament of the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, though in them the people are for Home Rule by a decisive majority. If the question were placed before these counties, and the result determined by their vote, there is no question but that they would stand, as they have always stood, for release from the British crown. Two of the other counties are Derry and Armagh, where the Orangemen are in a majority, it is true, but by such a small percentage as to justify the hope of the minority that they also would be carried away by the flowing tide that is in favor of Home Rule, and an early settlement of the vexed question.

The chief delay at this juncture in the Government making a statement of its proposals is largely due to the vain efforts of Lloyd George to break down this obstinate Orange attitude of opposition. The Premier seems to be unable to appreciate that these people are irreconcilable, and that all he can do, and all time can effect, will have no good result. Some say that Carson is to blame for the delay, and that to convert him to Lloyd George's chief difficulty, but this is an erroneous supposition. Carson is just now too much absorbed in his own difficulties, and those of his department, too intense in his determination to win the War, and to impress upon every good patriot that this is his first duty, to push the Ulster claims, even, beyond the absolute necessities of the case.

On the other hand, he is too closely bound to the Orangemen not to feel that he is bound to stand by whatever demands they make, even though he may consider them unreasonable. Again, while Carson's presence in the ministry is not vital to Lloyd George's position there, which now depends mainly upon Unionist support, it might be seriously menaced if Carson should resign. The difficulty on the other side is that there is still violent unrest in Ireland, partly due to the continuation of the resentment which produced the rebellion a year ago and partly to the very slow dying down of the anger created by the executions there that followed it. There is still a further difficulty in that partition in any shape or form has grown more than ever distasteful since the negotiations of last July. The idea of partition, also, has found strong opposition in a new group of young Tories who are one of the strongest of the new forces on the side of Home Rule.

Apart, therefore, from the insistent necessity there was for him to go to France to consult the leaders over there on the War, Lloyd George must

have found not a little relief in leaving the question behind him and getting a little breathing time in which to discover a means for escape from the morass of the difficulties that surround him.

Whatever may be the immediate result, there will certainly be a change made in the finance provisions of the Home Rule Act, which will enlarge enormously the liberties originally conferred. By that Act Ireland's increased war taxation has freed her from a deficit of £2,000,000 which she owed annually to the Imperial exchequer representing the difference between the cost of government and the yield of the Irish taxes. This balance being against Ireland, the result was that there was in the Home Rule Act great restrictions against Ireland controlling her own finances. With the disappearance of this deficit, naturally, the restrictions must also disappear, and so, the new proposals will confer practical and physical autonomy in fiscal matters.

The Ulster problem, however, remains unsolved. Escape may be found in county option, bringing about a plebiscite, which would certainly result in the excluded territory being limited to four, perhaps even three, counties. This, or any other form of partition, however, cannot be approved, cannot even be accepted by the Irish party, unless three conditions arise. The first of these is that it shall be imposed upon them by the overwhelming voice of the Imperial Parliament. The second, that it shall be made clear that the expedient is merely temporary, and the third that Irish opinion shall indicate clearly a readiness to allow their representatives to try this unpromising experiment.

Thus, it must be apparent, the situation remains difficult and uncertain; but I am convinced that the world forces, especially the strength of American unanimity, will compel an early settlement. Nevertheless, the friends of Irish liberty and of cordial cooperation between America and the Allies, ought not to relax their efforts to induce the warring British parties to close for all time this disastrous controversy.

ERIN SELF-GOVERNED

AMERICANS RESPOND TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S APPEAL

New York World, April 28

Responses to the appeal of Lord Northcliffe, made through The World last Tuesday, for expressions of American opinion as an aid to the British Government in settling the Irish question continued yesterday from every quarter of the country.

The World today, April 8, in conjunction with the London Times, prints a third instalment of the large number of statements received from prominent Americans, dealing with this perplexing question, unsettled after seven hundred years.

The World presents herewith a statement from Archbishop Ireland. It is seldom that he can be induced to speak, but when he does he commands the widest and most thorough attention.

BY JOHN IRELAND Archbishop of St. Paul

To-day America is the ally of the British Empire in one of the fiercest and most meaningful wars ever known in the history of the human race. Necessarily America takes deepest concern in conditions of the British Empire bearing upon the conduct and the outcome of this fearful conflict. Victory for the British Empire is victory for America. Defeat for the empire is defeat for America. The two nations stand or fall together, with consequences for weal or woe to both that stagger the mind in the effort to grasp the hugeness of possibilities of the one hypothesis or the other.

America, for her own sake, for the sake of the British Empire, asks that Home Rule be given without further delay to Ireland. No one knowing the mind of America can mistake in this regard its wish and voice; no one the serious preoccupation in which it holds itself lest the refusal of Home Rule to Ireland be further continued. The need of the hour to the British Empire for its strength in the vigorous prosecution of the War is internal peace and the unity of all its forces into oneness of life and effort.

PART OF EMPIRE ALOOF

As things are, a valuable part of the empire is aloof from the great struggle. The men of Ireland are needed to lend aid and comfort to its army and its navy. The men of Ireland should be treated that they will spring forward as one man in hastening alacrity to the battlefields, over which hover such terrifying possibilities.

Ireland's bravery is not doubted. Let it be launched forth in its most daring impetuosity into the fray to bear aloft in victory, across every peril, the banner of St. George.

With joyousness that words cannot tell would America applaud such a blessed achievement. America would see in it new strength for the British Empire, new strength to for her own self, inasmuch as the deep sympathy for Ireland vibrating in the hearts of millions of her people would be brightened into burning glow of satisfaction that America is now the ally of an empire rising to the heights of wholesome generosity in awarding to Ireland its coveted dream of centuries, and then with Ireland peaceful and happy there is consistency in the plea under which the British Empire and America are waging war.

NATURE OF THE IDEALS

Those ideals are popular freedom, the guardianship of smaller nations, respect and reverence for aspirations that neither time nor human power can smother and kill. The Allied nations inscribe those ideals in their proclamations and unsheath their swords to encourage and guard them.

Meanwhile, what can be said in response to the taunts of enemy sovereignties who ask why Ireland is still the victim of the oppression of ages, still the complainant that her imperishable yearnings for the sunshine of democracy upon her fields are unheard, unsatisfied? One act of supreme generosity on the part of the British Parliament will give to Ireland peace and joyousness and tie her in gratitude to the hopes and destinies of the empire.

Why not at once speak forth that act?

There is, it is said, one obstacle—the unwillingness of a portion of the population of Ulster to trust the vast majority of the population of Ireland. Guarantees have been given that rights shall be safeguarded, that perils of local liberty shall find no room under the operations of the act granting Home Rule.

NO THREATS BY MAJORITY

Guarantees to this end and the majority do not refuse. Perils that are feared find no foundation in the words or the doings of the majority. Is it logical that a minority, however comparatively small, should overrule the majority, however comparatively large? In this hypothesis there never will be possible in any land a plan of Home Rule or a regime of unalloyed democracy.

There should be no divided Ireland. Ireland exists in its entirety or does not at all exist. Some day the gaping sore of a dissatisfied Ireland will be healed. Home Rule will be granted. Why not grant it to-day when the need of heartfelt co-operation between the population of Ireland and that of England is a crying need, when the gift of Home Rule would be so gracious as to win to itself enduring gratitude?

This is what Americans wish for; this is what Americans feel. They themselves similarly situated would gladly do what to-day they ask the English Parliament to do.

BY WILLIAM B. ELLISON Former Corporation Counsel, New York City

Home Rule should be granted to Ireland and the counties of Ulster should not be partitioned from the rest of Ireland. The dispute between Ulster and the south of Ireland seems to me to be founded mainly on a difference in religious views, and the world has outgrown the stage when religion should enter into politics.

I am a Protestant, but I believe in majority rule, and the majority in Ireland want Home Rule. Ireland should be allowed to work out its destiny as a unit. As a Protestant I would welcome Home Rule, and I believe that other Protestants who are American citizens of Irish extraction share my views.

BY GEORGE HARVEY Editor North American Review

There is an obstacle to the unhampered movement of American pro-Ally sympathies. Our British friends will not take it amiss if we tell them frankly what it is. It is the Irish question. Far beyond the circle of the professional Irish-American politician there is a deep desire on the part of the American people to see the Irish question settled in the only way in which they believe it can ever be settled—namely, by the establishment of a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin.

There is nothing we desire more heartily than that the co-operation between the British and American Governments should be shared in by the British and American peoples. But we warn our British friends that this is not likely to happen so long as the Irish question remains unsettled. There could be no happier stroke of British policy than to get this old cause of exchange, not only between England and Ireland but between England and America, out of the way at once. It damages the British cause. It damages the Allied cause.

BY JOHN MCCORMACK Noted Irish Tenor

I feel sure that if the President would only express the wish that Ireland be given Home Rule Ulster would fall in line, because the men there are sane and the question is not a religious one.

BY VICTOR HERBERT President of the Sons of Irish Freedom

In answering Lord Northcliffe's communication made to The New York World, I would say: The American people have always stood by Ireland's claim for liberty. If the rights of small nations are to be established by this world war, as England claims, let her restore to Ireland her national independent rights.

BY ROBERT TEMPLE EMMET Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired

Nothing, in my opinion, would be more popular among Americans, with their undoubted sympathy for Ireland's aspirations for autonomy, than the passage now of a real measure of Home Rule; not the county option plan suggested, but one uniting all Ireland.

It would arouse enthusiasm and allay much latent prejudice not only among those here of Irish birth and descent but among a large majority of our people who, having enjoyed themselves a full measure of local government, desire it for the Irish nation. We cannot believe that all

the rights of a minority, religious, political and financial, cannot be as absolutely safeguarded in Ireland as they are here.

THE CATHOLIC APPEAL

In the minds of Catholics, especially in this country, there is a hope almost amounting to a firm belief, that out of the welter of conflict through which the world is passing there will come to man an intellectual and spiritual awakening which will make him peculiarly receptive of the message of the Catholic Church. There is a great expectation that from the fiery ordeal which is testing the stability of existing institutions and burning up, so to speak, much of the accumulated rubbish to which the nations have hitherto attached an extravagant and artificial value, Catholicism will triumphantly emerge to meet an irresistible appeal to the heart and soul of disillusioned humanity. That the immediate future is big with possibilities for the Church is doubtless a great and impressive fact which invites, nay compels, our earnest consideration. But the Church, although a Divine Spirit through which the Holy Spirit sheds upon the world the light of truth and dispenses the health and strength of sacramental grace, is nevertheless composed of human instruments, and the instruments, as well as the work of their hands, are not always perfect, or fit, or even adapted to the needs of the moment. The Church is the one force which has within it the power of healing the wounded and lacerated body of mankind. There is no deficiency in its resources, no restriction in its operations, and no discrimination or partiality in its universal solicitude. Its roots are in Heaven, yet its branches touch the earth and afford shade and refreshment to all who seek their shelter. The more one realizes the purpose of the Church, the more one feels stirred to ardent effort to extend the benefit of its influence. What is the message of the Church, and how can we—priests and laity alike—present it so that its appeal will awaken the widest possible measure of response? How can we best seize the golden opportunity that lies before us? Men are groping for the light—blindly reaching out their hands for the fruit which we, as Catholics, know is born in rich abundance on the divine tree that flourishes in the garden of the Church. How can we help them to touch and taste and live? How do we propose to discharge our responsibility?

The weakness of many of the arguments used in support and vindication of Catholicism is that they lead to a hopeless maze of barren controversy. Some of the arguments, by the efflux of time and the movement of population, have become double-edged weapons or have lost their force. Others seem to infer a claim to the possession of advantages which are by no means the monopoly of Catholics. One proves too much, while another ignores proofs, and is less an argument than a mere assertion or demand. The Church is not greatly helped by the well-meant efforts to affix the Catholic label to the largest possible number of intellectuals—men of science, poets, philosophers, artists, musicians, and statesmen. Nor are the glories of medieval architecture, with its stately cathedrals and abbeys, any proof of the possession of either truth or sanity by the Catholic hierarchy. In his last Lenten pastoral, has a passage which bears on this point. "Did not Greece give the world thinkers of genius?" he says. "Is not the wisdom of ancient Rome proverbial? Did not pagan art produce masterpieces which Christian generations have never wearied of admiring and copying?" Christianity, he adds, has no monopoly of intelligence, or even of moral virtue. The Catholic appeal to the present age cannot, therefore, be made effective by directing men to gaze with admiration on the intellectual and material achievements of illustrious sons of the Church, for paganism and heresy can match them. The argument, such as it is, is at best a negative one, showing what the Church is not, but carrying with it no insistent or compelling message to touch the deeper springs of human action. The builder, the architect, and the sculptor rear and adorn the heathen temple and the Christian church. Truth and error both have their habitations amidst the splendor of material structures, which shell and mine can instantly tumble into shapeless ruins. Similarly intellect and virtue may very well be strangers and the children of the light are rather "babes and sucklings," intellectually speaking, than wise and great according to the measure of the world. The intellectual appeal, then, is not more forcible than the artistic appeal. From the nature of the Church and the character of her message the artistic, the moral, and the intellectual appeals, even fail to deflect the great current of the inward life of the individual. Only the spiritual appeal can influence the spirit.

It may be fully granted that as each one reaches his goal by a different route, so the multitude of arguments that comprise Catholic apologetic have each a definite value and purpose. It is probable that the sight of a ruined cathedral, at once a dumb witness to the antiquity of the Catholic faith and to the violence and hatred of its enemies, may set a traveller's footsteps on the road that leads Romewards. And so with

many arguments that make a limited, and we would say, a more or less sentimental, appeal to different minds. They all contribute to the grand result, and taken together they may be so cumulative in their effect on certain individuals as to be irresistible. But none of these things, we make bold to say, indicate the grand line of approach of which the Church will successfully reach the masses in the new age that has already begun. The message of Christianity is after all, as simple as it is sublime. Its best witness—and in the end, more especially in days when men are looking straight into the heart of things the only witness that counts—is the life, conduct and motives of the messenger. However low man may have fallen, he has, at root, the religious instinct. He must worship, even if his god is one of his own fashioning. The Church offers the means of satisfying this natural instinct, and offers it in the only perfect form. But while the man of the new age—the man who has been shaken out of himself and who looks back with contempt on the false, narrow, cramping ideas and conditions which he had previously accepted unquestioningly—will probably feel the need of having a religious basis to his life, and be prepared to respond to the insistent call of worship, we do not doubt that he will expect religion and life to be in more intimate association—to be more truly cause and effect—than he has yet seen them to be in actual practice. This seems to us to mark out clearly what must be the nature of the Catholic appeal to men in this great and critical time of the world's rebirth. Polemic is not the food for which the world is craving. It hardly knows what it is seeking, but it is seeking all the same, and the Church has the grand opportunity in its history of showing that it possesses what all men seek. St. Augustine laid down the great truth that only works inspired by the love of God and in the love of one's neighbor in the sight of God has power to open the gates of Paradise to us. Cardinal Mercier refers to this oft-repeated teaching in his *Len. Pastoral*. It is simplicity itself, yet it sums up Christianity, and the grave responsibility of the Catholic is to prove to the world that because he is a Catholic his own life is an exemplification of that fundamental truth. The life and works of the Catholic will constitute the strongest argument in favor of the divine claims of the Church of which he is a member. We have a strong and deep conviction that in the coming days form and ceremonial will be regarded as less than nothing if the spirit behind them does not go outside the sanctuary and permeate the daily lives of those who participate in them. The Catholic appeal, therefore, will be to point to living examples of the influences of the Church's teaching. It will not be sufficient to hold up the Saints who have gone to their reward. The world will be sceptical. If it is to believe that the Catholic Church is the Divine Society founded by Our Lord it must see in the works of its members, in their charity, patience, kindness, and unselfishness a spirit and manner of life higher, nobler and less mundane than the life of the man who is outside the fold. If these evidences of the fruits of grace and the love of God are absent, the proclamation of faith and the assertion of the claims of the Church on the allegiance of men will be as effective as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."—The Universe.

A PATHETIC IMITATION

The Anglican church of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, England, continues to be a cause of mental anguish to Mr. Kessit, by reason of the practices carried out there by his ultra high brethren. Two years ago he tried to stir the Bishop of London to look into the matter, but failed. Possibly encouraged by the Bishop's indifference, the clergy at St. Saviour's have gone farther. Mr. Kessit reports to the Bishop that Benedictine and Rosary are part of the services. Describing the exercises, Mr. Kessit says:

The vicar now knelt down in the middle aisle, facing the high altar, and displaying his rosary led the congregation through the usual Roman devotion. The people began telling their beads and responding: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Benediction was carried out "with every mark of precision to detail as may be witnessed in any Roman Catholic building." A book used in St. Saviour's explains that the service is "frankly borrowed from the prayer books of the Latin rite."

Commenting on Mr. Kessit's protest, the London Tablet says: Referring to the interior of the church, Mr. Kessit alleges that "the building has become a gallery of images." The "ornaments" include an image of Joseph, "a most elaborate image of the Queen of Heaven," an image of St. Anthony, a large crucifix a copy of the picture of "Our Lady of Perpetual Succor," an image of "the Sacred Heart," and an image "presumably of St. George." Near these images are "Votive candles."

"Rosaries" of sundry patterns are sold in the church, "being kept in a show-case," in which also "both blue and brown scapulars are exhibited for sale."

May Our Lady whom those poor people are striving to honor secure

for them the gift of faith.—Sacred Heart Review.

TWO MEATLESS DAYS A WEEK

(C. P. A. Service)

London, April 26.—Thanks to Mr. Boland, an Irish member of Parliament, the supply of pure flour for altar breads has been secured, and this, happily, before the fresh restrictions now being introduced made the subject still more difficult. Catholics are somewhat annoyed to see that the official Food Controller has fixed the meatless day for Friday, which means that we at least must endure two meatless days a week. Some people are inclined to think that this arrangement is a direct annoyance to Catholics, but such is not the case. It is probably purposeful, however, as the Food Controller was well aware that a meatless Friday would make no diminution in the meat supply of one section of the community—a larger section than Catholics alone for many High Church folk keep Friday as a day of abstinence. By this means he secures a diminution in consumption all round and probably if two meatless days come to be fixed in the near future they will be Tuesday and Friday.

MARY'S MONTH

If there is one thing that touches exquisitely a sensitive heart it is to go out on a balmy bright morning in May to see the evidences of a new life everywhere about, and then suddenly be startled by the thought that these things in a few fleeting months will die down and be buried up by the ruthless hand of the husbandman. The joy everywhere manifest in Nature in springtime becomes most intense during the golden month of May, when all the trees and shrubs stand before us in a blaze of color. The birds chirp most sweetly in May, because they are glad to be back again from the Southern climes, whither they had gone at the coming of winter. And man's blood runs swiftest in May, because over and above the beauties of Nature which he sees all about him a good God has put something of the touch of youth into him. It is because all Nature is glad in May that this month has been set aside by the Church in honor of Our Blessed Lady. Her coming gave joy to the heart of man, not only because she was beautiful to look upon, being the fairest daughter of Israel, but also because her advent announced in a most appealing human way the coming of Another in whose name and by whose name man was to be saved. And each year, as the springtime comes around, Mary's month brings home to us all the touching condescensions of her love and solicitude and intercession for us, our fathers, and our father's fathers, and so on backwards to the time of Christ.

This year, however, the May month will not be so glad as in years gone by, for the simple reason that heavy clouds surcharged with lightning and thunder are banging over the land. What is before us, God alone knows, but the future looks black and menacing.

But if Mary is the Mother of Christ, then, too, is she the Help of Christians, the Refuge of Sinners and the Consoler of the Afflicted. If joys untold flooded her heart, so, too, did a seven-edged sword pierce it. Because she was the Mother of Jesus, who is as it were the sum-total of all good things in human nature, she is eminently fitted to preside over every and any phase of man's life.

Therefore, during this May month we will call upon Mary in an episcopal way to watch over our land and to keep it safe from harm. After all, this virgin continent was laid as a precious pearl at the feet of the Immaculate Mother, and surely she will not forget the land where her name is loved, and where countless men and women are trying hard to imitate the supernal example of her holy and spotless life.—Rosary Magazine.

HEROISM OF THE ITALIAN CLERGY

After mentioning that the names of over three thousand five hundred French priests appear on the Roll of Honor in France, The Catholic Times remarks:

"Not less zealous and intrepid in the interests of faith and fatherland have been the Italian clergy. The 'Civita Cattolica' tells of the death of Don Piero Giannuzzi who was wounded by a bomb; of Don Umberto Casaretto, who was killed in 'Benedetto Brin' explosion; of Father Angelo Cebara, who was fatally injured by a bomb whilst exercising his ministry; of Don Pietro Pinna, who has died of an infectious disease in a hospital for prisoners; of Don Bartolomeo Ferrari, who has died of consumption resulting from overwork in attending to the wants of the sick and wounded; of Don Bonetti di Belluno, chaplain of the Alpini, who has perished in an avalanche; of Don Angelo Robiano, who was killed whilst bringing back from the front a wounded captain of the Alpini; of Don Bernardino Dalmasso, who fell in the exercise of his ministry amongst the same troops; of Don Ricardo Zanoni, who was drowned through the sinking of a transport ship; of Don Emilio Ponte and Don Francesco Bonavia, who lost their lives whilst advancing with the Alpini

in attacks; and of Don Giuseppe Sedini, who, accompanying his battalion, was killed by the fall of a wall at Cerna Udici. The clergy have given many noble examples of heroism."

DIES IRAE

Thank God there still are battles, that man has still a soul, And Europe beats her freedom out on war's iron scroll! St. Michael's falchion flashes and Joan's armor gleams, Where France's flaming banner a blood red meteor streams.

St. George against the Dragon, St. Denis to the charge, St. Michael in the van, with Joan by his side, As Thor is stricken backward and reels with shattered targe, While Death smites wide!

Thank God that man is more than all his hoarded gold, And in the storm of death his faith and valor hold, Thank God that peace is forging upon the anvil war, And a people's truth and honor more than riches are.

For the soul of France has wakened and Joan leads the way; The soul of France is marching in honor's white array, The soul of France is voicing all the glories of her past, The soul of France is chanting to the music of the blast, The soul of France is singing to the thunder of the gale, And Joan leads her legions in the lightning of her mail.

St. George against the Dragon, St. Denis to the charge, St. Michael in the van, with Joan by his side, As Thor is stricken backward and reels with shattered targe, While Death smites wide!

Thank God for Britain's levin, as it smashes, rolls and smites St. Quentin's shattered crest and Vimy's blasted heights; For the soul of Britain gathers and thunders into song, And peals the right freedom against an ancient wrong; For the soul of Britain shouts with the iron throat of war, And the heavy hand of fear is around the heart of Thor; St. George's spear is mighty and his armor flashes bright And on his shield his gleaming cross is shining far and white; In the Dragon's flaming jaws he hurls his quivering lance; And with St. Denis shouting, together ride for France.

St. George against the Dragon, St. Denis to the charge, St. Michael in the van, with Joan by his side, As Thor is stricken backward and reels with shattered targe, While Death smites wide!

—CONDE B. PALLEN.

Many a life is filled with peace because some other life is praying. The unrecorded intercession of friends gives luster to many eyes that would otherwise be dim, and cheer to lips that would otherwise be filled with words of sadness.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD! That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged \$10,280 95; N. McMahon, Ottawa, 1 00; Murdock McDonald, St. Columba, 1 00; E. C. J. Allison, 2 00; Angus McKinnon, Georges River, 1 00; Peter Campbell, Georges River, 1 00; R. S. O'Handley, Long Island Main, 1 00; A Friend, Holmsville, 1 00; Wm. A. White & Family, Rollo Bay Centre, 1 00; T. Hunsberger, Kitchener, 7 00; A Friend, California, 5 00; A Friend, New Glasgow, 1 00; Mrs. John O'Donnell, Ottawa, 1 50; James Robert, Hurdman's Bridge, 50; A Friend, 10 00; Mrs. F. Homes, Reist., 1 00; Mrs. A. Sampson, Reist., 1 00; A Friend, Paris, 2 00; In honor of Precious Blood of Sacred Heart of Jesus, 2 00; A Friend, Grand Falls, 7 00; In honor of St. Rita, 3 00; Sacred Heart League, Newcast., 10 00; A Friend, St. Columba, 5 00.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

DUTY OF PRAYER

"Amen, amen. I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you." (John xvi, 23)

It is evident from the Gospel, and from this being Rogation Week, that the subject for our thoughts to day should be prayer.

The use of prayer is necessary for our salvation. The simple answer of the Catechism tells us that prayer is: "The raising up of our minds and hearts to God."

The raising up, the lifting up from this earth, where the tepid are allured by the false promises of an easy, worldly life, where even the good are often discouraged for want of taking a loftier view of life.

Yes, it is to God that prayer raises us up: God, our Father, Who is watching us from heaven, proud of our endeavors, and inspiring us to be faithful—the God, Who is our end and our eternal reward.

And what does it raise up to God? Not our voice only, but the best and noblest of our nature—our mind, that we may know Him more and more; and our will that we may centre all our intentions, interests upon Him; our heart, that there may be only one love, the motive of our life.

This is prayer; but what does it do, what is its power, what does it accomplish? By prayer we honour God; influence Him so that, in spite of our sins and unworthiness, He listens to us, and grants our requests.

Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me. (Ps. xlii, 15) "You shall pray to Me, and I will hear you. You shall seek Me, and you shall find Me, when you shall seek Me with all your heart." (Jer. xxxi, 12, 13)

When God placed man in this vale of miseries He bestowed upon his weakness—yea, upon his sinfulness—a power that appeals effectually to His mercy—the power of prayer! When a man sets himself to pray, and to pray earnestly, his very helplessness becomes a power.

Our past prayer would not have led us to think this—that prayer had such power and influence on God and our own souls. For this we have to blame ourselves: it is our own fault.

Tepidity—that half-heartedness that we have in God's service. Prayers are hurried, prayers are shortened, prayers are many a time omitted, through sloth and love of ease.

Distractions are the second cause of the sterility of our prayers—distractions that come and steal away our thoughts before they rise up to God. How often have we addressed Almighty God with our thoughts wandering, and our affections choked with cares and jealousies!

And the third reason why so many prayers are unanswered is our selfishness. We only turn to God when we are driven. In fear, misery, illness—oh, we can think of God, and selfishly cry for help.

Prayer, then, is the great power that Almighty God has bestowed upon our weakness and sinfulness. The misery of it all is that men will not come to Him that they may have life. Come to God in prayer day after day. Prayer is the daily bread of our souls.

Thank God for this great means of salvation. Realize what it is, the

raising up of our minds and hearts to God—how it transforms our poor soul, and how the good God has given it such power even over Himself.

It is the cry of the children, and the Father cannot be deaf. "If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you."

TEMPERANCE

HOW AN EVERY-SENSE DRUNKARD CAME BACK

My drinking began, where the drinking with so many men begins, in my own family. I dined frequently at my uncle's house, and especially on "occasions" wine was served to the adult members of the party.

My uncle invited me to dine with him at his hotel. Champagne was ordered, and I determined to decline any wine. As the waiter was about to fill my glass, and before I could raise my hand to stop him, my uncle checked him with a quizzical smile and said: "Don't give him any of that. It's too good stuff for boys."

By the time I was thirty-five I had accustomed myself to a morning "bracer" one and then two, and then, later, several cocktails before meals: wine, beer, or whisky, and soda at table; a "nightcap," which rapidly increased in potency and amount, at bedtime; and an untold number of drinks of one sort or another at odd times during the day.

I made a single heroic effort to cast off my chains by stopping my stimulants abruptly, and within a few hours I developed alcoholic convulsions, followed by a terrific attack of delirium tremens. At no time throughout this attack was it thought by my physicians that I could live from one hour to the next.

I am not a fanatic on the subject of either drink, temperance or total abstinence. I have no particular quarrel with the man who can and does drink in moderation and with no apparent ill effect, except that I always shudder at the thought of what may be in store for that man if he should misjudge his own power of self-control, as I did in the early years of my life.

Many of us remember, when we were learning to ride a bicycle or drive a car, how a wave of apprehension would sweep over us whenever we neared a pedestrian, an approaching vehicle, or a wayside telegraph pole, and impel us to head straight for him or it! Why was it? Just because we lacked confidence in ourselves.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Tom Moore, the poet, was the son of a Dublin grocer. Without any pushing on his part, his genius and his unaffected manner made him a welcome guest everywhere. All London went mad over him. On one occasion, at a banquet, he had made some brilliant witticisms. A snob, thinking to humiliate him, leaned over the table to the poet and quite audibly said, in a drawing tone: "Pwaw, sir, wasn't your father a 'grosabah'?"

Moore smilingly replied that he was. "Then, pwaw," continued the snob, "why didn't he make a grosabah of you?" Moore quite affably retorted, "Wasn't your father a gentleman?" "Of course he was," was the rejoinder.

TRUE BUT IN PART

A judge gave the motion picture world somewhat of a shock when he asserted that pictures declared unfit for children were no more fit for their elders. This had reference particularly to certain films acknowledgedly of shady moral complexion which thus far have been given a permit on the condition that minors would not be allowed to view them.

The judge is partially right in his verdict, in as far as it refers to this type of pictures. The immoral, or that on the border line, is no more for adult than for youthful eyes, and the limitations now imposed on its exhibition is no assurance that it will work no evil. Beyond this, however, the judge's principle is unsound. There are pictures suited for grown-ups, but most assuredly not for children. This can be said of almost all the films of to-day.

There is, though, to-day, no restriction, only too frequently not even parental prohibition, to keep children out of the picture theaters where these films are shown. The conception seems to be that anything which municipal censors have passed, can contain nothing objectionable. But the censors are not cutting films to fit them perfectly for children's minds.

PROTESTANTISM

The Rev. Dr. Blank was once appealed to by a certain Protestant church in the far west, in which there was much commotion and division with regard to the point, whether in newly painting their church edifice, the color should be white or yellow. When the committee had stated their case, and with an emphasis, not to say acrimony, which gave a sad proof of the existence of a bitter feud upon the unimportant question, the Doctor quietly said: "I should advise you, upon the whole, to paint your church black. It is cheap, and a good color to wear, and eminently appropriate for a congregation of people that ought to go into mourning over such a foolish quarrel among its members."

What Walter L. Judge says in The Pilgrim cannot but remind our readers of the manner in which Melancthon, persuading the divided Protestants of his time to peace and unity, illustrated his arguments by the parable of the wolves and the dogs who were marching onward to fight one against another. "The wolves," he says, "that they might the better know the strength of their adversary, sent forth a master wolf as their scout. The scout returns and tells the wolves that, indeed, the dogs were more in number, but yet they should not be discouraged, for he observed that the dogs were not one like another. A few mastiffs there were, but the most were only little curs that could only bark but not bite, and would be afraid of their own shadow."

THE CHILD IN ME

She follows me about my House of Life (This happy little ghost of my dead youth!) She has no part in Time's relentless strife. She keeps her old simplicity and truth. And laughs at grim mortality— This deathless child that stays with me— 'This happy little ghost of my dead youth! My house of Life is weather-stained with years— (O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay?) Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears— Its walls have lost their rose—its thatch is gray— One after one its guests depart— So dull a host is my old heart— O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay!

For jealous Age, whose face I would forget, Pulls the bright flower you give me from my hair And powders it with snow—and yet—and yet I love your dancing feet and jocund air And have no taste for caps of lace To tie about my faded face; I love to wear your flower in my hair! O Child in Me, leave not my House of Clay Until we pass together through its Door! When lights are out, and Life has gone away, And we depart to come again no more— We comrades, who have traveled far Will hand the twilight and the star, And gladly pass together through the Door! —MAY RILEY SMITH

and art; the daring character of its leaders, their singleness of purpose, their heroic resolves—were not all these worthy of the admiration of the world, were not all these entitled to its loudest acclamation? How resplendent they all seemed in the light of the suns of the sixteenth century! Who could believe that the time was to come when all their glory was to fade? And yet as spring passes into summer, and summer into winter, so surely was dissension, division, extinction to uproot the foundation of this apparently splendid fabric and cause it to totter and fall to the ground.

APPLIES TO EX-PRIESTS AND SUCH

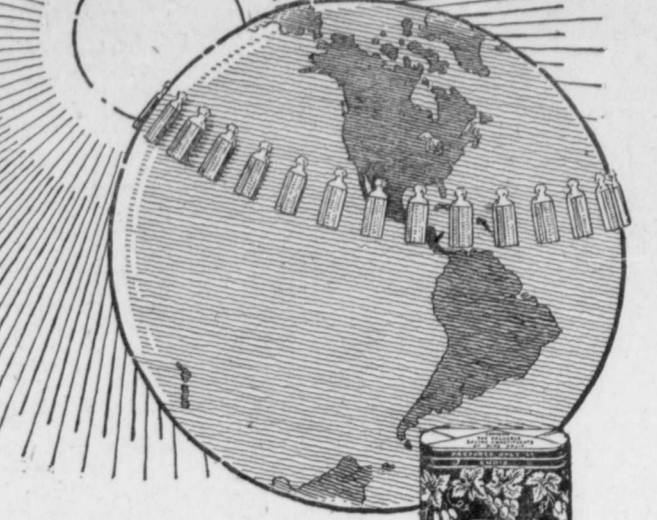
In language not very elegant, perhaps, but expressing considerable truth, Billy Sunday recently indirectly scorned anti-Catholic bigots who exploit ex-priests on the lecture platform. "Whenever," he said, anyone wants anything dirty done, they get an old back-slidden preacher. When the forces of bigotry wish to whip their followers into line they engage a Slatery or Crowley to expose Romanism, or they have an ex-nun like the Lowry woman tell weird stories of convent life. In his Lenten pastoral, Archbishop Moeller has touched upon this point as follows:

"By way of digression we desire to call attention to the notable difference between converts to the Catholic Church, including non-Catholic ministers, and the pervert priests and nuns who leave the Church to join the ranks of non-Catholic denominations. The converts to the Catholic Church may be very emphatic in stating the reasons for their conversion, but withal they act in a dignified manner, and shun all vulgarity; whereas the so-called ex-priests and ex-nuns are such base calumniators, such vile defamers and are so vulgar in their utterances as to fill every decent person with extreme disgust. We see in all this a confirmation of the well-weighted statement made by the distinguished convert, Father Kent Stone, in his erudite work, 'The Invitation Heeded.' Speaking of the Catholic Church and Morality, he very fittingly remarks: 'No Catholic ever turned Protestant in order to reform his morals or lead a better life. No Protestant ever became a Catholic in order to throw off restraint or indulge his passions.' The rudeness, the vileness and the obscenity of the traitors of Mother Church manifest that they are not animated by the Spirit of God. Every person of ordinary decency would not say and do things which they with such brazen effrontery say and do."

It is hardly conceivable that intelligent and fair-minded Protestants should be duped by untroubled priests and by real or bogus ex-nuns. To place faith in the stories of such individuals presupposes a degree of prejudice and credulity that is ready to accept anything tending to discredit the Catholic Church.—The Echo.

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Girdles the Globe



ENO'S FRUIT SALT

ENO'S may be said to literally girdle the earth. For in almost every clime, and in every land, it is recognized for its sterling worth in relieving and preventing all disorders of the liver and stomach.

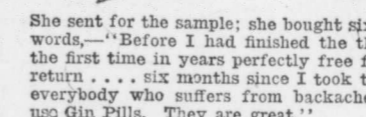


SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

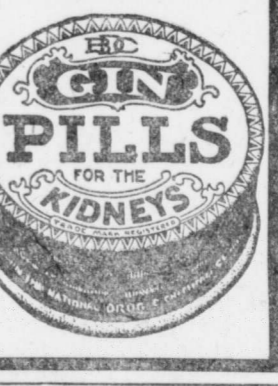
Prepared by J. C. ENO, LIMITED, "Fruit Salt Works," LONDON, ENGLAND. Sole Agents for North America: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LIMITED, 10 McCaul St., TORONTO.

Backache Cured

If you could place before us the testimonials we have received from people whose whole life has been brightened by taking Gin Pills, you would gladly try the free sample we offer. To get rid of pains in the back is the great joy Gin Pills brought to Mrs. Jane Percy of Halifax, N. S.



She sent for the sample; she bought six boxes, and—to use her own words—"Before I had finished the third box I found myself free from the first time in years perfectly free from pain... pain did not return... six months since I took the last Gin Pill... I wish everybody who suffers from backache and kidney trouble would use Gin Pills. They are great."



Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights by B. Leonard, Quebec: P. Q.

Advertisement for Parker's Dye Works, Limited, Toronto, offering services for cleaning and dyeing.

"THE LILY OF THE COAL FIELDS"

By Will W. Whalen. A novel of unusual force, thrilling at times with drama and tragedy, and appealing with tenderest pathos at others. A book that any woman will love because of its sweet, fearless heroine.

CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters. To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him, to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing.

My marvelous remedy—Samaria Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home."

Advertisement for Hotel Cumberland, New York, Broadway at 54th Street, offering rooms with bath and fireproof safety.

PRAYER BOOK PICTURES

Fit-A-Prayer-Book Series. THIS SERIES includes 24 different representations. The subjects are most popular and inspiring, while the text is clearly printed in a tint which harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the picture.

The Catholic Record

Advertisement for Bells, Peals, Chimes by McShane Bell Foundry Co., Toronto, offering various types of bells and chimes.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HUSTLE AND GRIN

Smile and the world smiles with you; "Knock," and you go it alone; For the cheerful grin Will let you in Where the kicker is never known.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARGERY'S DISPOSITION

"Then you won't come to the party tonight," said Louise Graves, disconsolately. "Don't say I won't say I can't," replied Margery Drew, in her quiet way.

WHAT ONE MAN DID

No one need despair of success because there are many obstacles in his way, if his purpose is great and his will is firm, he will at least do his part to bring about the victory. Let Divine Providence do the rest.

Michael Demitrovitch Tchelisheff is a striking example of what wonderful things a single man with a great purpose, without any of the advantages of rank or fortune, can accomplish.

This man, who is really the father of prohibition in Russia, is a peasant by birth and was a house painter by profession when he became mayor of Samara. He is now a millionaire and one of the most influential men in Russia.

How he picked up an education is told in his own words by an American writer: "I was reared in a small Russian village. There were no schools or hospitals, nor any of the improvements we are accustomed to in civilized communities. I picked up an education from old newspapers and stray books. One day I chanced upon a book in the hands of a moujik, which treated of the harmfulness of alcohol. It stated among other things that vodka was a poison."

Just as he got his education, by constant effort and hard work, this man raised himself from peasant to statesman; and since his rise he has devoted himself to the uplifting of the peasant class in Russia, especially through the suppression of vodka.

Before his election to the mayoralty, when Tchelisheff was an alderman in Samara, a drunken man, in one of the houses owned by him, killed his wife. This made such an impression upon him that he registered a vow that he would make a supreme effort to strike a death blow to the greatest enemy of his people.

Later he was elected to the Duma on the anti-vodka platform. He got a bill passed by this body to the effect that every bottle of vodka should bear a poison label. After the bill passed the Duma it went to the Imperial Council. It was there tabled. But Tchelisheff was not beaten. He secured an audience with the Czar, and told him what vodka was doing to Russia and her people.

After listening attentively the Czar referred him to his minister of finance. This man said the measure to prohibit the sale of vodka was a dangerous innovation, depriving the government of one billion rubles (\$500,000,000) yearly revenue, with no method of replacing it. The Czar did not rest satisfied with this, but visited the country around Moscow, and saw for himself the terrible havoc vodka was making among his people. He then dismissed his minister of finance and appointed E. M. Bark, in his place.

Then followed the war. At the very beginning, the mobilization of the army brought home to Grand Duke Nicholas the memory of the terrible disorganization due to drunkenness in 1904 and he ordered the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks except in certain high class clubs and restaurants. This was not enough for Tchelisheff. He kept on working until he gained his object, and prohibition in Russia was made universal.

The whole world is now familiar with the transformation prohibition has wrought in Russia. And let it not be forgotten that it is primarily the work of one man, who was born a poor peasant.

ACTION SHOULD FOLLOW THOUGHT

Leadership is oftentimes gained through the rare knack of straightening the kinks out of the theories abandoned by feeble wills.

Inspiration is merely a guide post—it points the direction, but doesn't get anywhere.

Let us know where to go. But motion must follow notion. Results are impossible without activity.

However much we owe to the instructor our actual debt is far heavier to the constructor.

The credit undoubtedly belongs to the man who first thought it out, but the cash is as justly due to the man who first wrought it out.

Any sound brain can think of things worth having; but a dream is like

steam—bound to be lost in the air if it doesn't start something moving.

The inventor beholds industrial revolution in his undeveloped schemes, but the harder-headed banker can't be impressed until he beholds a working model.

Learn to take in hand what you have in mind. The man who knows it first must surrender his right to the man who shows it first. When you see your chance seize it. The wit that recognizes hot iron is wasted without the gumption to hammer it into shape before the chance cools.

Nothing happens without physical effort. The keenest brain can't develop dynamics sufficient to raise a grain of sand, but mixed with a few drops of toil-born sweat and sufficient elbow grease, the human mind can devise machinery to raze Pike's Peak.

True ambition is inspired drudgery—a summons to consistent purpose and constant labor.—Catholic Columbian.

THE MEANING OF THE ASCENSION

On Thursday, May 17, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord into heaven. After His glorious Resurrection He remained on earth for some time to instruct and comfort His Apostles and to establish His Church firmly. After commissioning them to teach and convert the world the Acts of the Apostles tells us that He was received in a cloud out of their sight on the Mount of Olives, and ascended into heaven where He sits on the right hand of God.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARGERY'S DISPOSITION

"What is the difference?" "Considerable. One implies that I want to go, whereas I really have no desire, since I have found out that I can't, on account of mother's illness."

"Yet you did want to go; you said so." "I know it, admitted Margery; but what is the use of wanting what you can't have?"

"Perhaps there is no use," rejoined Louise; but I am sure I would cry my eyes out over such a disappointment?"

"Would you?" exclaimed Margery, with a surprised look. "Would you make yourself miserable over a disappointment?"

"I couldn't help it," said Louise. "Did you ever try?" asked Margery. "Why, Louise, you have no idea how easy it is to make yourself contented. Do you remember the time my eyes were weak and I thought I was going to lose my eyesight?"

"Yes. How you must have suffered!" "More in mind than in body. I fretted and worried about all the good things I was missing, and how I would never see that again, and if I could only see this, and so on until the doctor threatened to throw up the case if I didn't quit worrying. Then I began to reason with myself and finally I got into such a contented frame of mind that I believe it helped me to get well."

"But see what you missed!" "I couldn't see it," laughed Margery. "And I don't see it yet. I found that the sun had not lost its brightness, the flowers were just as sweet, the grass just as green, and nobody's face had altered a particle."

"That's an odd way of looking at it," said Louise reflectively. "Yes, it is a very pleasant way," answered Margery. "Now, if this party were the only one in the world, I might feel disconsolate over missing it, but there are plenty more coming, and it is so with every other enjoyment. Why, some people grumble at a rainy day, as if they thought the sun had retired permanently."

"I wish I had your disposition," Louise frankly avowed. "Why not have one of your own?" said Margery. "No one can possibly make you discontented if you don't wish to be so, and when you are contented, you can be happy all the time, instead of only once in a while."

"It seems like an easy lesson," said Louise, with unusual earnestness. "and Margery, I do believe I'll learn it!"

WILLIE'S COMPOSITION

Willie's composition on soap: "Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice-looking cakes that smells good and tastes awful. Soap pieces always taste the worst when you get it into your eyes. My father says the Eskimos don't ever use soap. I wish I was an Eskimo."—Catholic News.

FAITHFUL BASIL

Avis is a little girl whose home is in the great city of London. Every morning she goes to school in charge of her great St. Bernard dog, Basil, who walks proudly at her side, waving his bushy tail majestically, and never deigning to glance at the little street curs, who express their opinion of his state by short barks of derision. A crowded thoroughfare has to be crossed each day, and Avis has taught Basil to run ahead a few steps and bark loudly at the policeman, whose duty it is to stop all traffic until the foot passengers are safely over.

One morning Avis awoke with a sore throat, and her mother would not allow her to go to school. But Basil, whose throat was not sore, saw no reason why he should be deprived of his usual morning walk; and at the accustomed hour he slipped quietly away. With his usual dog air he walked down the street until he came to the crossing.

The policeman stood in the middle of the road, which was packed with omnibuses, hacks and hansoms. At the sound of his familiar bark he held up his baton, and immediately the crowded buses and other vehicles were drawn up solidly in line.

In response to the wave of his hand he should step out on the crossing but Basil? He made his way deliberately across to the opposite sidewalk, apparently quite unaware that he was doing a most unusual thing for a dog, while the omnibus drivers, the passengers, and the dazed policeman burst into a hearty laugh as they realized how, unconsciously, the knowing dog had tricked them all.—Our Animal Friends.

THE MEANING OF THE ASCENSION

On Thursday, May 17, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord into heaven. After His glorious Resurrection He remained on earth for some time to instruct and comfort His Apostles and to establish His Church firmly. After commissioning them to teach and convert the world the Acts of the Apostles tells us that He was received in a cloud out of their sight on the Mount of Olives, and ascended into heaven where He sits on the right hand of God.

His Ascension opened to us the gates of heaven. It is a pledge of our Ascension into heaven. Our Lord was God and man. In His human nature He suffered and died for our redemption. Our human nature, as Newman says, is now in heaven at the right hand of God, and this is our hope and confident faith that we too, if we are not unfaithful to God, will be received into heaven.

Our blessed Lord had to suffer many things before He entered into His glory. After the cross comes the crown. He is our example and model. St. Paul was sustained and animated in all his trials and sufferings by this firm and ardent hope of all Christian ages, that after this life he would be rewarded with heaven—the happiness and peace of Christ and the saints and angels.

The tribulations of this time, he says, are not worthy to be compared to the glory to come. When we shall have put away this mortal body, we have a tabernacle not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We too have much suffering to undergo in life—trials, sorrows, difficulties, self-sacrifices and disappointments. We must drink the chalice of bitterness, but if we persevere we shall be saved. Now this is the central truth of Catholic theology—the important truth in life is to save your soul. Salvation is the keynote of the Church's teaching. So the writer of a great book that has converted thousands says: In regard to worldly things we should strive to be indifferent and not to wish health more than sickness, richness more than poverty. The world is a shadow and passes away, writes Newman. The author of the Imitation of Christ tells us that all in this world is vain, if we seek not first the salvation of the soul, for our true home is not this fleeting world but a heavenly kingdom. St. Catherine of Siena, a great woman and one of the most beautiful and holy souls God ever gave to earth, once had a trance or vision. She thought she was dead and beheld the face of God. She awoke and shed bitter tears. She wanted to stay with God forever.

Our Lord says: In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you that when I am gone also may be. Thus our Saviour by His Ascension into heaven to prepare a place for us shows us that our first object is to serve God and to win our eternal salvation, to gain our crown of glory and the joys of the Beatific Vision. This will be our reward if we are faithful to God, that after our sorrows and struggles and bitter disappointments, we shall go where God wipes away all tears and be with Christ and the spirits of the just made perfect.—The Monitor.

ON "GOING TO ROME"

Floyd Keeler, in America

Something has evidently happened to disturb the editorial calm of the Living Church, the High Church organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and it has brought forth a "leader" under the above title. The editor tries to make light of the "Romanward" tendency of so many of his brethren by formulating a "law of average" which he claims to have discovered. This law requires that the number of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church "who go each year to Rome shall be two." The writer used to accept this oft-repeated "law" as an undisputed fact, but since his own "secession" he has been inclined to think that it is not so unchallengeable as the editor of the Living Church assumes. The editor frankly admits that nearly ten years ago this law of average received a hard jolt, when almost two-score ministers embraced Catholicism. Humorously enough, however, he does not appreciate the fact that, if his law were true, none at all would have been received all the years since. But as a matter of fact, at least two have come into the Church every year. In the year 1916, instead of two, there were five of whom the writer is certain, not including two others whose rumored reception he has been unable to verify up to the present time. Can it be possible that this editorial is an acknowledgment that pretty soon the "average" will have to be raised and that the editor wishes to say a last word while he decently can, thus encouraging others who are "on the fence" to hold back? It really seems that way.

But while he tries not to complain over the fact that some "go to Rome" he does try to belittle their motives. This he does first of all by making some unfavorable comparisons between Cardinal Newman and some others. He says: "The example of John Henry Newman who retired from his Anglican charge and spent several years in quiet retirement and study before taking the momentous step, is not often followed to-day; but then, not many men of John Henry Newman's caliber take that step nowadays." No, nor do many men of John Henry Newman's caliber remain behind either, for they are scarce in Anglicanism nowadays. The editor forgets too, that because Cardinal Newman took those years to work out the problem so thoroughly, his followers do not have to spend our time blazing a trail, but can follow and thus find the way more easily and rapidly than he. This at least was the experience of the writer who spent some three months in prayerful study, not officiating as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, before he "took the step." And although he was not altogether aware of the greatness of his debt to Newman even then, he has found himself in very complete agreement with him since.

Then too, Anglicanism in the early days of the Oxford Movement had not developed either its present external likeness to Catholicism nor the doctrines of "Rome" so widely held among Anglicans as they are now. Many of us are scarcely aware of a change of doctrine at all in our new allegiance. Nearly four years before his own change the writer preached to his people the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and for over two years had held to the necessity of Papal Infallibility and had discussed it with one of the leading laymen of his congregation who held to it also. Some have been known to occupy this position for a decade or more without discovering its incongruity, and to do it in all honesty. It may be difficult to understand the conduct of the hypothetical Protestant Episcopal clergyman who so "unhesitatingly" officiates at his altar on Sunday and on Thursday is received into the fold of Peter, but God does sometimes bring enlightenment to a soul with great suddenness, and blessed is he who is "not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

One point that always seems to rankle in the Protestant Episcopal mind is that the Catholic Church does not take them and their sacraments as seriously as they could wish. Hence the allusion to "blasphemous rites" in connection with the converts' sacramental experiences in the Catholic Church. But why? Rome accepts any valid Baptism, but she takes no chances and she knows that great carelessness exists even among Episcopalians, especially in the case of those conforming "sectarian" ministers who frequently are allowed to exercise their ministry within the Protestant Episcopal fold without one word of instruction as to the method of administering the sacraments. The Catholic Church will not risk the salvation of a soul nor do the souls who seek her shelter want to run any risks. If, however, anyone can produce sufficient evidence of his Baptism not even the conditional form is administered. Many converts are received in this way.

The reasons alleged by the three ministers whose "home-coming" is criticized in the Living Church were probably not the primary reasons for their step but merely symptoms, as it were, things which may have caused the final break, the last straw only. The writer has given explanations of his change to many of his friends and to no two inquiries has he expressed himself in exactly the same terms. So many and different considerations entered into his conversion that it would be well-nigh impossible in a short letter to give them all. Some such conditions probably obtain with those whom the editor cites. Likely he who was offended at the circular from the "Federal Council of Churches" was not so much struck by the fact that he was permitting it to "determine his ecclesiastical status," as he was by the fact that his church, which he had probably thought was "Catholic," had been so Protestant in her attitude, that the poor deluded "Federal Council" could not tell the difference and had ignorantly supposed that he was a Protestant. This finally determined him to render such a mistake impossible in the future.

The editor tells us it "is not the primary issues that send men to Rome," but surely he who was distressed by the lack of jurisdiction in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was dealing with a "primary issue." Nor is it likely that that convert would so glibly admit, as the editor seems to suppose, that "Rome lacks jurisdiction in England," for his step was doubtless precipitated by the fact that he had learned the important truth that Rome, that is, the Papacy, possesses all jurisdiction whether in the United States, England or Timbuctoo, and that, if he were to remain in good faith, he must submit to lawful authority at any cost.

As for the convert who saw in the General Convention's failure to enact a marriage and divorce canon consonant with Catholic practice, a failure to uphold the Catholic attitude, was he not right? This again was a symptom, not the whole disease, but, as symptoms serve as warnings and as bases for diagnosis, so this clergyman saw in this symptom a warning to him and he took it. But suppose for the sake of

NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advices The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MR. ROSENBERG, 589 Casgrain St., Montreal. April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for Constipation and Indigestion as 'Fruit-a-tives'. I was suffering from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with nasty headaches, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBERG. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

the argument, though it would be difficult to prove the statement, that "Rome has more scandals in practice under her law" than the Protestant Episcopal Church has under hers. Is it not better to have a law conformable to God's Word than not to have it, even if it is broken sometimes? To prevent some lapses from the law is possible only by having no law at all. South Carolina probably has more "scandals" in this direction than Nevada, but which one has the better attitude toward the evil of divorce?

Yes, we who have "gone to Rome" knew that "some things are still unshakable" and that "among these are, God, eternity, souls." And because we hope to spend eternity with God we could not remain in a position which required us to compromise our principles, to deny the authority of the one true Church and to call ourselves "priests" when at least we were far from being sure of it. As to the souls who had been placed in our care by "one who looked like a bishop and purported to be a bishop" it might make a difference whether he really were one or no, and in so far as those souls were accustomed "to be guided by [our] counsel," did not honesty demand that we cease to lead them in ways that we now know to be devout and to lead them "into all truth" if they still desired our leadership and at all costs to push on ourselves whether they would follow or not? Rome offers no place in our care by "one who looked like a bishop" but our fight has been changed from the chaotic battle of a headless mob to the ordered campaign of a disciplined army.

Let no one be deceived: the "average" is getting well over two a year. It is this that excites the Living Church. But the tide has set in and it cannot be stayed, until it flows at the foot of the Rock and brings its precious freight to the safety of that protection. Many of us have exchanged dignity and honor and ease for hardships, poverty and obscurity, but would we go back? The very heavens reverberate with our answer, an emphatic "No!"

PRESERVING THE HERITAGE

"Look down the aisles at one of our crowded Sunday morning church services and notice the number of devout worshippers," says the Catholic Citizen. "The sight is edifying. With their correct and Christian lives, their freedom from the divorce plague, and their position as members of the industrial class, they will, in all probability, be blessed with a numerous and sturdy posterity. But will their grandchildren come here in the same numbers and with the same zeal? Will the grandsons of the Irish-Catholic fill the place of his forefathers in our churches? This important consideration has moved the Catholic hierarchy of the United States to the activity they are everywhere displaying in the work of Christian education. It is not the present about which they are concerned; it is the future of the Church. It is the prospects of the true faith among the children and grandchildren of the present generation that moves them to action."

Influence is an intangible thing, hard to measure. It is ever more potent than the unthinking realize. Its depth and breadth are proportionate to the prestige of the one who exercises it.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION

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The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea

Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows:

Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel; acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle.

The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle:

Table with 2 columns: Beverage and Strength. Black tea—1 cupful (5 fl. oz.) 1.54. Green tea—1 glassful (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice) 2.02. Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (fountain) 1.21. Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (bottlers) 1.12.

From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength.

A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address

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SOLDIER PRIESTS OF FRANCE

THEY SERVE AS OTHER MEN SERVE, AND THEY SERVE ALSO AS MINISTERS OF GOD WHEN OCCASION CALLS

By Sterling Hellig, in Detroit Free Press

A well known managing-editor writes me: "Remember that, from time to time, articles which reflect the soul of France make a very strong appeal to American readers."

So here goes. Many have marveled at the heroic courage of French soldiers. There may be several explanations; but a principal one is certainly as follows: The French Republic put a gun in the hands of every young priest, brother and church-student. Between 20,000 and 30,000 are at the War. They are not chaplains. They are simple soldiers, by universal military service law, without choice, in the name of equality. They look like soldiers; they are soldiers; but a form crawls among the wounded on the battlefield, at dusk, and murmurs: "I am a priest. Receive absolution. Be at peace."

And there you are. Men feel differently about these matters, in war. A young missionary called back to the army from Pamiers put it in a single word in a letter to my next door neighbors: "You heard that I had been appointed officer-adjoint to the colonel? As such, inevitably, I would have no freedom. Well, the officers themselves went to the colonel. 'The Abbe belongs to us,' they said. 'We want him to be with us under fire, to risk our lives gaily in all security, because we know that a priest is beside us, ready at first call.'"

The military service law for priests, of course, was not passed (in 1906) with any such object, but purely in the name of equality of all citizens; and Deputy Groussan, in parliament, has just disclosed, in this sense, that of 25,000 priests who have been "fighting" 2,500 have been killed; while of 600 Jesuits who returned to France from practical exile to take their places in the army, 120 have fallen; and so on for Christian brothers and other suppressed communities. But this other, secondary, result which is so striking comes, you might say, unexpected. You take a man of God and put a gun into his hand. If he refuses he is a deserter and is treated as such. Their bishops told them to obey the law of equality. In return their companions, the poilus, began to obey another law—the law of human nature.

In his section, from the start, the priest-soldier came to be the soul of the bunch. The chiefs noticed more confidence and "go" in companies where he happened to be. He seemed to centralize the moral force of the men around him, "as if it were an emanation from his person," according to an early report.

"We priests simply can't fear death," says he of Pamiers. "The men see that we have an advantage; and it is contagious."

Quite different from the careless attitude of peace: instinctively, the men give them, or tacitly invite them to assume, their logical position.

"I love this life," wrote the Abbe M—, become sub-lieutenant, "and I seem, for the first time, to be fully a man!"

(The Abbe was killed in September, 1916.)

"Oh, the tightening of the heart before the combat, when you see all those eyes resting on you in mixed fear and friendship, seeming to say: 'We look to you. We know that many of us will be killed.' (He himself fell ten days later.) There is a courageous resignation, without sadness, very beautiful. I would not give this short period for all the rest of my life! It is such a joy, in the constant presence of death, to see souls lift themselves, approach to God, and to feel, as such as one can feel, that most of those who fell were in a state of grace, raised to the highest moral level which they could attain, united by their humble resignation to the Divine sacrifice! I would support the worst of miseries to always feel this thing."

Now you begin to perceive—what came, you might say, almost as a revelation to the French—the military importance of 20,000 or 30,000 young priests, brothers, etc., amid the troops, dressed and armed exactly like themselves and having, legally, but simple soldiers' situation, while retaining in fact (and known to all) their priestly powers and armor.

At the Grand cafe the waiter, Adolphe, came back on a week's permission from the front. A changed man, bronzed, trained down, hard, all the restaurant fat gone, calm, poised, sober, cheery but thoughtful, straight-shouldered, a strong man who knows his work. He used to be the joker of the Grand cafe, and up to every trick,

He told quite simply how he won his Cross of War.

"We were eleven in the trench," said Adolphe. "All our officers had been killed except the sergeant, who was a priest; and we were waiting for the signal to leap over and charge. The sergeant said: 'Now, boys, you know I am a priest. Say your act of contrition and I will give you absolution.' So we knelt and did it; and he did it; and we all jumped out together. We went eleven and came back four, and the priest was not among us."

I want not to expound, but merely quote. "The priest chases fear of death by his example and the absolution he can give," the boy from Pamiers puts it. "And forward the music, the heart is at peace! Rare are those who die without absolution, if not individual, at least collective, given to them all together, in common, before the combat."

In danger of death, you understand? So for Communion. In spite of the strict rule of fasting, soldiers are allowed to receive it after they have eaten. Before combat, in hesitation, this one detail of opportunity decides many.

Danger of death, danger of death. If all this clashes with your previous ideas of French men, or men in general, or other matters, remember that war is a great dissolver, human nature a big thing. No backstairs entrance to stern life is being preached. Who wants to sin in face of hourly death?

The boy from Pamiers was marching with his section to the trenches. A soldier, a peasant, edged in and marched beside him, saying: "I would like to take Communion tomorrow morning. One never knows what will happen here. Can't I make my confession now?" The priest said: "Go ahead." They walked together; the man, walking, said his prayers, and then, for his confession, just pronounced three letters—"R. A. S."—which is the telephone and wireless formula, in war, for rien a signaler, or "nothing particular to report." "What!" said the priest, "you mean that you've done nothing wrong, have nothing on your conscience?" "What could I do wrong here?" asked the soldier of France (who, remember, is in his own country, fighting off the invader). "I am too dog-tired, with marching, grubbing and battle. When I get a time to rest I sit and think about my wife and kids home on the farm, or else I sleep. That can't be wrong."

The priest said: "No, that can't be wrong," and gave him absolution, as they walked. Nights of sleeplessness in the trenches (according to Adolphe), when "the priest of Quimper" and two friends recited the Rosary aloud, the entire trench gave the short responses. "The priest of Quimper used to hear confessions all night long," says Adolphe. "He would start at one end of the trench and, forward, march, he'd clean 'em all up!"

And this is Adolphe! For more technical exactitude I quote the Abbe Joseph D—, of Blois, sub-lieutenant. "Above all, here (in War)," he says, "the priest is the minister of the sacraments of penance and Communion; penitence, which reconciles the soul with God, and Communion, which makes heaven enter descend into the soul, and permits a man to look death in the face. That is why they want us here. The priest-soldier is the religious security of the battalion."

To point this (as to courage) I must apply this that the men are not all the time thinking each of his own personal religious state; but all gain confidence from what they see of these things, also in others—in particular their officers.

"The day we quit the second line our captain went to Communion," says Adolphe, "and one who was a kind of leader in the bunch, not a hard character, you know, but, all the same, he was a butcher out at La Villette before the War, said, and we most of us agreed and no man called him down: 'He said, 'I'm not afraid to go under fire with a captain who went to Communion the same morning!'"

All of which, of course, is fully realized by the chiefs. As you can imagine, the priest-soldier's first idea is always to improve a church somewhere. Now, it is the habitual thing, when other facilities lack, for captains to offer their personal cave-dugouts for the purpose. And I know of Communion Masses or Requiem Masses for dead soldiers held in great half-ruined churches, where two generals and 150 officers of all grades sat in chairs of the principal nave, while 8,000 men crowded, standing, in the laterals, under the organs, behind the altar, everywhere.

It is no new thing. It began with the German invasion. My next-door neighbor, D—, not noted for piety before the War, told me as his first story how, in the cathedral of Rheims, during the night before the irresistible German advance which preceded their retreat of the Marne, 70 priests in their soldier-clothes stood or sat on the floor, hearing confessions of endless lines of soldiers all night long, preparing for battle.

The latest word of it is found in the blood stained diary of Madame Cheron's grandson, who was not out of the Marne, who went front for the class of 1917, still a student for the priesthood (slender, timid youth we

all knew well) and was killed on March 3 of this year.

"Picking up wounded within 60 yards of German trenches," runs the last entry. "Blood and groans! How shall we have force to drag them all so far? Mysterious grace of God which surrounds me! The trips are long. In, stops to rest I pull out my crucifix; they want to kiss it. They squeeze my arm with their bloody hands. One boy is murmuring continually: 'Mamma, mamma.' Stupidly, I sobbed along the road. A priest hurried up, the Abbe C—, of Angers. 'You are carrying my brother,' he said. When we stopped in the woods the brothers talked. 'Adieu,' the wounded one saying, 'you will tell them—' When he died the Abbe C— continued giving absolutions. I went without giving absolutions. I went with his brother's body."

You wanted the soul of France. You've got it. THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

A new and very artistic form of certificate of membership is being issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada to Endowment and Life members. The certificate has been over to the church. Many of these new converts came today to invite me pay them a visit. They say they were engaged in constructing a theatre in which to perform plays for the idols but that now they intend to destroy it. Tomorrow I will pay them a visit and see that there are no more remnants of superstition in their homes.

My native curate, Father Yao, who is "holding the fort" in Taichowfu in my absence also sends me good news: "The Anglicans have convoked a council of their Chinese helpers and adherents, the number of whom is on the decrease as many are being converted to the true Faith. Deliberations were held on this state of affairs and a Chinese minister by the name of Sing has been despatched to Ningpo to make a report to headquarters." A few days later he writes: "Eighty-three boys and girls have entered our school in Taichowfu and forty adult converts have come for instruction. Last Sunday three Anglican deaconesses, who are engaged in propagating their sect in the city of Taichowfu, came to our church for the Stations of the Cross and Benediction."

Continue to pray and the harvest will be easy to reap. Yours faithfully, J. M. FRASER, Taichowfu, China. P.S.—Please acknowledge in the RECORD a gift of \$50 from "An Overseas Friend." J. M. F.

ANNUAL MEETING The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada will be held in St. Michael's Hall, 67 Bond St., Toronto, on the evening of May 14th, 1917, at 8 o'clock.

The Archbishop of Toronto will be present. Priests and laity, from outside, as well as from the city, are cordially invited to be present. Reports will be made as to what has been done for the soldiers, in camp and those gone overseas. What has been sent to the Western missionaries; how leaflets and pamphlets are procured and distributed; the re-mailing of Catholic reading and what it means; how the revenue is obtained and how expended; what is being done for hotel guests; what is being done for non-English-speaking Canadians; what can be done with cancelled stamps; and other interesting information.

The date of the same day, in St. Michael's Cathedral, a Requiem Mass will be offered for the repose of the souls of deceased members. A large attendance at this Mass is requested.

GOVERNOR CATTS SCORED BY "BEE" Bigotry and ignorance never die. No matter how often their heads be scotched, up they crop again like evil weeds in a flower garden. It is rather startling, however, to find the Governor of a great State as bigoted and ignorant and as idiotic as any street-corner crank whose mind has been turned by religious brooding. Sidney J. Catts, Governor of Florida, is such a man. It sounds incredible, but he is actively working to prevent Catholics from teaching in the schools of that State or holding public office in Florida. And, more than that, this same Catts before his election made a pledge that if elected he would compel every Catholic priest to marry or get out of Florida. Bigotry closely borders on insanity when a Governor advocates such ridiculous impossibilities. Surely, he must know that even if Florida be so unbalanced as to pass such a law, the Constitution of the United States would prevent the enforcement of any statutes barring Catholics from teaching in the schools, or holding office, or compelling Catholic priests to marry. Catts would have the same right to deny marriage to Protestant clergymen as to compel Catholic priests to marry. If he had other lawful power, he could withhold any other right or privilege guaranteed under the Constitution. Sidney J. Catts before his election as Governor was an itinerant minister of the Billy Sunday school, which explains to some extent the ridiculous propositions he now makes the chief planks of his administration. Florida should be ashamed of herself that her citizens could have been so unintelligent as to elect such a

man her Chief Executive. Better material for Governor can be found in her insane asylums.—Sacramento Bee.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Dr. Austin O'Malley in America notes: "Take up the evening paper and you can read of the marriage of Gladys Murphy to M. Francis Burke, in the Second Baptist Church, by the Rev. Peter Doyle, and every one in the group, from parson to flower girl, had grandmothers that took their beads to bed with them."

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

THE FIELDS WHITE WITH THE HARVEST Kadeo, Feb. 23, 1917.

My dear friends,—On my arrival here from Sanliuading after making a journey of twenty miles in the pouring rain I was delighted to hear from the catechist of this place that a whole village has recently come over to the church. Many of these new converts came today to invite me pay them a visit. They say they were engaged in constructing a theatre in which to perform plays for the idols but that now they intend to destroy it. Tomorrow I will pay them a visit and see that there are no more remnants of superstition in their homes.

My native curate, Father Yao, who is "holding the fort" in Taichowfu in my absence also sends me good news: "The Anglicans have convoked a council of their Chinese helpers and adherents, the number of whom is on the decrease as many are being converted to the true Faith. Deliberations were held on this state of affairs and a Chinese minister by the name of Sing has been despatched to Ningpo to make a report to headquarters." A few days later he writes: "Eighty-three boys and girls have entered our school in Taichowfu and forty adult converts have come for instruction. Last Sunday three Anglican deaconesses, who are engaged in propagating their sect in the city of Taichowfu, came to our church for the Stations of the Cross and Benediction."

Continue to pray and the harvest will be easy to reap. Yours faithfully, J. M. FRASER, Taichowfu, China. P.S.—Please acknowledge in the RECORD a gift of \$50 from "An Overseas Friend." J. M. F.

DIED SHEA—Suddenly at 211 Reid street, Peterboro, February 28, 1917, Mrs. William Shea. May her soul rest in peace.

RANKINS—At Rockland, on Monday, April 9th, Mrs. Thomas Rankins in her eightieth year. May her soul rest in peace.

Many a man gets a reputation for dignity when he really is suffering from a stiff neck.

NEW BOOKS

"The Will to Win." A call to American boys and girls by E. Boyd Barrett, S. J., Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price 50 cts. "Grapes of Thorns." A novel by Mary T. Waggaman. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$1.25. "Life and Letters of Rev. Mother Teresa Dase." Founded and Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. Edited by a Member of the Community. Published by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. Price \$1.50.

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By Order of the Board, J. COOPER MASON, Actg.-General Manager.

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(Signed) JAMES MARRIN, within the last few weeks. You, too, will be pleased if you get one. Get one for yourself at the wholesale price of \$1.00. The price is going up to \$1.50 immediately. Get a Duplex and send it to your friend, brother or husband in the trenches. It will be more than welcome now that the warm weather is coming.

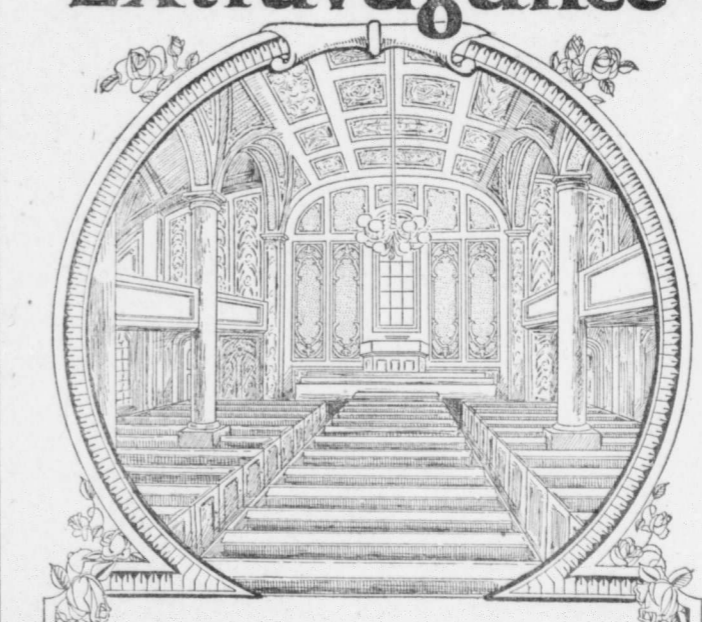


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