

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1913

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THE MODERATE DRINKER

The man who drinks strong liquor has usually some excuse or pretext to justify it. He drinks because the weather is hot or cold or because of habit or sociability or of business. We are referring to the moderate drinker, that rare being who can leave it alone when he wishes and is never in a bemused or befuddled condition. To others he may seem at times rather frayed around the eyes and unsteady in the legs, but in his own opinion he is a shining example of sobriety. He may even dwell upon the dangers of intemperance, professing the while, however, a mild contempt for the advocates of total abstinence. He may never become a habitual drunkard but he is always a potent factor in the spread of intemperance. The young man recoils from the very sight of the full-developed product of the saloon. The bleary-eyed, besotted thing that was once a man fills him with horror. But when he sees men, whom he has been taught to respect, not disdaining the use of liquor, and when he is encouraged by these moderate drinkers to do likewise, he begins to acquire a habit that must, to put it mildly, lessen his efficiency, weaken his will and impair his character. He may know what medical authorities say about the use of alcohol, and be aware that the clear brain and steady nerves, so requisite for the strain and stress of competition, are not to be found in the saloon or the club. He may have before him the wrecks of men who were once as buoyant, as manly, as intelligent as he is. But the moderate drinker can, by example, silence his arguments and dispel his fears. And in our opinion many a young man has had his career blighted or destroyed because of the negligence of those who, because of their age and experience, should have advised and shielded him. A word would have helped him; example would have clothed him as with invulnerable armour. But no word was vouchsafed him and the daily spectacle of drinking led him into the belief that he also could be a "tank" without incurring odium or flirting with disaster and death: experience may open his eyes, but the price he pays is always high. Or he may plod along in a state more or less befogged, thoroughly persuaded that liquor is but a stimulant that is conducive to his physical well-being. And he in his turn may induce others to join the army of "moderate drinkers" who—the most of them—regret deep down in their hearts the day that they drank their first glass of liquor and who will admit that they use it, not for health, but to satisfy a craving grown strong through years of self-indulgence. It may not have cast them out as outcasts, but it has deprived them of opportunities, rendered them less capable of dealing with emergencies, stolen the brightness of the mind and rubbed off the bloom from the heart. And the pity is that they might have been saved all this by their elders.

THE KHAN IN TORONTO

It is disturbing to reflect that, nowadays, most revolutionists consider that it is necessary for their schemes to be Godless. It is unfortunate that the Anarchists, the Socialists, the Communists, et al., should have perhaps unconsciously, left this impression. It is to be deplored, because we all know that many of the most earnest of the social revolutionaries of whom we know are devout followers of the Beautiful Man who said: "Behold, I make all things new." But now the world has greater cause to be uneasy. Some of the more "advanced" of the suffragette leaders consider it the proper, or rather the correct, thing to repudiate religion. They ask: "What has Christianity done—what is it doing for us?" Dear girls, if you will stop talking for half a minute and give me a chance to get a word in edgeways, I have something to say. Up to a certain period in human history, what kind of a position did woman occupy? She was a chattel, a serf, a thing! But an event occurred one far-off night in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea, when the Great Emancipator placed His little Son in the sheltering arms of a young girl. Neither before nor since has there been such a splendid compliment paid to her sex. By that one act He lifted woman out of the depths—De Profundis—and placed her on a throne. And the little mother folded the Gift to her bosom and cried out with pride and joy at this tremendous prediction: "And from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." For twenty centuries, with bleeding hands and feet a great church hath climbed the sometimes crumbling walls of civilization, but they never let go of Her. A chapel or a church is poor and cramped indeed where they cannot find a nook to shrine the Blessed Virgin. Ingratitudes, thy name is woman! Should she fall the One who inaugurated her emancipation it would be the most repellent perfidy in all history. Let her take warning from what happened to the temperance cause. The prohibitionists deserted the only One who could give them prohibition, and they appealed to Caesar. Look back during the past fifty years and what has Caesar done for them? The suffragettes are employing the same methods. They appeal to Caesar. Now, Caesar was a drunkard, and a ladies' man; the late-lamented Brig-

han Young wasn't in the same class with him. In heaven's name, why go to that old reprobate? If they think that Jesus of Nazareth is going to work in double harness with Mister Cesar they are mistaken, and fifty years from now they will be stumbling around, cutting off a license here and a license there, and shortening the hours of sale—Glory Hallelujah!—if I may be permitted to speak in metaphors. All the glory that came to Mary is shared by every woman to-day. If they can walk out of jail whenever they have a mind to, if some of them are tolerated when they are intolerable, it's for that reason. The history of Christianity is the story of the rise in woman. Should Christianity crumble, woman will drop back to a level where it does not matter whether the age of consent is sixteen or sixty?

WHAT ARE THE CHURCHES DOING?

It is difficult for people who do not recognize the divine origin of the Church to understand the reason for her influence over those who accept her teaching. Outside her fold they see nothing but warring sects and so-called religions devoid of dogmatic teaching. They find it difficult to look at religions from the viewpoint of a church which is absolutely certain in regard to her authority and teaching. It can scarcely be denied that the primary cause of the religious indifference and infidelity of the present day is the absence of definite doctrinal teaching among the sects. Each individual, following the example set by the non-Catholic churches, feels free to follow his private judgment in accepting or rejecting the truths of Christianity and, consequently, instead of order there is chaos in the religious world. There can be little doubt that the churches are primarily responsible for this absence of definite religious views among the people at large. The "Christian Work and Evangelical," commenting upon this lack of religion in an effort to ascertain its primary cause, asks: "Is the failure all with the churches?" It answers the question by saying: "We believe that never in any period of the world's history was the church making more earnest effort than it is to-day both to teach the people and to build up the kingdom of God. Men never preached the real gospel more earnestly." Commenting on this statement the New York Weekly Witness, a Protestant journal, says: "Much effort is being put forth certainly, but we fear that very much of it is put forth along unspiritual lines. And as to preaching the 'real Gospel,' our impression is that the preachers who are doing that are in a minority. There is a very strong temptation to the preacher to adapt his preaching to the trend of popular thought. No man likes to be looked upon as an old fogey. Every man likes to win approbation instead of criticism. And therefore it is very difficult for preachers who still believe the Gospel of Christ as it is set forth in the Bible to preach it fully. "And we are under the impression that a majority of the younger preachers do not believe the Gospel that was preached by Peter and Paul and John. Our impression is that some of the larger theological seminaries are teaching their students a modernized Gospel which either repudiates or practically ignores the truth that God gave His Son as a voluntary sacrifice to make atonement for our sins. And when that fundamental truth is left out of the Gospel of Christ is emasculated. "How can the Church work miracles if in all the people there is a deadening unbelief?" asks Christian Work. "Clearly the Church cannot compel people to believe. But what is the cause of this prevalence of unbelief? Have not very many of the preachers of the larger churches encouraged the spirit of unbelief by disparaging the teaching of the Bible, or at least, treating it with silent contempt—wherever that teaching does not agree with their own ideas. How can any preacher expect the man on the street to accept any religion which has no higher authority than the pulpit or the theological seminary at the back of it. Christianity without an authoritative revelation to support it would soon be as important as Confucianism, and Protestantism without such a revelation is not as good a religion as Roman Catholicism with an authoritative revelation. When a preacher discards the authority of the Bible, he virtually kicks his pulpit out from under him and stands on nothing, beating the air in impotent zeal. "Is it altogether the blame of the Church that Christ is falling to-day?" asks Christian Work. Yes, it is. It must be, unless we are prepared to assume that Christ is unable to accomplish that which He has undertaken to accomplish—the

conquest of the world. The churches are honeycombed with skepticism, with worldliness and with indifference because they are not making it their first duty to be loyal to the truth of God as taught in the Book of God. Without loyalty to the revealed character and will of God there cannot be any authoritative standard of obligation on the part of man."—Catholic Bulletin.

SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC

OPINION EXPRESSED BY DR. J. J. WALSH IN A RECENT LECTURE AT ST. AMBROSE COLLEGE, DAVENPORT, IA.

"Since Shakespeare," said Doctor Walsh, "shares with Homer and Dante the honor of first place among the world's great poets, it is of interest to Catholics to know that he, too, may have been a faithful son of the Church. It is almost impossible to adduce any direct proof in this regard because he lived in a time when it was hard to be a Catholic. The celebration of the Mass was absolutely forbidden, priests were hunted down like outlaws and put to death if captured, and everyone was forced under pain of heavy fine to attend the services of the Anglican Church. It is true that Shakespeare was baptized in the Anglican church, married by an Anglican minister, and buried in an Anglican cemetery, but since Anglican baptism and marriage would be valid and according to the English law that was the only way in which a birth or marriage could be legalized, it is probable that the Catholic Church made some provisions permitting this, and as the Anglicans held all the burying-grounds they also had charge of all funerals. That this was the actual case would seem to follow from the fact that his mother and her family were and remained devout Catholics while his father was so often fined for failing to attend the Anglican services that he was forced into bankruptcy. Moreover, Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife, came from an old Catholic family and the fact that she was much older than himself would seem to show that he chose her because of her religion. "In his plays we find that Shakespeare often took stories that were full of bitter feeling towards Catholicism, and, in marked contrast to the spirit of the times, worked them over in such a way as to get Catholic doctrines and practices in a very favorable light. 'Romeo and Juliet,' his first play 'Hamlet,' his greatest, and 'Henry VIII,' his last, are essentially Catholic in spirit. Again, we find from records that during his long sojourn in London he stayed with a Huguenot family. Now, the Huguenots were not compelled to go to Anglican services and it seems highly probable that Shakespeare chose such a family that he might share in the exemption. From several passages that he has written there is no doubt of his hate of Puritanism and so it seems quite possible that he was all his life a true son of Holy Mother Church."

NEW YORK EPISCOPALIAN MINISTERS ARE CONVERTED

Two clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal church in the vicinity of New York have recently left that communion and entered the Catholic church. One was the Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, for the last seven and one half years master of Greek in Trinity School for Boys in West Ninety-first street. He is now a Catholic layman. The other is the Rev. William Henry Journey, until recently a curate in one of the Episcopal churches of Brooklyn. He is now in St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, training for the priesthood of the Catholic church, under the personal direction of Cardinal Gibbons. Both Mr. Middleton and Mr. Journey were instructed in the Catholic faith and baptized by the Very Rev. John J. Hughes, pastor of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, and Superior General of the Paulist Fathers. Both went to Father Hughes of their own free will and asked for instruction, and when they had qualified they requested him to baptize them. Mr. Journey came to the Diocese of Brooklyn from Fond du Lac, Wis., which is known as the "high" diocese of the Episcopal church. Many of its clergy have preceded him into the Catholic church. Mr. Journey before coming east had a church at Eagle River, Wis. He was never married. He is a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of John Hopkins university. Mr. Middleton was formally deposited from the ministry of the Episcopal church by Bishop Greer on October 25 last at the Diocesan house, 416 Lafayette street, in the presence of Canon George F. Nelson and the Rev. Dr. George Alexander Strong, rector of Christ church. The official notice of Bishop Greer's action, which has just been mailed to every bishop of the Episcopal church, states that the deposition of Mr. Middleton was "made at his own request and for causes not affecting his moral character." Mr. Middleton is fifty years old. He was born in New York City and

SHAKEN BY WINDS OF DOCTRINE

Much was written a short time ago in the Protestant and secular journals about the Papal decree forbidding Catholics to cite their clergy before secular courts without episcopal sanction—also great protests were heard from Protestant bodies in Canada and the United Kingdom against the decree "Ne Temere," regulating the conduct of Catholics regarding mixed marriages. Recently the so-called "Church of Ireland" busied itself with these subjects and at one of its sessions a Colonel Westropp questioned the consistency of condemning the Ne Temere Decree. Very Rev. John Ardill of the Episcopal Church supported the colonel in his views, and spoke as follows: "When a member of the Church of Ireland married his deceased wife's sister who is a Presbyterian, and the marriage is duly solemnized by a Presbyterian clergyman, in a Presbyterian church, it is a mixed marriage, and is described by the Book of Common Prayer as contrary to our laws and Holy Scripture. In point of principle this is identical with the Ne Temere Decree. This Decree, is directed only to members of the Catholic church. It is when they get 'mixed' with members of other churches that what has been called 'intolerance,' 'arrogance,' etc., becomes manifest. The Prayer Book is equally drastic in its attitude towards the 'mixed' marriage here referred to. When our Church and the Presbyterian Church united so cordially in condemning the Ne Temere Decree, they ignored the Book of Common Prayer. "The same churchman makes further explanation after this fashion: "There is, of course, one great distinction between the two cases—namely, that the Ne Temere Decree is respected by the parties concerned, while the declaration in the Prayer Book is a mere dead letter.

But the principle in the two cases is identical; and neither Church is justified in condemning the other. The Catholic Church does not condemn mixed marriages as being contrary to the civil law, but to the ecclesiastical law. "That so important a declaration of the Prayer Book should be a dead letter in the Anglican Church shows how very little authority she has over her communicants. She has become largely a body of opportunists, accommodating themselves to the whims, fancies and changes of the times. There is no authority, no infallibility in her teachings—and she is shaken by every wind of doctrine."—Intermountain Catholic.

TO KNOW US AS WE REALLY ARE
In the Catholic University Bulletin for March, the Rev. John E. Graham emphasizes the importance of the devotional element in missionary work. We quote: "The writer has often thought, with the great Cardinal Newman, while listening to the devotional talks given during a retreat, what a pity it is that the whole Protestant world cannot drop in unannounced and hear them and learn to know us as we really are. Such conferences would surely prove the very best object lessons for them, and serve better, perhaps, than any other single influence, to open their eyes to the real holiness of the Church. The great trouble is that the vast majority of non-Catholics who know us at all, know us only or mainly through our apologetic or controversial writings and sermons, which frequently, as in the case of Newman, produce a questioning or an unsettled attitude of mind, and even at times draw them very nigh to conviction, but leave the heart cold and barren. "Speaking of the Christian faith, Hawthorne compares it to a grand cathedral with divinely-pictured windows. 'Standing without,' he writes, 'you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any standing within; every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor. What he says of Christianity in general is peculiarly applicable to the Church. Until one is inside the pale he can never, of course, understand Catholicity as it is in deed and truth. But, the next best thing is to get the earnest truth-seeker as far as possible within the atmosphere of the Church, and that atmosphere is the element found in our standard devotional or ascetic works which furnish the key to the inner heart and life of the Church, and deal not so much with the essentials and absolute requirements of faith as with the supererogatory service arising, not from a mere sense of duty, but rather from an ardent love whose motto or ideal, therefore, is not the minimum, but the maximum of service."

was graduated from Harvard in 1885 and from the General Episcopal Theological seminary in 1889. He resigned his position in Trinity school last spring.—The Missionary.

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

On March 1st the editor of Notes and Comments gave a summary of an interesting letter from Father John M. Fraser, the Canadian missionary to China. There are but 2,000,000 Catholic Chinese in a population of 400,000,000. The recent mighty revolution has broken down the old superstitions and prejudices, and now the fields are white with the harvest. Catholics of Canada have the opportunity and privilege of sharing in the great work of the conversion of China by helping spiritually and financially their fellow Canadian, Father Fraser, whose missionary work has been signally blessed by God.

The CATHOLIC RECORD gladly accedes to the request to receive subscriptions, which will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to Father Fraser. Here is an opportunity to discharge the duty of alms-giving, participate in a great spiritual work of mercy, and help to bring the Light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Do it now, in the name of God.

REMITTANCES

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THE DOCTOR FORGOT

Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Presbyterian minister, New York, said in a recent remarkable sermon: "Do you suppose that those first Christians waited to draw up a definition of all their doctrinal beliefs, or to agree upon a system of interpretation of all parts of the Old Testament, before they set out to preach Christ to the world? Do you imagine that there was any one to stop them with a theological and critical inquiry? How would it sound? 'Stay, Peter, before you go to proclaim the gospel to the Roman Cornelius, you must tell us what you think about the ceremonial law of the Jews, and when it was written, and whether it is absolutely inspired. Stay, Paul, before you preach Christ to the Gentiles you must tell us what you understand by the virgin birth of Jesus and give a logical definition of the Trinity.' "But the Rev. Doctor, when he spoke thus, must have forgotten that before Peter and Paul set out to preach the gospel something very important had been done to provide for the settlement of questions of doctrinal beliefs. Christ had established His Church and given it divine commission and authority. I say to the thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven. The commission and authority so given still remain and will to the end of time. Behold I am with you all days.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. I am surprised that intelligent men do not see the immense value of good temper in their homes; and am amazed that they will take such pains to have costly houses and fine furniture, and yet sometimes neglect to bring home with them good temper.—Theodore Parker.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Premier of China, Lee-Tsang Tsang, is a practical Catholic.

The whole of Catholic Spain is organizing to oppose the Government in its policy of no religious instruction in the schools. The students of Maynooth college have offered to get a subscription among themselves to help the convert monks of Caldey. A priest has most generously offered \$2,500 as the nucleus of the sustentation fund. The community by its return to Rome has already lost \$100,000 in promised bequests. The masterpiece, Van der Goes' "Adoration of the Magi," possessed by the Montforte friars in Spain, has been sold to the Kaiser Frederick Museum in Berlin. All Spain is excited over this sale, and is making desperate attempts to frustrate it. It is now proposed to give an extraordinary series of bullfights to raise the funds to keep the picture in Spain.

The secretary of the President of the Chinese republic is a Catholic priest. He is a young Chinese of culture and great intellectual attainments. The name of the young priest is Ma Shen Fu, and twice since the establishment of the republic have the people of the province of Kiangsu sought him as their governor. The Tsing Pao, or Peking News, is the oldest newspaper in the world, having been issued regularly for nearly 1,400 years. Its circulation is about 10,000. The extreme care necessary in publishing this paper is shown by the fact that until recent years the punishment for an error in printing was instant death. Another Chinese newspaper, the Kin-Pan, is a thousand years old.

As a mark of appreciation for the interest he has ever taken in education, the University of Manitoba has conferred the degree of L.L. D. on the Rev. A. A. Cherrier, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Father Cherrier has been a member of the Council of the University since its inception, and for thirty years has been chairman of the Board of Studies. He was formerly president of St. Boniface College. Rev. Dr. Aquila Webb, pastor of the Warren Memorial Church, Louisville, according to the daily papers of that city, gave this appalling array of religious facts to his congregation a short time ago. He said: "I do not know the facts about other denominations, but the facts in the Presbyterian churches, both in the North and South, are simply appalling. Last year, 5,177 Presbyterian churches did not receive a single communicant on confession of faith. This included all the Presbyterian churches in this country."

There is a movement on foot to make Ireland the scene of the next Eucharistic Congress. Cardinal Bourne said when presiding over a lecture on Malta in Westminster Cathedral half that he had heard of the desire of the Maltese people to receive the Catholic world for this great event and he went to the island with the intention of forwarding the new project with all his influence if he felt it was a possible one. The people of Erin feel their turn has come; they want to welcome the Catholic world in 1914 to Dublin. His Grace, Archbishop McNeil and His Lordship Bishop Power, Newfoundland reviewed the third annual parade of the Holy Name Society in Toronto Sunday, June 1st inst. The Very Rev. Dean Harris, who preached the sermon, complimented the citizens of Toronto on the example of Christian courtesy and toleration they offered the people of the Dominion by their respectful demeanor when the members of the Holy Name Society marched in procession through the streets of Toronto bearing aloft the banner of their association.

Caldey Island, South Wales, the home of the Anglican monks, who recently embraced Catholicism, was for a thousand years monastic property, broken only by Henry VIII., when it became secular property. Caldey Abbey was founded by Celtic monks in the year 450. Among the great names connected with it are those of St. Iltud, St. Samson, St. David of Wales; St. Dubric (475-560), he who crowned King Arthur; St. Paul of Leon, St. Gildas. The High Altar at Caldey Monastery is built principally of stones taken from the ruined religious houses of Great Britain and Ireland.

Pope Pius completed his seventy-eighth year June 2, having been born at Riese on June 2, 1835. From an early hour in the morning carriages began arriving at the big bronze doors of the Vatican, their occupants bearing felicitations and good wishes. Congratulatory messages expressing homage, devotion and prayerful wishes for a much greater length of years poured in upon His Holiness all day from the highest religious, royal and diplomatic personages. The messages came from all parts of the world and were much more numerous than those received by the Holy Father on former birthday anniversaries. They all contained words of gratification at his recovery from his recent serious illness.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER X

"THE DEATH COACH"

"And nothing can we call our own, but Death— King Richard III.

I was determined not to see Maurice again before his departure. Supposing grandfather were to send for me, and institute a formal and appropriate leave-taking. I supposed he were to order Maurice to see our engagement, and our parting, with a kiss! I became hot all over at the mere idea. However, it would be no less terrible to Maurice than it would be to me, I said to myself, with a giggle of triumphant complacency, as I fled with accelerated haste toward a favorite hiding place—an old copper beech—and hoisting myself nimbly into the fork, climbed up among the shady branches, where having found my desired haven, I seated myself, very much out of breath, and with an usually brilliant complexion. I remained in a thick, wide bough of the beech, till I heard the work-people's bell ring at 6 o'clock, and then I knew that he must be gone, and that I might descend in safety; so I lost no time in scrambling down, and returning to the haunts of man. I found that no one appeared to be aware of my engagement to Maurice; I was still treated as a child, and snubbed and lectured as much as ever. Grandfather never alluded to it; neither did Mr. French. Could I have dreamed it? I asked myself more than once. As autumn advanced, grandpa distinguished his accustomed walk round the farm, then his outings diminished to the garden, and finally altogether; he was what the country people called "greatly failed," and would sit cowering over the fire for hours at a time. I pitied him sincerely, and did what I could to brighten him up; bringing in all the news about the place—descriptions of the new calves, of the turk-rick, an account of the sudden death of Patsy White's fat pig, etc., and even braced up my courage, and offered to read to him every evening, an offer he accepted indifferently, saying: "I might as well read to you as to a pig."

When I walked into the kitchen, I looked so mighty queer and unsteady, that says little Mary: "Tom, alannah, whatever ails you? You're not yourself at all!" "Sure I'm after taking a rowl in 'the Death Coach,'" says I. With that she let a screech you might hear in Kilcool. It's herself can tell you the turn I give her: and the two boys that was wid me were bet up entirely to make out what became of me; and how it was I got home so long afore them. "Whether it was 'the Death Coach,' or the bleak, bitter, spring weather, grandfather showed no signs of getting better. The doctor declared that he would be all right again when the warm days came, but I think he scarcely meant what he said. One morning I was awakened by Miss Fluker, who was standing at my bedside, in her red flannel dressing-gown, with a very long face. "Nora," she said, in a hushed, low tone, "Nora, your grandfather has gone at last!" "Dead!" I exclaimed, starting up. "Yes, he was quite dead when Mary went in to give him his tea, at six o'clock this morning. He must have passed away almost in his sleep!" Miss Fluker sat down on the edge of the bed, and we both commenced to cry, I profusely, as was my wont—Miss Fluker very moderately indeed. I was very sorry for grandfather, though I had never been what I could call fond of him. I was too much in awe of him for that; but he was my only relation except Maurice, and somehow I felt utterly alone in the world now. There was a certain stir in the house. The strange, wizened, little gentleman came down from Dublin, and took everything into his own hands. He was grandfather's solicitor. The funeral was conducted with the utmost pomp and quite regardless of any expense. It was attended by crowds from far and near, and was considered the greatest and grandest funeral that had been seen in the county for twenty years. So said Big Mary, with unconcealed triumph, as she brought me my dinner on a tray to the school-room. Miss Fluker remained down stairs, to preside over a handsome cold collation, that had been provided for mourners from afar. In her best black silk, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, she posed as a dear and valued friend of the family, and old Mr. Beresford's right hand!

I was obliged to descend to hear the will read, and I never felt so miserably shy and awkward in all my life as when I made my way into the drawing-room, thronged with strangers—to me, but all old friends according to their own showing, and benevolently anxious to hear how things were left. Everything went to Maurice, excepting a thousand pounds which grandfather had scraped together in some marvelous manner; that was left to his beloved granddaughter, Nora O'Neill, as well as all the lace and jewels belonging to her late grandmother, Mary Beresford—the said jewels being heirlooms; but as my heir and nephew, Maurice Beresford is under a solemn engagement to marry the aforementioned Nora O'Neill, I am in no way defrauding him of his just possessions." At this clause the eyes were turned to me as though worked by one spring. I felt myself becoming crimson to the roots of my hair, as I sat with my hands locked in my lap, and my eyes now glued to the floor. Mr. French was appointed my guardian until I was twenty-one years of age; and with a few trifling legacies to servants the will was concluded, and the meeting broke up. After a week or two we resumed our old monotonous life once more. We missed grandfather a good deal, although of late he had been confined to his room. His vacant place at table, his empty chair by the fire-side, were daily, silent reminders of "the poor ole master," as the servants called him. However, Miss Fluker soon promoted herself to his seat at table, and Snap appropriated his chair by the fire-side, and it would have been a bold man, or dog, who dared to question his tenancy—he presented

He stated that he and two other boys were returning from the fair of Dundrum, about 10 o'clock at night as sober as His Holiness himself; his two companions went into a cabin to get a light for their pipes, leaving him standing alone on the road when what should come by but a splendid coach-and-four! Seeing Tom, the coachman pulled up sharp, and an elegant gentleman stepped out, with his hat in his hand. I quote Tom's description verbatim: "Would a sate home be any convenience to you, Mr. Connor?" says he. "In troth an' it would, says I, 'for I'm a mighty poor walker at the best of times, and it's four miles to the Cross of Gallow, if it's a yard."

"And in you thin, says he. "And in I got, never misdoubting that it was 'the Death Coach,' I was going to take a ride in. "In was second I found myself in the stable yard of Gallow, just as if I had been dropped there by the fairies, vid the coach, and hares, and all standing forment me, just as I got out. "Good-night, Mr. Connor," says the coachman, touching up the wheels, 'I'm going round to take some of the family out for an airing,' pointing his whip toward the berrin'-ground; and with that he turned the horses and drove out of the yard (an awkward corner even for a pair), the handiest and purest piece of driving I ever lapped my two eyes on. "When I walked into the kitchen, I looked so mighty queer and unsteady, that says little Mary:

"Tom, alannah, whatever ails you? You're not yourself at all!" "Sure I'm after taking a rowl in 'the Death Coach,'" says I. With that she let a screech you might hear in Kilcool. It's herself can tell you the turn I give her: and the two boys that was wid me were bet up entirely to make out what became of me; and how it was I got home so long afore them. "Whether it was 'the Death Coach,' or the bleak, bitter, spring weather, grandfather showed no signs of getting better. The doctor declared that he would be all right again when the warm days came, but I think he scarcely meant what he said. One morning I was awakened by Miss Fluker, who was standing at my bedside, in her red flannel dressing-gown, with a very long face. "Nora," she said, in a hushed, low tone, "Nora, your grandfather has gone at last!" "Dead!" I exclaimed, starting up. "Yes, he was quite dead when Mary went in to give him his tea, at six o'clock this morning. He must have passed away almost in his sleep!"

Miss Fluker sat down on the edge of the bed, and we both commenced to cry, I profusely, as was my wont—Miss Fluker very moderately indeed. I was very sorry for grandfather, though I had never been what I could call fond of him. I was too much in awe of him for that; but he was my only relation except Maurice, and somehow I felt utterly alone in the world now. There was a certain stir in the house. The strange, wizened, little gentleman came down from Dublin, and took everything into his own hands. He was grandfather's solicitor. The funeral was conducted with the utmost pomp and quite regardless of any expense. It was attended by crowds from far and near, and was considered the greatest and grandest funeral that had been seen in the county for twenty years. So said Big Mary, with unconcealed triumph, as she brought me my dinner on a tray to the school-room. Miss Fluker remained down stairs, to preside over a handsome cold collation, that had been provided for mourners from afar. In her best black silk, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, she posed as a dear and valued friend of the family, and old Mr. Beresford's right hand!

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their unflinching answer—"The master sent us." "His reverence bid me give you a call," silenced every objection. "An' it's another can o' buttermilk the day, Peggy Mooney 'Tis a cow to yourself you'll want." "An' it's you again, Paddy Kearney? 'Tis a young here altogether you'll be next." "Troth and you have no shame nor decency, Kitty Maher, aitin' us out of house and home like this! Bad scran to you for beggars!"—would be some of her angry expostulations as she served these regular customers. "Tis little we mind ye, Honor honey; we all know your bark is worse nor your bite," the beggars would rejoin, as they shuffled themselves smilingly away. During the summer holidays I had a long letter from Maurice; a very nice letter too—no lecture, no advice—hoping I was well and happy, giving an amusing sketch of his Indian life, and winding up with messages and inquiries for each and all of the community. I also received a very warm invitation from Deb's grandmother, Mrs. West, asking me to accompany her and her grandchildren to the seaside. I eagerly accepted her offer, and went away from home for the first time in my life, escorted up to Dublin by Mr. French. Mrs. West was a very clever, charming, elderly lady of what is now called "the old school." She took a fancy to me, and treated me almost like another grandchild, and my visit stretched out to six months instead of six weeks. Two months we spent at the seaside, where I enjoyed myself beyond description, and added swimming to my sparse catalogue of accomplishments; the other four months were passed in Dublin, where I had the benefit of singing-lessons, and French and drawing classes at the Alexandra College. My wardrobe was modernized, my manners softened and toned down, thanks to Mrs. West's friendly advice and playful hints. I no longer whistled as I went about the house, nor sat with my elbows always on the table, nor burst into a room as if I were pursued by a mad dog. I acquired a taste for reading; had made acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, and many other delightful people, and returned to Gallow vastly improved in mind and body. I found myself treated with a considerable accession of respect by the entire household. Big and little Mary no longer called me "Nora." Now I was "Miss Nora," or Miss O'Neill. As Miss O'Neill, my manners were more assured and self-possessed—my wardrobe lent them dignity. Some one very wisely says that "no one is beyond the influence of their clothes"; and certainly, in my neat-fitting black costume and dainty Oxford shoes, I was by no means inclined, as of yore, for stalking through mud and bursting through bushes; and I felt that my dress involved a certain dignity of demeanor till now entirely foreign to my nature. I was conscious of being quite a stylish young lady, when I made my first formal call on the Currys, and I inwardly chuckled when I mentally compared the awful dowdy figure I had often sat on their ginger-colored ottoman to the vision of elegance that I now flattered myself I presented to their bewildered eyes.

Miss Fluker by no means approved of her grub thus bursting into a butterfly. She repressed my new ideas by every means in her power, lectured me sharply on conceit, extravagance, and love of dress; consigned my best dress and buttoned boots to the limbo of a wardrobe in her own room and did her best to make me look as uncouth and contrived as ever. But I rebelled stoutly, and refused to let down my hair and take up my frocks and found myself entering upon a new lease of a stronger and more inveterate dislike than ever to Sophia Fluker. She little knew, and as little cared, how severely I mentally criticized her. She was a fixture at Gallow till I was twenty years of age, and she did not trouble her head to study appearances, as far as I was concerned. But, indeed, her violent temper, her indolence, her meanness and her greediness were only too patent to the whole household. I never knew such a woman for tea; tea aroused her from her slumbers, she awaited her at breakfast, tea was served at 10 o'clock, and various ill-timed cups of tea might be seen going upstairs at all sorts of odd hours. She invariably had a share in the kitchen tea, a most unwarrantable breach, as I know she stunted and little Mary in their tea and sugar money, although she had a handsome allowance from Maurice. I also know that she made a fine privy purse out of her pickings and parings—nothing could be plainer than our fare (indeed, I might say humble, as far as I was concerned); and the way she bargained away the milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables would have reflected credit on a Jew! Our staple food was fowl; fowl roast and fowl boiled, fowl minced or fricassee, fowl hot and fowl cold. Needless to state that the Kilcool butcher held us in deserved disdain. "Faix, Miss Nora," exclaimed big Mary one day, as she contemptuously dashed the dinner on the table, "I wonder you're not afraid the feathers will grow out of you; ye ought to be ashamed to look a fowl in the face!" TO BE CONTINUED

a vision of flaming eyes and distended jaws to any one who came within what he considered a respectful distance. In the mornings I read English history and classics with Miss Fluker, and practised an hour on an old rattle-trap, called by courtesy a piano. We dined at the bar, but bar was healthy hour of one, and my afternoons were altogether mine own—too much my own, if the truth were known. I had no confederates. Deb was away from home on a protracted visit to her grandmother, and I had no one to speak to, and no companion save Carlo. Miss Fluker generally betook herself to Kilcool to see her friends the Misses Curry, two old maids that Rody and I had nicknamed "Plain Curry" and "Chicken Curry." "Plain Curry," or Miss Curry, was really very ugly. She wore not the traditional wreath of roses, but a profuse bay front, with a well defined black net parting, which was anything but a good match for her luxuriant gray eyebrows. She had a terrible cast in one eye, and had long ceased to think of herself as being either young or beautiful—a hallucination she still rigidly adhered to with regard to her sister Selina, or "Chicken Curry."

She talked to her, and spoke of her, as if she were still a gay young thing in her teens; whereas Miss Selina was five-and-forty if she was an hour, although she affected a very juvenile style of dress, wore coquetish little hats, large false plaits, and quantities of pale blue ribbon encircling her skinny throat, and floating yards behind her. She bitterly bemoaned the scarcity of young people in the neighborhood—young men especially—and really and truly considered herself what her sister called her, "an unsophisticated girlish darling."

Both Plain and Chicken were inveterate gossips, and knew to a spoonful what people were having for dinner from the mere smoke of their kitchen chimneys. Of course, they were well up in all our family affairs, and could have passed a stiff examination on the amount of Maurice's income, what he allowed for keeping up Gallow, etc., etc. And as for my proceedings, they were viewed with microscopic inspection. I did not get a new pair of shoes or have two helpings of pudding without their knowledge. I knew that I formed a fertile topic of discussion, as Miss Fluker frequently engaged me by saying: "Miss Selina Curry thinks it such a pity you are so familiar with the people about the place—you should not be allowed to speak to them, in her opinion;" or "Miss Curry is quite concerned to see you hold yourself so badly; she noticed you particularly last Sunday in church; and she says she never saw a girl of your age with so little manners;" or, "Both the Misses Curry think you have such a singularly ill-tempered expression," and other gratifying and flattering criticisms.

Miss Selina Curry and Miss Fluker were sworn friends. They kissed with affection when they met, called each other "darling Selina," and "dearest Sophia," and went into raptures over each other's dress and personal appearance. It was indeed a most touching sight to see them seated side by side on the ginger-colored sofa that adorned the Currys' drawing-room, hand locked in hand. Oh, those terrible teas, at which I have been a reluctant guest! Tea? Hot water, milk, and sugar, a few chunks of moldy sponge-cake, and a small plate of bread and butter. Nor was there a feast of reason and a flow of soul to make amends. Mr. French and Miss Selina, Miss Fluker and Miss Curry, talked "parish" and played whist; while I stared out of the window on to that lively prospect, the grassplot before the door, in summer, or amused myself with going over the sketches, annuals, shells, and rubbish of the Curry drawing-room, for the hundredth time, if the festivity took place in winter. At 10 o'clock some very weak negus was introduced on a black tray; and after many thanks "for a delightful evening" from Miss Fluker, and sundry exclamations from our hostesses, we would wrap ourselves up and take our leave, escorted to the gates of Gallow by gallant Mr. French.

Mr. French was quite alone, and sometimes I would walk down to Kilcool and pay him a visit. He and his house, his wardrobe, and his "spirited" children were kept in order by an old family servant called Honor Casey, a square-faced elderly woman, with a warm temper and heart to correspond, who held the reins of government at the Rectory, and between whom and the Misses Curry a feud had raged for years. Mr. French devoted most of his leisure to the attempted resuscitation of the Irish language. To this end he slaved away for hours in his study, at times totally oblivious of dinner, and tea, and the outside world—till brought to his senses by Honor. He had little or no authority over his son and daughter, unless roused, and carried out of himself, as was the case on "Mandarian Sunday." He did a great deal of good in an unobtrusive way, and never could say "no" to any one. Consequently the rectory kitchen was the rendezvous for half the vagrants in the county. He would meet them when out about the parish, listen sympathetically to their various stories, and send them up to the house to have their wants supplied—'tay and sugar, a bag of pratties, or a lock of male' (meal), as the case might be. Honor would receive the intruders with anything but open arms, but

their unflinching answer—"The master sent us." "His reverence bid me give you a call," silenced every objection. "An' it's another can o' buttermilk the day, Peggy Mooney 'Tis a cow to yourself you'll want." "An' it's you again, Paddy Kearney? 'Tis a young here altogether you'll be next." "Troth and you have no shame nor decency, Kitty Maher, aitin' us out of house and home like this! Bad scran to you for beggars!"—would be some of her angry expostulations as she served these regular customers. "Tis little we mind ye, Honor honey; we all know your bark is worse nor your bite," the beggars would rejoin, as they shuffled themselves smilingly away. During the summer holidays I had a long letter from Maurice; a very nice letter too—no lecture, no advice—hoping I was well and happy, giving an amusing sketch of his Indian life, and winding up with messages and inquiries for each and all of the community. I also received a very warm invitation from Deb's grandmother, Mrs. West, asking me to accompany her and her grandchildren to the seaside. I eagerly accepted her offer, and went away from home for the first time in my life, escorted up to Dublin by Mr. French. Mrs. West was a very clever, charming, elderly lady of what is now called "the old school." She took a fancy to me, and treated me almost like another grandchild, and my visit stretched out to six months instead of six weeks. Two months we spent at the seaside, where I enjoyed myself beyond description, and added swimming to my sparse catalogue of accomplishments; the other four months were passed in Dublin, where I had the benefit of singing-lessons, and French and drawing classes at the Alexandra College. My wardrobe was modernized, my manners softened and toned down, thanks to Mrs. West's friendly advice and playful hints. I no longer whistled as I went about the house, nor sat with my elbows always on the table, nor burst into a room as if I were pursued by a mad dog. I acquired a taste for reading; had made acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, and many other delightful people, and returned to Gallow vastly improved in mind and body. I found myself treated with a considerable accession of respect by the entire household. Big and little Mary no longer called me "Nora." Now I was "Miss Nora," or Miss O'Neill. As Miss O'Neill, my manners were more assured and self-possessed—my wardrobe lent them dignity. Some one very wisely says that "no one is beyond the influence of their clothes"; and certainly, in my neat-fitting black costume and dainty Oxford shoes, I was by no means inclined, as of yore, for stalking through mud and bursting through bushes; and I felt that my dress involved a certain dignity of demeanor till now entirely foreign to my nature. I was conscious of being quite a stylish young lady, when I made my first formal call on the Currys, and I inwardly chuckled when I mentally compared the awful dowdy figure I had often sat on their ginger-colored ottoman to the vision of elegance that I now flattered myself I presented to their bewildered eyes.

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He who meets life as though it meant something worth finding out, and who expresses his best self, is the one who has the permanent basis of happiness. — H. W. Dresser.

THE RAILROAD MAGNATE

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

The telephone rang loudly in my room—

"Well?" I said.

"Are you Father so-and-so?"

"I am."

"This is the X—Hotel."

"Well?"

"My husband is very ill. Can you come to the Hotel—Room 400?"

"I will come at once."

The voice was feminine, beseeching and full of sorrow. The hotel was one of the swell hotels of the city.

I took the holy oils and went on my mission. I found the lady to be a refined, educated woman, a good Catholic, the wife of a Southern man high up in a railroad company. He was of no religion, but had a kind and liberal heart. A gentleman, and a most courteous one. No matter how busy he was, if some poor timid little Sister asked to see him, and begged some favor of transportation for the poor, or for the Sisters, the pass was always given, and in answer to her gratitude he would only say, "Pray for me and mine," and needless to say the promise was fervently given. And now he was stricken, ill unto death, and his wife said:

"Oh! Father, he is so good and kind I cannot see him die, or let him die outside the Church!"

I asked her if she thought he objected in any way to her religion, if he was at all bigoted.

"On the contrary, Father, he said only yesterday that he couldn't help thinking of those good little Sisters who used to come to him for free transportation for a thousand charitable purposes—for missions of charity or mercy, and he was wondering what was in their religion that made them so self-sacrificing. He has always given me full sway in the practice of mine, and I have prayed for him all our years together that he might be of the faith before he dies. Because of these sentiments I sent for you."

"Is he worse than usual now?" I asked.

"I don't think so; I cannot give up hope. May God spare him to me!"

"Let me go to his room. Introduce me for what I am—a Catholic priest," I said.

"Let me see if he is strong enough," was her answer.

She went into the adjoining room and in a few minutes returned with a joyful countenance.

"He says he will be extremely pleased to see you, Father."

We entered the room of the patient. A man a little beyond middle age, a fine, prepossessing face and a splendid head crowned with iron gray hair. He reached out a finely-formed hand, and smiled a greeting.

"I have often met gentlemen of your cloth, Father," he said, "when I had the advantage of you. Now you have the advantage of me."

"I would be sorry to have the advantage of such a man as you are," I said heartily; "you deserve well of every one who has ever met you."

"My wife thinks that, Father, but I never heard anyone else say so on such short acquaintance."

"It isn't my profession to flatter," I said, "but it seems to me a higher voice than either your wife's or mine has led me to you, and I mean to have a chat with you as only a friend can have with a friend."

Just then, as if God's finger had moved visibly, the trained nurse entered and said the wife was wanted at the telephone, and both left the room. I was alone with the sick man. At once I seized the opportunity God gave me. I spoke boldly of his soul, of the absolute necessity of religion, of the meaning of the judgments of God. He listened, and when he spoke I felt a miracle of grace was working in his heart; for he said simply, he had been thinking it over for a long time; he believed all the mysteries of religion; he was convinced that the Catholic faith was the only true logical faith; he had watched his good wife, had listened to her, and had seen those Sisters of Charity and Mercy spending their lives for the betterment of others. The motive must be sublime, founded on absolute truth. And "Father," he said, "when those little nuns looked up at me, with tears of gratitude in their eyes, for a simple pass on our railroad, and told me they would pray for me, I felt as if some power was protecting me and keeping me for better things. Do you know I have never been baptized in any church? I would like you to baptize me in the Catholic Church."

"Gladly will I do so," I rejoined, "but had we not better wait until tomorrow, when I can tell you more about our holy religion?"

"I know enough about it to want to be baptized. Do it now, Father. Call my wife, if will rejoice her heart to see me made a Catholic Christian."

As if in answer to the request, his wife entered.

"Mary, this Father is going to baptize me," he said simply.

His wife burst into tears, but they were tears of joy. It took only a few minutes to baptize this good, straightforward, sincere man, and I never saw such peace and content on a human face as settled on his when the ceremony was over and I said good-by.

"Come to-morrow, Father, there is

some more to be done," he said as I left.

How I pondered over the infinite love of God on my way back to the rectory. It was the prayers of his wife and the reward no doubt of his charity to those good religions that obtained the grace of conversion.

Next morning the papers had long columns about the railroad magnate who had been ill for some days at the X—Hotel.

He had died during the night.—The Missionary.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MARRIAGE SERVICE

A number of Woman Suffragists have made up their minds that the indignities laid upon their sex by the Church of England marriage service must cease. They are good enough, in general, to offer the authorities alternatives: either expunge the offensive matters, or else impose them on the bridegroom also. Thus, with regard to the question: "Who gives this woman to be married to this man?" they demand its removal, or the introduction of a similar question with regard to the bridegroom. Here they might have left well enough alone. Although the father or guardian of the bride is supposed to give some sign in reply to the question, he is often so distracted that he omits doing so, and the ceremony goes on. But the Suffragists are too much in earnest for such a compromise, so much in earnest that they have lost their sense of the ridiculous. True, the bride of eighteen, almost fresh from the schoolroom, so common a generation ago, is rarely seen to-day. Nevertheless, the youthful bride, if not always a fact, is a social fiction, of which the parent or guardian under whose tutelage she is supposed to have been up to her wedding day, is the sign. On the other hand, the bridegroom is never supposed to be a youth. Even if he be so, any allusion to his youthfulness is avoided as indiscreet. But as a general rule he is well out of adolescence, and has acquired in his trade or profession the means to support a home. It is quite natural for a middle-aged gentleman to give away the bride; for an elderly gentleman to reduce to momentary pupillage a florid, well-groomed man of the world of thirty or thereabouts, known on the exchange, or on the street, or in the courts, or at the operating table, as one who has made his way, would be absurd.

They do not stop here. Again they offer the alternative: either abolish the subordination of the wife to the husband included in the promise required from her to serve and obey, or introduce the subordination of the husband to the wife by making him give the same promise. Here they demand a metaphysical impossibility. Both can not be subordinate to more than a thing can be on the table and under it at the same time. Their demand for the dropping of the words of the bridegroom: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," is more reasonable, not because these, as they allege, have the effect of "creating a false sense of economic dependence"—what noble language they use!—"in the heart of the bride," but for another reason they bring, namely, "that they never have been true, and very often are the opposite of truth." "Never" is a hard word; but in the case of heiresses, hunters, one must admit it to be rather absurd to hear a man with little more than the clothes he stands up in, perhaps with a large amount of debt, saying to the woman of millions, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." Perhaps a new rubric might be introduced into the Book of Common Prayer to provide for the omission of the words by the bridegroom in this case, and, should the Suffragists wish "to create in his heart a sense of economic dependence" very real, to require the saying of them by the bride.

But their demands go still further. They object to the statement that "out of many women took her beginning." They do not offer here the alternative they propose with regard to subordination; for they perceive that to add that "out of woman man in the same way had his beginning," would make a marriage service fit only for a madhouse. They demand, therefore, the removal of the words as perpetuating "a foolish and unscientific myth degrading to woman and flattering to an already excessive self-esteem on the part of man."

The bitter hostility to men which characterizes so much of the agitation for woman suffrage does not make for happiness in wedded lives; and one must fear for the future of a bride who looks upon her bridegroom as one whose excessive self-esteem has to be curbed. But this remark is merely practical. A much graver evil is the identification by the ladies who are leading this particular part of the movement of the cause of woman suffrage with the denial of the Holy Scriptures and of the Christian religion. For they go on to protest also against the admonition drawn from the Apostles that the man shall love his wife as Christ loves the Church, and the woman be loving and amiable, patient, and obedient to her husband, and in all quietness, sobriety and peace, be a follower of holy and godly matrons. We prefer not to quote their words regarding the first of these; with regard to the second, "We demand,"

say they, "that as the husband should equally comport himself in all quietness, sobriety and peace, and be a follower of holy and godly men, he equally should be told so." They do not seem to have studied their marriage service dispassionately, else they would have seen that this, which they demand, is told the husband implicitly in the summary of his much graver and more difficult obligations. If he is to take in a very special manner Christ himself as the rule of his married life, it is obviously unnecessary to order him to be a follower of holy and godly men.

We have no liking for the Book of Common Prayer. As for its marriage service, whether in the English book or in the American, we must say that, compared with the Catholic rite it is necessarily a degradation, as the Protestant notion of the marriage contract is a degradation from the Catholic doctrine. But we do not quarrel with it because it retains the scriptural and Christian doctrine, though this is robbed of its fulness by the denial that Holy Matrimony is a sacrament. Neither are we expressing an opinion one way or the other on the question of woman suffrage. We simply point out that if its advocates make it turn on absurdities and what is worse, the denial of divine revelation and Christian teaching, they may drive all who reverence these into the ranks of their opponents.—HENRY WOODS, S. J., in America.

UNITY OF TRINITY

THREE IN ONE AND ONE IN THREE—INCARNATION THE FOUNDATION FOR ALL CHRISTIAN BELIEF—ITS REJECTION MEANS REJECTION OF WHOLE CHRISTIAN FAITH

The Incarnation is the grand central truth around which all other truths, so to speak, revolve. Hence, to reject the Incarnation, in its orthodox sense, is to reject the foundation upon which all Christian truth rests. It was implied in the ancient prophecies and was included in the expected Messiah. It is the germ of that dual truth which may be found in every human being.

This profound mystery tells how the "Word was made flesh"—that is, how the Son, the Second Person of the adorable, indivisible Trinity, and who is God, assumed flesh from the chaste womb of the Virgin, and made that human nature by hypostatic union with his Divine Person, His own nature, just the same as His Divine nature.

The Incarnation includes the Trinity, which forms the basis of orthodox faith and is so essential to Christianity that its denial would mean the rejection of the whole Christian faith. Objection is sometimes made that the Trinity is a denial of the unity of God, or that there is and can be only one God. This objection can be founded on nothing but a misconception of the Catholic teaching regarding the Trinity. On the question of the unity of God there can be no difference, for the Catholic teaching is that there is and can be only one God, Who is the Creator of all things visible and invisible. The common interpretation which misses the vital truth in the Incarnation separates the Divine Essence in which the unity rests, and then contends that the orthodox meaning of the Trinity makes three and three one, which would be not only unreasonable but impossible. This is a false assumption, for no one maintains that God is one in the respect that He is three, or vice versa. The Catholic doctrine as contained in the Athanasian creed is, that "we venerate one God in the Trinity, and the Trinity in the Unity, neither confounding the persons nor separating the substance."

The Unity of God is here expressed, also its contents or interior relations. Unity without an object could not be equal to God. The idea of the Deity is not expressed by saying that He is One, but must include the word one God, thereby implying a living being, who is more than simple unity. But a living being means an active being, since to live is to act. Therefore to be eternally and infinitely living must mean an eternal and infinite action. But every action requires a principal, a medium and an end. Unity, when applied to God, is not a mere abstraction, but means an active Being, who possesses in Himself the conditions of activity, namely, principal, medium and end, which in the orthodox sense means the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Father is the principal, the eternally active, generates the Son, who is begotten and becomes the medium. The Holy Ghost, who is neither made nor created nor begotten, proceeds eternally from the Father and Son, as the end, or consummation of the Divine Life.

This distinction of the three Divine Persons does not mean a distinction of the Divine Essence, nor deny the unity of God's nature. God is represented as "most pure act"—that is, a being endowed with the faculty of thinking and loving; as God's attributes are all infinite, the faculty of thinking and loving in Him is possessed in an infinite degree. To deny this double faculty in God would be to place the man shall love his wife as Christ loves the Church, and the woman be loving and amiable, patient, and obedient to her husband, and in all quietness, sobriety and peace, be a follower of holy and godly matrons. We prefer not to quote their words regarding the first of these; with regard to the second, "We demand,"

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tion of God is more than unity. He will grant certain interior relations in the Divine Essence which belong to a living being. "God is Love," and that love is co-eternal, co-existing and co-infinite with God Himself. In the idea of God as embodied in the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity is the unity of nature and God and at the same time the trinity of the unity.

That there must be unity in the divine trinity is evident, since there can be but one infinite, namely, one God. More than one infinite is a contradiction. Hence any objection to this doctrine starts with a false premise, and inevitably leads to false conclusions that Trinity means one God and three Gods, or that one is three and three are one, which is not only unreasonable, but a contradiction and intrinsically impossible.

What, then, in God is thought and love are interior relations essential to the conception of unity as one Living God, while this idea of God as trine is essential to the conception of God as one living unity.

God is love. From all eternity He loved. The object of that love must be different from the faculty of loving. Every faculty bears with itself an essential relation, and the relation supposes a double term, namely, principal and medium, or the one acting and the other acted upon. The same applies to thinking.

Thoughts are the product of the intellect. Therefore they are distinct from the intellect. To think one must think something, and that something must be and is distinct from the faculty of thinking. A man's intellect when thinking is different from the same intellect when not thinking, and yet the difference in the same intellect is the thought of the thinking intellect. Edison thinking in his laboratory has a different intellect from that which he has when in a passive state. In the former state the intellect is hard at work, revolving thoughts as to some new discovery, and the means to attain it. These thoughts constitute a difference in the same intellect.

In God, who is not merely abstract unity, the faculty of loving and thinking must exist, and these faculties must be of the same nature with God, namely, infinite, or in other words, God himself. Yet the object of His thoughts must be distinct from the faculty itself, since it is impossible for a faculty to exercise its action on itself. The object must be outside of itself. All this is reasonable, and the very nature of the Divinity requires it. It contains a full explanation of the orthodox teaching of the Blessed Trinity, namely, three persons in one God, the Father begetting from all eternity His Son, whom He loves and by whom He is loved, producing thereby the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from both Father and Son. The Blessed Trinity is the fundamental principle of the Catholic faith. Its denial in the orthodox sense is a denial of Christianity. In its Name the Infant is born again, hence the form used in baptism is, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Are not the three persons distinctly marked?

The fact that this belief has always existed is a proof that God has revealed a Blessed Trinity, since natural reason could find no trace of God as Holy Trinity in the whole order of creation. In fact, then, what the human race has always believed that God is three distinct persons in one substance, is proof that the Blessed Trinity is a revealed truth.—F. D. in Intermountain Catholic.

THEATRE'S MORAL UPLIFT

The Catholic Church in America under the leadership of Cardinal Farley has been doing a great deal in the direction of discountenancing the immoral or suggestive tendencies of the stage. The Knights of Columbus all over the country have been aiding this clean-up movement and the most effective weapon used has been the withdrawal of decent patronage, which made itself felt in the box office receipts.

Yet the Catholic Church has always been a defender of good play, which carries a respectable entertainment and a moral lesson. She has acknowledged from the earliest days the power of the stage for good or evil, and that its preaching reaches many of the masses and has a dominating influence over them.

But several of the Protestant sects have entertained a derogatory or contrary view. They were narrow-minded enough to denounce the stage, whether its plays were for good or evil. In this connection it is interesting and commendable to note that they are changing front, and adopting the sound views on the subject of the Catholic Church.

Perhaps the most unrelenting enemy of the theatre was the Methodist Episcopal church; but its position has recently been very much modified. While the general conferences has so far refused to rescind the condemnation of attendance at theatrical exhibitions, it is significant to remark that at a recent annual conference in New Haven, Conn., Prof. Henry Wade Rogers emphatically expressed his disapproval of the rule in the Book of Discipline, which puts under formal ban the practice of theatre-going.

Protestant sects have been obliged at last to concede the wholesome influence of certain plays, which have had a successful run in some of the greater cities of the United States.

Among these are enumerated "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" and "The Dawn of Tomorrow." But there are other plays of moral influence, such as "The Sign of the Cross," "Down East," etc., several of them with a distinctively Catholic theme and coloring. It is acknowledged by Protestant leaders and divines that this class of plays "should have recognition of those who stand for higher life of the community and that the general position of Christians should be one, not of total abstinence but of wise discrimination." Nor is it less emphasized that the theatre is vindicating its right to be counted not simply as an educational agency, but as an agency making for righteousness and social justice.

And so a writer in one of the Protestant journals adopts the following, largely Catholic view, on the same subject: "That the theatre renders this ministry in its own way, different from the way of organized religion, is a distinct advantage, for it makes an appeal to multitudes whom the Church and kindred movements seldom if ever reach. There never was needed more than to-day the spirit of just discrimination in the judgment passed upon the theatre by the Church. That which is corrupt in it should be unqualifiedly condemned. Plays that are a stretch in the nostrils of decency should be driven to cover by an aroused public sentiment. But just as truly should the good and uplifting receive the support and encouragement of good men. It ought to become more and more profitable to serve the public with that which elevates taste and ministers to the creation of ideals. It ought to be made financially hazardous to attempt anything else. The theatre is the public servant, not its master. It caters to public demands. It thrives on the public's purse. We, the public, may have what we want, when we want it, and when we are ready to pay the price for it, not in coin, but in discrimination, in the condemnation of the evil, in sympathetic support of the good. The problem is by no means uniform. The size, character, ideals and spirit of the local community are vital factors involved. Still, any community which has enough of religion and morality to support schools and churches can also unite in the creation and support of healthful amusement for all of its citizens."

Surely Catholic Bishops and priests and laymen will agree that it is far better for the Church to bring all its influence to bear against objectionable and immoral plays than to countenance a tirade against the theatre as such. In fact, she is ever ready to encourage the good and moral on the stage and to aid members of the theatrical profession and workers for social betterment, who are striving for the uplift of the American stage.—Intermountain Catholic.

OSLER AND CARDINAL GIBBONS
Sir William Osler, the famous physician, whose textbook is largely used in our medical schools, and who sometime ago made a statement in regard to the utter uselessness of men in this world after they had attained the age of sixty, has evidently reached in his sixty-fourth year the condition of impaired faculties, which he treated so severely in the course of an address delivered by him at the recent dedicatory exercises of the new Phipps Psychiatric clinic, John Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, he went out of his way to give a contemptible slap in the face to the Catholic Church after this fashion:

"Primitive views will prevail everywhere of man's relation to the world and to the uncharted region about him. So recent is the control of the forces of nature that even in the most civilized countries man has not yet adjusted himself to the new conditions, and stands only half awake, rubbing his eyes outside of Eden. Still in the thumaturgic state of our mental development 90 per cent. of our fellow creatures when in trouble, sorrow or sickness, trust to charms, incantations, and to the saints. Many a shrine has more followers than Pasteur; many a saint more believers than Lister. Less than twenty years have passed since the last witch was burned in the British Isles!"

"Mentally the race is still in leading strings, and it has only been in the last brief epoch of its history that Esop and Lewis Carroll have spun yarns for its delight, and Lucian and Voltaire have chastised its follies. In the childhood of the world we cannot expect people yet to put away childish things. These, Mr. President, are some of the hopes which fill our hearts as we think of the future of this new department."

In thus complimenting science and men of science to the detriment of religion and its exponents Dr. Osler made a grave mistake—and he forgot that one of the most eminent scientists—Pasteur—was a sincere and devout Catholic, who made it his life work to bring religion and science together to have their principles and developments in harmony with each other.

It was no wonder, therefore, that his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons arose to the defense of the Faith of our Fathers, in the following reply to the censorious physician:

"I find that scientists in any line sometimes make statements such as that of Dr. Osler, and only a short time ago I had to defend some truths

that Thomas A. Edison attacked. The great trouble with these scientific specialists is that they cannot imagine how anyone can disagree with them. They think their statements should go unchallenged, but this one of Dr. Osler's, however, shall write to him asking him to retract it. I would like to call the attention of Dr. Osler to the fact that Pasteur was a devoted Catholic, and put his trust in the saints. He said that as his knowledge of medicine increased his faith grew likewise. He was proud of the fact that he was a member of the Catholic Church, and I am sure he worshipped at many shrines. What do the things that Dr. Osler preaches stand for, any more? Fifty years hence all his teachings may be overturned by newer discoveries. His whole doctrine is based on theory. Fifty years ago the scientists of that day imagined they knew all that was to be known of medicine, yet to-day their conclusions are overturned by later discoveries.

"The statements attributed to Dr. Osler are an attack on Christianity. I am exceedingly surprised that he should make such attacks in this age. The Catholic Church is not founded on theory and whereas the whole world is in error, the conclusions of Dr. Osler are known to comparatively few. The world at present is alarmed by the condition of the head of the Church, and changes in his health are of great interest—more, perhaps, than that of any scientist whom we now know."

Dr. Osler ought to be excused on account of the limitations which he placed upon the usefulness of men after they have reached sixty. We hope that he is not an illustration of the general truth he pronounced as to the uselessness of men of his age.—Intermountain Catholic.

PROTESTANTISM'S SUBSTITUTE FOR SAINTS

The Protestant Reformers were great abolitionists; they promised themselves the abolition of all sorts of things the Pope purgatory, indulgences, sacred images, sacraments, saints and much besides. In the case of the Pope the procedure was to be by the methods of division; infallibility was therefore to reside in everybody—everybody, that is to say, who did not remain Catholic: for a judgment that should happen to coincide with that of the Pope and of the some hundreds of millions of Christians still adhering to the Pope, however private, could never claim the noble prerogatives of real privacy.

In the case of the saints there arose another sort of substitute. Instead of saints the reformed churches plumed themselves on Worthies, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zwingli and the rest of them were not set up as saints and no one can be greatly surprised. The titles of the Pope and of the some hundreds of millions of Christians still adhering to the Pope, however private, could never claim the noble prerogatives of real privacy.

REAL PROTESTANT WORTHIES
Real Protestant worthies were creatures like the unspeakable Knox, and the really disreputable Burnet; but out of Scotland the former has never been admired, and even in England the latter has long been recognized as a conscientious time-serving courtier and sycophant who would have been glad to play Crammer to Charles II's Henry VIII, had that too much decried scapegrace been willing to descend to such infamy as the royal author of the Reformation in England unblushingly perpetrated. Filistown was a worthy too, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was a far better man than the Bishop of Salisbury; but even the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, whose chaplain he was in 1664, complained that "since Mr. Tillotson came Jesus Christ has not been preached among us." If he was not Christian enough even for a corporation of Restoration lawyers his Christianity must have been vague indeed. Still it was enough to plant him on the throne of St. Augustine, St. Anselm and St. Thomas a Becket not in his own right, but as the Charles was no mitre either to him or Burnet, but in that of the Prince of Orange, another Protestant worthy and patron-worthy of all Protestants in Ireland to this day. If ever Protestantism could have longed to canonize any one William of Orange would have been the man, though whether the process would have been carried out by the States General of Holland, the Parliament of England, or the Orange lodges of Ireland no one can now determine. Henry VIII, and his daughter, Elizabeth, of virgin memory) have always been regarded as Protoworthies by the fullblooded Protestant, by whom the elder monarch's blif audities have never been counted to him for unrighteousness, who can never perceive that he was simply a bad and villainous Catholic, and that Elizabeth was merely a skeptical autocrat with no idea of permitting in her realms any religion she could not carry in her own pocket. Father and daughter hunged priests, and tried to lay the Pope under an interdict; so they are Protestant worthies, and entitled to the smug halo of the same. The royal triad is completed by Edward VI, also a worthy, in addition to being an anemic prig, which Protestant worthies usually are not.

THEIR FONDNESS FOR PIRATE-LIKE ENTERPRISE

But the race is not confined to princely personages and Erastian Bishops. Hoody deserves a niche not in himself, and is a shame to mention him thus in parenthesis. Oliver Cromwell was a worthy, and he was no king, though that was really his fault. Sir Walter Raleigh was another, as was Drake, as were Hawkins and Frobisher, all very eminent men and fine seadogs; but it was not their valor or sea-science that made them worthies, it was their fondness for piratical enterprises against Catholic Spain. Titus Oates was a worthy, and to this day there are those who love him none the less for the infamy of his life. If his victims did not lean to virtue's side they were enlisted against the Catholics, and the multitude of his sins was more useful than any amount of charity could

have been. Some of the worthies had none of the high coloring distinctive of a few whom we have mentioned; they were harmless, half-gotten men of letters like Fuller, himself the historian of the worthies, and to his book the reader may refer who wants more detailed instances. He will find among them many very respectable people, some famous in their day, some still remembered. But what will strike the Catholic reader most is the singular difference between these Reformation worthies and the saints of the old religion. The former at their best scaled the giddy heights of respectability; to have attempted more would have been to risk their place among the worthies. What would Burnet have been had he aimed at sanctity? We can only say that he would certainly not have been Burnet. It is to be regretted that they were not all respectable. Had Henry VIII. been so Queen Elizabeth would never have existed. JOHN AYSCOUGH.

THE PROFESSOR ENLIGHTENED—AND ANNOYED
SCIENCE, ART, PROGRESS AND THE CLERGY

There was once a professor who used to close his lectures with the pathetic words: "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catholics are of no value, and when a young man cannot become anything else he studies for the priesthood."

One day, after school, a student by the name of Sepp called on the professor. Sepp was a bright and intelligent young fellow and could not be easily bluffed. He went to the professor's room and said gently: "Professor, I have some difficulties that worry me ever since I attended your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?"

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure. Certainly I will."

"Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"

"Monks copied them, and thus they have been saved."

"What, professor? Monks, you say, copied them?"

"Yes, my friend, and especially the Benedictines."

"So, monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work. Was it not? And probably many a monk caught consumption from the library dust? Well, I am surprised. Strange times and curious letters after their lives copying."

"Well, my boy, Pope Sylvester II. introduced them, but somebody else could have done the same thing if the Popes were not always so ambitious."

"Again, history teaches that a monk invented the telescope and the microscope, but this hardly can be true? The monks want to claim all inventions."

"Well, my boy, it is believed by many authorities that the theory of both the telescope and microscope was known to the Franciscan Roger Bacon, but remember, he was an exception and what we style a 'modern' Franciscan, and not one of those bigots and cowbears. He died in 1292."

"He, then, was up-to-date very early, wasn't he? Besides this, professor, not long ago I read of the man who first taught that the sun is stationary and that the earth revolves about the sun, and even you, professor, do not know whom I mean."

"Copernicus, I suppose."

"No, Sir. Copernicus was not the first one. Before him the Bishop of Ratisbon, Regiomontanus, was teaching that theory of planetary revolution."

"That may be possible."

"Excuse me, professor, why do we call the age in which literature, art and science flourished the golden age of Leo X.?"

"Why? Because Leo X. was an ardent admirer of classic literature and a magnanimous patron of the arts and science."

"You don't say! Leo, a Pope, and at the same time took a great interest in fine arts. Well, I declare!"

"It seems to me, fellow, you are fooling me?"

"Not at all! Those are only doubts, intolerable doubts. I would kick against the monks if I had reasons, but these doubts do not let me rest. Now, professor, is it true that the first free schools were opened by De la Salle?"

"Yes, by the Frenchman, De la Salle."

"I understand you mean to say by the Catholic priest De la Salle. And the first monk who cared for the deaf-mutes was the Spaniard Pedro de Ponce and after him the priest L'Epee?"

"Yes, and now stop, you block-head!"

"Don't get hot, professor. It is not our fault that history is full of these 'black devils.' Moreover, I read that a monk by the name of Schwarz invented gunpowder; the monk Guide d'Arezzo the gamut and laid down the foundation for harmony; a monk from Bavaria the process for glass painting; the Jesuit Secchi is especially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit—"

"Shut up! You are geying me. Do not take me for a lightning rod."

"You're right, you're right, professor. The first lightning rod was made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstratensian monk Divisch. You can read that in any up-to-date cyclopaedia."

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue. You are so talkative."

"Ah, the greatest polyglot of modern times was Cardinal Mezzofanti. He was a talker! He knew only seventy-eight languages and dialects, and talked fifty-six."

"That'll do, you silly goose. Get out of here."

"In what direction? The deacon Flavia Gioja, who improved the compass about the year 1300, could certainly tell me."

"What's the matter? You're getting the brain fever, fellow."

"What, if I had the brain fever, go and get the fire engines which were first introduced by the Cistercian monks, and the Capuchins were down to the seventeenth century the first firemen of Paris."

"If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out the window, you infernal rascal."

"In aerial heights, Oh, truly, the first balloon was made by the monk Berthold Guesnac sixty years before Montgolfieri, and in 1720 this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eyeglasses for, professor? They are also an invention of the 'black devils' and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spina. Are you in a hurry, that you look at your watch?"

"You shouldn't do that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Cassiodorus (505), but his invention was improved upon by Sylvester II, whom I mentioned before. The first astronomical clock was made by Abbot Wallingford in 1316. Now I'll go. I see your hot, professor, and the gas lights downtown are turned on. Oh, yes, professor, I almost forgot to tell you that the Jesuits invented the gas light, the Jesuits this 'natio lucifuga.' With-out any doubt the Jesuits invented and introduced it in 1794 at Stonyhurst, England, and the Jesuit Dumina established the first gas company in 1815 in Preston. Now, goodbye, professor. Kindly excuse. Oh, I see you bought a new bicycle? By the way the first bicycle was built by the priest Planton in 1845. Good night, professor."—Truth.

REVILING A VICTIM

In an article reproduced by the New York Freeman's Journal from the Fortnight Review (sic), C. E. Arnoux informs his readers that "for twenty-five years the French peasantry have had no sermons, no catechism classes; and when on occasions in large centres there was a sermon, it consisted of a transcendental excursion far above the heads of the audience. Or again, the preacher would read a printed sermon with such volubility of enunciation that the audience would usually leave a sigh of relief as he closed the book with a long drawn out: 'Amen'; probably the only word clearly uttered. Nor was reading of sermons confined to the rural districts." The Low Mass on Sunday was hurried through and the church was locked for the week. There were no Vespers and no Benediction, and no marriages in the church, for the reason that civil marriage sufficed; and he does not remember any priest ever going on sick call. First Communions are now a matter of ancient history; nor are there any baptisms or confirmations except in cities. Only a few students are found in the seminaries, and on one occasion a priest celebrated Mass in cassock and surplice, without candles, bells or server. Since the separation of Church and State conditions are worse.

The inference from all this is, first, that these conditions are general throughout France; and, secondly, that they are to be ascribed largely not to the enemies of the Church, but to the hierarchy and clergy.

No doubt there are parts of France where this deplorable state of things obtains, and the writer of the article in question apparently lived in such surroundings. But it is in order to ask whether it is fair to fasten the blame of it on the very men who were necessarily its most conspicuous victims? There may be in many parts of France no sermons, no sick calls, no First Communions, no confirmations, no religious marriages, but there is a valid reason for that; namely, there are no congregations. Twenty-five years and more of malignantly anti-Christian Public school education

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have not only obliterated every vestige of Christianity from the hearts and minds of many of the present generation in France, but have incalculated a bitter scorn of the ministrations or even the presence of a priest. Is it fair to frame an indictment against a clergy for not preaching and administering the sacraments to people taught by almost every successive Government for more than a century to hate and loathe everything connected with Christianity? Let a Catholic priest here attempt to preach to a set of Socialists and anarchists and he will find himself in a parallel situation.

Furthermore, is it fair, or even honest, to convey the impression, either directly or inferentially, that such is the average state of the entire country? France at the present time has thousands of her sons and daughters sacrificing their lives in the foreign missions of every part of the world. Did these devoted children of God come from families that had no religion? To-day, in spite of the ruthless spoliation which she has seen the victim, she still keeps her proud place at the head of all the countries of the world contributing to the Propagation of the Faith. Does that indicate a total loss of her old religious spirit? When the test of her fidelity was called for she willingly, almost eagerly, gave up her cathedrals and churches and schools and hospitals and devoted 60,000 or 70,000 of her religious to beggary and exile rather than compromise with the enemies of the Holy See. Was that magnificent display of loyalty, which baffled the enemies of the Faith, astounded the world and made the heart of the Universal Church leap with joy, the result of twenty-five years of neglected duty? To-day a fire of enthusiasm is running from one end of France to the other in splendid and successful efforts to recover that ancient glory which more than a century of anti-Christian governments has wrung from her. Why, then, turn our eyes from the struggle of the Holy See, now making and revile her for the wrongs she has received? Why proclaim to the world that it serves her right and that a recent clergy have involved her in this ruin? This is to condone the crimes of every persecutor of the Church from Gambetta to Clemenceau and to play into the hands of the Church's worst enemies.—America.

Keep your mind, heart and will subject, for the love of Him who submitted, unreservedly, lovingly, and perseveringly, to all those whom His eternal Father permitted to command Him.

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Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1918. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with a view to the promotion of the Catholic spirit, and is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

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(were) calculated to disturb the Church's historic order." Surely Anglican bishops might be pardoned for intimating that they were, if not necessary for the order of the Church, at least historically connected with the scheme of order in the Church which had hitherto prevailed; and were justified in asking their clergy and laity not to be precipitate. No; the clergymen plainly told them they did not understand the question; the press sided with the clergymen and it begins to look as if episcopal authority is one of the non-essential things on which every churchman is free to hold and maintain his own views. Indeed, the other day on opening the Advertiser the glaring headlines boldly stated the following interesting fact: "The Circular of the Bishops was Unauthorized, says Canon Tucker." And the first sentence begins with, "Rev. Canon Tucker of St. Paul's Cathedral."

The Rev. Canon Ker is then not guilty of great exaggeration nor indulging in a little pleasantry when he says that the first article of the new faith is "To Jericho with the Bishops."

And inasmuch as Anglicans used to find in the Scriptures the institution by Jesus Christ Himself of episcopate, priesthood, sacrifice and sacraments, and this historic position is swept away by the simple assertion that "The Christian Church has largely re-stated its position with regard to Holy Scripture," we believe that our friend Canon Ker intends no exaggerated pleasantry when he says the second article is like unto the first. "It is: 'To the dust-heap with Holy Scripture.'"

It must be consoling for the Anglican Bishops to be told by their clergymen who signed the circular of the Church Unity League, that, "There is no intention of alienating the Bishops who have disapproved of the movement. They are within their rights, but the priests and laity have their responsibilities also which they feel they must meet."

But the worthy Canon makes a remark on which we should like to comment very seriously.

"Is it any wonder that our Catholic neighbors laugh us to scorn and confidently predict that the disintegration of Protestantism has almost reached its last stage?"

No one with a sense of humor, can help laughing at a ludicrous association of incongruous ideas. Our Anglican friends, obsessed with the idea of Christian unity, are unconsciously and no doubt honestly performing a very pantomime of the most incongruous situations and positions that ever appealed to men blessed with the saving sense of humor. We laugh, it is true; but "laugh to scorn," God forbid. No one sees with keener feelings of disappointment than the Catholic that much of the apparent success of the Protestant movement towards Christian Unity is due to indifference in matters of faith, to the abandonment of old positions that safeguarded Christian truths. No one more than the Catholic deplors division. If the present movement amongst Protestants should, without impairing their hold on Christian truth, increase their influence on the public life of the country and over the souls of individuals it would bring joy to the heart of every enlightened Catholic. Half a loaf is better than no bread. But we fear there is only too much evidence that in the "lust for talk" about Unity there is a slackening of the hold on Christian truth, and that in the near future the Catholic Church will alone have to safeguard Christian ideals and Christian morality without the powerful aid of convinced Protestant Christians.

Whether the Anglican Church helps or hinders conversions to Catholicity is a question on which opinion is divided. We believe that though she has given us thousands, she has kept away from us tens of thousands. Be that as it may, it is with genuine sorrow that Catholics see the disintegration in the Anglican Church as revealed by the Church Unity League; unless it be that the fulness of God's time has come to show earnest Christian souls that Unity and Peace and Safety are found only in the Church founded by Christ who prayed: "That they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

That unity for which Christ prayed is dear to every Catholic heart. A visible unity, surely; a unity so strikingly visible that it will be world-conquering. With that unity we should bring the whole world to the foot of the Cross,

believing and adoring; acknowledging, without explaining away His claims, Him Whom the Father sent, the one Redeemer and Mediator, Jesus the Divine Son of the Eternal God; rendering willing and loyal obedience to the visible Church which He founded, with which He remains to the consummation of the world, guaranteeing the promised guidance of the ever-abiding Holy Spirit, and against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

AN ORGANLESS ORGANISM

In the civil order every one who fills an office whether great or small is vested with a certain official authority which is and ought to be recognized, respected and obeyed. It is not the personality of the officer that commands this recognition, respect or obedience; it is the official position without respect to the person who fills it. The judge on the bench may be a man so deeply learned in the law that his legal opinion commands instant respect, or he may be only a very mediocre lawyer; he may be of an engaging personality, or he may be a man who in private life would attract few friends, perhaps one who would neither get nor deserve much respect. Nevertheless in his official capacity as judge he deserves and receives deference, respect and obedience. It is not the physical prowess of the policeman that inspires respect, nor his uniform that overawes the would-be transgressor of the law. Nor is it that his own life is so blameless that we blush to do wrong in his august presence. Nevertheless, gentle and simple, learned and ignorant, all bow to the authority with which he is vested. All recognize his official position. So with the king; so with the president; so with the legislators; so with the executives; so with everyone in every official position. While we keep to the civil order all this seems eminently reasonable as well as vitally necessary. True, there are those who rail at it all as tyranny; but reasonable men know that it is the necessary safeguard of liberty. Rational beings will not forego the order which reconciles the exercise of just and necessary authority with the largest measure possible of individual liberty for the fantastic dreams of unbalanced anarchists. They know that anarchy while promising liberty would destroy at once both authority and liberty and usher in the reign of the most odious tyranny.

In the ecclesiastical order we might expect the same sweet reasonableness; surely something analogous to the king or president as head and centre of unity; a governing body certainly; officers exercising legislative, executive and judicial functions; in short an organization similar in all respects to that of the civil society. When we proclaim that the civil order must have its organization, its head, its officers discharging the legislative, executive and judicial functions; its minor officials; when we proclaim this evident truth all agree with us; no rational human being dissents. But when we claim as much for the ecclesiastical order, when we say the successor of St. Peter is the lawful head of Christ's Church, that the Pope and Bishops are the governing body, that priests alone may exercise the sacerdotal function; when, in short, the common sense rational conception of things accepted by all necessary in the civil order is applied to the ecclesiastical order we are met with a babel of tongues protesting against ecclesiastical tyranny. Anarchy in the civil order may be impossible; but anarchy in the ecclesiastical order is desirable, is the ideal. Protestantism is religious anarchy.

Nay more, the study of biology has familiarized us with the structure of living organisms. The lower organisms have only rudimentary organs, are masses of cells that adapt themselves to different functions. In the higher organisms the cells become specialized for special functions. In the social organism we find the same elementary functions discharged by a single chief of the tribe, later by the lawgiver, the leader in war, the prudent counsellor, the medicine man. Finally, we have the highly organized national societies of modern civilization. The social organism is something more than a mere organization. Man is essentially and of his very nature social; he must live his normal life in society with his fellows. The social organism develops its organs, therefore, from the necessity of the inherent life within it.

The Church is an organism, not an organization. This is not a mere analogy suggested by the wide-spread modern study of biology. St. Paul indicates very clearly what biology has made familiar in our day. "For the body is one and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body. . . . If the whole body were the eye, where would be the hearing? . . . And the eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of you." Indeed, its Divine Founder himself compared the Church to a grain of mustard seed containing in itself the germ of life which was to germinate and develop those organs by which it was to live and grow and become a tree. Protestantism resembles the very lowest living organisms, which propagate themselves by mere division. Its history is full of abortive attempts to develop organs by which it might live and grow; but it has failed even to achieve cohesion. The Protestant minister may be highly esteemed; but it is for his learning his earnestness, his eloquence, his personality; never for his official position. Nowadays it is the fashion to close one's eyes to the endless divisions, to proclaim cohesion, even unity, in some elusive, invisible, ecclesiastical organism which is euphemistically and optimistically called "The Church" or "The Christian Church." Anyone may be the head, or rather no one must presume to be the head. The body may be all eye, St. Paul to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact it is an organless organism in spite of the modern apotheosis of biology. It is also the fashion to regard this verbal legerdemain as the great advance of our age towards Unity.

In honest bewilderment we should like to join our old-fashioned but sane and sensible Anglican friend, the Rev. Canon Ker, in his pertinent query:

"There is just one other question I would take the liberty of asking: When these gentlemen say 'the Christian Church has largely re-stated its position in regard to the Holy Scriptures,' where shall we find this truly remarkable Church? That is easy, is it not?"

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

As we write the Presbyterian General Assembly is in session in Toronto. From childhood we have had a very real respect for the sturdy Scotch Presbyterian with his rugged honesty and his uncompromising grip of certain fundamental Christian truths including the inspiration of the Scriptures. It was a Scotch grip, a little hard even for an Irishman, who is willing to suffer and die for his religion, to understand; but narrow and peculiar though it was it was the grip of a man and a Christian. We speak of the Scotch Presbyterian of our early days; it was good to come into contact with him in neighborly intercourse. We are not prepared to say, but we fear very much that the type is passing; candidates for the ministry who denied the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection would fare badly with an examining board in those days. Higher Criticism and pseudo-scholarship would not easily excuse the attempt to destroy the scriptural foundation on which those simple men believed the Kirk firmly rested.

The paper before us tells of Presbyterian concern for our "non-Saxon" immigrants. The prayer of the Scotch Presbyterian of other days: "Lord gie us a guid conceit o' oor sels" is either not forgotten or has been so fully answered as to be unnecessary to-day.

"Mr. Berlis, who is working among the Ruthenians of New Ontario and is a Ruthenian himself, stated that there were twenty Ruthenians who were going to seek admission into the ranks of the Church at the Assembly. Dr. MacKay asked the Ruthenians to stand up so that the audience might see them, and a few stood up, but the rest were probably proved the situation by asking the President if it would not be better to sing the hymn, 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds,' which was done with a vigor and abandon that was refreshing."

Still, the vigorous, refreshing and abandoned singing of the "Tie That Binds" did not seem to dispel the shyness of the twenty-minus-a-few Ruthenian candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. Perhaps they were afraid of an examination on the Ruthenian Presbyterian Mass with incense, or had forgotten the Presbyterian-Ruthenian prayers for the Pope, or the invocation of the Virgin and the saints that was in keeping with the Westminster Confession. All we know is that only a few of the

twenty stood up "that the audience might see them."

Mr. Berlis himself had the manly courage to stand up and say this for his countrymen even in the face of the General Assembly:

"Little or no danger comes from the sturdy, Protestant non-Anglo-Saxons of the evangelical type. These people arrive here endowed with a liberal, broad conception of Christianity that fosters intellectual development as well as spiritual growth. They are capable of grasping at once the tremendous possibilities of becoming part of a new nation and of contributing their share toward the make-up of that nation. Now, note the difference in the masses of other non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants who come to Canada from countries where for many centuries ecclesiastical despotism and abject religious slavery have been dominant; countries such as Russia and Austria. There the people have been under the nurture and influence of the Greek-Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches. Untrammelled, unhindered for many centuries, these ecclesiastical systems have had complete sway over the lives of the people, and now these people—the finished product of these systems are here— are with us; to live, to stay, to impress their stamp upon the Canadian national complexion."

What kind of a stamp is it? And in how far is it serious enough for consideration? The quality of that stamp can easily be recalled by a mere glance at the localities where these people segregate and the Police Court reports. There is the baffling all-description overcrowding, men and women thrown promiscuously together in filth and without privacy; the drunkenness with inevitable bloody fights as results; the prevailing illiteracy and ignorance of English, fostered in many instances by rabid nationalism and ecclesiastical agitators who declare that all Protestant attempts for enlightenment are only so many attempts to de-nationalize them. This, of course, is also strongly upheld by the Roman Catholics, who are anxious to retain these, simple as they are, for then they are more likely to be blind adherents of Rome.

And so many of them do remain; poor tools in the hands of unscrupulous leaders; they remain as they were on arrival—religiously stunted—satisfied with mere formalism in religion, bowing to the ground, kissing images, burning candles, confessing sins and receiving absolution from priests at so much per head, morally seared—with either no outstanding ideal of purity, honesty, unselfishness, or rather of gross self-indulgence, or else with perverted ideas along the lines of social and political anarchism; intellectually fettered—reading, learning, studying or not—according as to how sinister priestcraft permits; politically helpless—banned about at election times by priests or politicians for party purposes by means of bribes and intimidations—such are some of the peculiarities marking the Slavic immigrants, and surely serious enough when considered how strong numerically they are."

That sort of talk goes better in Toronto than it would in Winnipeg. This is what Mr. Vincent, a writer of a series of articles on Cosmopolitan Winnipeg, in the Free Press of that city, says:

"Educationally, the Ruthenian is rather surprising us. He is discovering a remarkably active brain. The writer once taught elementary English to six of these 'Galicians,' as we then called them. They worked hard all day, but were eager to learn at night. He never had to repeat the same thing twice, so retentive were their memories. To-day twenty young men are in St. Boniface college and eight in Manitoba college, taking the arts course; ten are taking the matriculation course; five are in Normal school; two are articled as law students, and two are studying in the engineering course; many are in the collegiates. There would be many more in college if they had funds."

Again he says:

"The two Greek Catholic churches and the one Orthodox Greek or Russian church have parochial schools. The St. Nicholas school has a large building on Flora avenue with ten class rooms."

These gross libels the Rev. Mr. Berlis, without "shyness" and without shame, poured out on his absent countrymen. According to him his people are a drunken, murderous and incestuous people.

Mr. Berlis himself had the manly courage to stand up and say this for his countrymen even in the face of the General Assembly:

"Rev. M. C. A. Kinsale, who is a worker among the foreign element at Sydney, said that the foreigner was not nearly so bad as depicted; he is not such a murderer and drunkard as he is supposed to be, and one statement of Mr. Kinsale that among the fifteen thousand foreigners there was not a single case of prostitution staggered the audience. 'We treat the foreigner in the worst possible way,' said Mr. Kinsale, 'and he seems scandalized when he is turned back. Conditions are such at present that some of the European countries are seriously thinking of stopping immigration to this country.'"

Yes sir, it "staggered the audience" when the Rev. Mr. Kinsale pointed out that the foreign lamb couldn't have muddied the waters on the native Anglo-Saxon English speaking Protestant wolf, since we had white slavery, irreligion, drunkenness, political debauchery and other things before the foreign lamb came to drink farther down the stream. Moreover the lamb was accustomed to drink cleaner waters and preferred them!

While the General Assembly was listening to Berlis, Parliament was listening to this:

"The brief discussion arose when Mr. Andrew Broder urged that steps should be taken by the Government to prevent the operations of white slavers on the trains and among young girls who came into the country under the auspices of the Immigration Department. 'Dr. Michael Clark of Red Deer and Mr. J. H. Burnham, Peterborough, strongly supported the stand taken by Mr. Broder. 'I have made some personal investigations' said Mr. Burnham, 'and was appalled to find the amount of crime of this character.' He had been informed that a number of young girls from the old country had been actually assaulted by the 'red caps' in the Union Station at Toronto, and that this kind of thing went on with appalling frequency."

Another case in point. Many of our readers will have heard of Canal street, Buffalo; it was one of the vilest quarters in America—when it was inhabited by native Americans. Prostitution, robbery and murder were at home on Canal street. Nothing respectable disturbed them; unless, indeed, that pitiable confession of Protestant failure—the slum mission. Now Canal street is an Italian quarter and its name is changed to Mount Carmel. There is not a single house of ill-fame, no not one loose woman in the neighborhood. A decent girl, unescorted, may pass safely through it night or day; much more safely, indeed, than the type of man who used to frequent Canal street. So much for the "finished (Italian) product of those systems of ecclesiastical tyranny, etc."

But the veracious Mr. Berlis tells us that the Slavs are politically helpless, bribed and intimidated at election times. In one of the series of articles in the Winnipeg Free Press to which we have already referred, Mr. Vincent dealt with the Slav. After speaking of the patriotic aspirations of the Slav at home the Free Press writer caustically adds:

"The selling of himself to a party he must learn in Canada, the land of liberty and (party) slaves. Here is an actual conversation: 'What did you get for your vote?' 'Ten dollars.' 'Don't you know it is wrong to sell your vote?' 'It is all I get out of it.' 'Would you sell it at home?' 'No,' with disgust. He is told here that a certain party gives him his government paper and is threatened with loss if he does not vote for said party. Is it any wonder that it takes time for him to appreciate the franchise? Said one, 'To go through an election campaign with these people makes one ashamed to wave the Union Jack. Those who framed the British constitution for the benefit of British subjects did not imagine that such vile travesties would be made of its privileges by the creatures of political organizations.'"

Mr. Vincent's intercourse with those ignorant, murderous, drunken, incestuous compatriots of the Rev. Mr. Berlis is evidently corrupting his patriotism. It is the privilege of Anglo-Saxon Canadians to degrade the flag for party purposes; but the ignorant foreigner must be taught to worship it. If he thinks of another bit of bunting that symbolizes more for him, perhaps because he never saw it used in such a way, he is a dangerous character. Then the Free Press writer does not make sufficient allowance; these ignorant foreigners and sic like fok are an awful temptation to evangelical politicians!

The Rev. Mr. Gordon (Ralph Connor) gives us a fair double-barrelled warning: If the Roman Catholic Church does not look after her own immigrants—and he is not prepared

to admit that they are her own—then others will. As the Rev. Mr. Gordon is also responsible for the statement that there are half a million Presbyterians in Canada not within the Church we respectfully suggest that he assist first in setting his own house in order, and stemming the tide of irreligion and impurity amongst the "Anglo-Saxon" people.

By the way, if we remember right, Ralph Connor did stand manfully for purer political methods in his own community and was roundly abused for it—not by ignorant Catholic foreigners either.

TO STAGGER HUMANITY

A special correspondent of the London Times, who is writing up the present position in Ulster, warns his readers not to suppose that because Ulster was not nowadays "much in the papers" that, therefore, opposition to Home Rule is dead. Those who think so, says the correspondent, are destined to have a rude awakening, for, he continues, "if Home Rule comes, I may apply the words of Paul Kruger—'Ulster will stagger humanity.' That is rather a tall order for the comic King Carson and his regiments of wooden guns. To stagger humanity he must begin by staggering Ulster, and when we remember that Ulster has a Catholic and Nationalist majority we confess we are unequal to the task of figuring out the precise time Sir Edward will find himself in a position to march on Cork and begin to stagger humanity. Anyone conversant with the facts of the situation is completely staggered at the audacity of the claim that Carson can speak for Ulster. As a matter of fact, out of the 83 Ulster constituencies 17 are at this moment held by Home Rulers, and only 16 by the followers of King Carson. Fourteen of the 83 have always been held by Home Rulers whereas the Unionists cannot point to more than 10 which have been consistently Unionist, the other 9 having been held at times by either party. So much for the political complexion of Ulster. The religious figures are: Methodists, 48,490, Episcopalians, 366,171, Presbyterians, 421,566, Catholics, 690,134. Four of the nine Ulster counties, Donegal, Tyrone, Monaghan, and Cavan, are preponderantly Catholic. Only two, Down and Antrim, are preponderantly Protestant. Leaving out Belfast, which is one-third Catholic, Ulster has a Catholic majority over combined Protestantism of 71,528, and even with Belfast included the Catholic Church is nearly as strong as all the other sects put together. It follows from all this that Sir Edward Carson has about as much right to speak for the people of Ulster as the Three Tailors of Tooley Street had to call themselves "We, the People of England."

The Times correspondent accuses the Government of criminal stupidity "in not recognizing that the will of Ulster must prevail." But we have seen that "the will of Ulster" is for Home Rule. Minorities have their rights, it is true, but to submit that they are to set the pace for the majority would be an intolerable claim. Sir Edward Carson will indeed succeed in staggering humanity if he advocates such a patent absurdity. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

LIKE ALL his utterances the appeal of Archbishop McNeil to the Holy Name Societies to blacklist the term "dago" was timely and to the point. As His Grace pointed out, it is a term of opprobrium, and entirely out of tune with Catholic courtesy and charity. It is widely used, unfortunately, but should have no place in the current phraseology of those who, less than a generation ago, were themselves vulgarly caricatured under a not dissimilar term. It is to be hoped that the Archbishop's counsel has not fallen on unheeding ears.

TORONTO last week saw a great gathering of Presbyterians from all parts of Canada. They filled the streets and the street cars, the departmental stores and the show places, the soda-water counters and the motion-picture theatres, and even the court room, where the case against a theatrical company for producing a doubtful play was being heard had, according to the daily papers, its quota of red-badged visitors of both sexes. They had, so to speak, the run of the town, and, if appearances count for anything, took every advantage of the privilege. That, undoubtedly, was their right, and no one called it in question.

NOT ONLY did the city for the time being take on a thoroughly Presbyterian aspect but the daily papers also were for the nonce transformed into Presbyterian organs. Whole pages—and front ones at that—were given over to the deliberations of the congress, and its most trivial details were served up to an indulgent public *ad infinitum et ad nauseum*. This was particularly true of the Globe, whose ministerial editor simply "spread himself" for the occasion. Backed up by a corps of clerical contributors, the historic organ of the Solemn League and covenant in Canada succeeded in outdoing even the palmiest days of George Brown. This, again, was quite within its rights, and its indulgent readers of other persuasions were content to smile and pass it on.

IN REFERRING to the gathering at all it is not our intention to give undue space to it. It was a domestic affair of Presbyterianism, and as such, of special interest only to members of the sect. As gatherings of the kind go, it appears to have been a success, and no one would be so ill-natured as to begrudge the brethren a reasonable measure of gratulation and enthusiasm. The Scot is not ordinarily perfervid, but when he (that is his Presbyterian embodiment in Canada) "gets together" on a question of doctrine—not dogma, for that he has mainly abandoned—he can certainly hold his own with any sectary in Christendom.

ONE HAD but to glance at any one of the columns of the daily papers to realize to what a degree Knox's disciples can blow their own horn. The redoubtable John was good at that himself, but, judging from this latest foregathering, he has it "laid all over him" by his Canadian disciple of to-day. We cannot pretend to have followed the reports of the Congress proceedings closely—life is too short for that—but as a matter of human interest they could not altogether escape us, and the one impression we have gathered from them is that to the Presbyterian rank and file, the saying attributed to a certain vice-presidential candidate in the United States: "We claim everything, Me and Jim"—is at once the simple cry of nature, and the very form and flower of the modest spirit within. Let us take just a passing glance at the brethren as they swept the whole earth with their conquering vision and tumbled Christians of a thousand years into their capacious garner.

ONE OF the ministerial brethren, a well-advertised dealer in common places and platitudes under the guise of fiction, conducted a column in the Globe descriptive day-by-day of "The Kirk in Conclave." To this writer every Presbyterian goose is something better than a swan. His characterization of one preacher as the possessor of "commanding presence"; "native passion (rather circulating and peripatetic in its outlet)"; "glowing verbiage"; "vital coloring"; "a voice of almost organ grandeur"; "dramatic fervor"; "spiritual unction"; and much more, might with slight transposition of phrases answer for his description of all. It was a gathering of the greatest men in the world; the devotion and enthusiasm had no parallel in history; in grandeur and impressive-ness Presbyterian institutions have simply no second; and practically all the conquests of civilization, all the freedom and enlightenment of the modern world have poured in to mankind through the Presbyterian funnel. If that was not the burden of his song we sadly mistake ordinary terms of human speech.

LEST WE be thought to exaggerate let us, as a fair sample of its drift, cull from a mass of verbiage the concluding paragraph of this writer's description of the communion service as celebrated during the congress. Writing of its effect upon the gathering he concludes, "those thronging thousands had been under such an influence, and in such a frame of soul, as no such number have ever at one time before known in Canada, if, indeed in the history of the world." This was very poetically and very prettily put, no doubt, but in the light of the fact that Christianity is now in its twentieth century, and the Christian Catholic Church spread throughout the whole world, while Presbyterianism is but a petty sect of yesterday, these high-sounding phrases become but the veriest bunkum.

THERE WAS another phase of this Presbyterian assemblage which per-

haps calls for passing remark. We ought to be used to it by this time, as in fact we are. It has been remarked by outsiders who profess no concern one way or the other that if it were not for abuse of Catholics and their Church these annual gatherings of Protestants would cease to be attractive. Certain it is, that this species of calumny forms their chief stock in trade, and to this rule the Presbyterian Congress formed no exception. This year the tide set in especially against "foreigners" whose defects, real or imaginary, were one and all charged to the account of the Catholic Church. One speaker had the courage to demur to this torrent of wholesale slander but he seems not to have had the ear of the assembly. The nut was too sweet to forbear cracking, hence full ear was given to the torrential slanders of a Ruthenian apostate. Men and women, we are told, stood on their seats and howled over his nasty tales, in strange contrast to the professions of divine charity and good-will which were so effusively uttered with another breath. "The summer sun was shining," writes the congress scribe. "The day without called with its kindest voice. The ceaseless din of the great city flowed in now and then. A hundred avenues of business, of recreation, of social fellowship, were open to the thronging strangers from mountain pass and distant plain—but there, beautiful to behold, amid the full flare of a week-day morning, were the reverent thousands that crowded the vast auditorium"—for what? To re-echo the voice of the Prince of Peace? No! but to indulge in the meanest and cruelest of slanders against an incoming people, and to listen without protest to outpourings of falsehood and misrepresentation against the Church of the ages, and of the vast majority of Christians still in the world. That, it must regretfully be said, seems in the last analysis still to be the first article in the Presbyterian creed.

BUT THE DESPISED "foreigner"—is he in very truth the poor creature they essay to paint him? We believe, on the contrary, and have good reason for believing, that in many of the supreme Christian virtues, the most respectable of Presbyterians (and, be it remembered, "respectability" is the second article in their creed,) have much to learn from these children of oppression. Of oppression these natives of southern and south-eastern Europe have had their full share, but the burden came from civil rulers, against whom, in their darkest days the Catholic Church was their only bulwark. And, hating the percentage of the vicious and the lawless, of which no race under heaven has a monopoly, these despised people start life anew in this free land, with a fund of thrift, honest determination, and solid moral worth, which within a generation may put the boot on the other foot. In the midst, therefore, of their pharisaical reflections upon the "foreigner," Presbyterians would do well to pause a little and to put the bridle upon their notoriety and money-seeking hirelings of the Berlis type. They might also study the Sermon on the Mount to their own advantage.

REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN RE- LATES IMPRESSIONS OF RE- CENT TOUR

It was my privilege the other day, writes a Catholic Times representative, to meet Father Bernard Vaughan, fresh from his world tour, and to hear his answers to the many questions with which he was bombarded by a circle of inquiring and admiring friends. We were all very much gratified to find the eminent Jesuit preacher looking none the worse but all the better after his strenuous, complicated and engrossing work during the past sixteen months in the United States of America.

"In America," he said, "there is no time to grow old. Out there, like the Catholic Church herself, one is so inspired by the fire, the energy and the enthusiasm of youth that one forgets the ravages of time, the worries of life and the pains and aches of Anno Domini. It is a worth-while journey," continued Father Vaughan, as bright and cheery as ever he was. "It is simply magnificent to go round the world with the uplifted torchlight of faith bidding all sections of the community—sinners and saints, young and old, black, yellow and white; to rally to the great Light; to 'speed up' and hope for the best. Everywhere in the world," Father Vaughan proceeded with grave emphasis, "I have found more than enough to break down one's spirits and to sob one's bosom empty but it

FINDS MUCH TO ADMIRE IN AMERICAN LIFE

was just then that the words of the Master uttered under similar circumstances came to the rescue: 'Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God: he will also in Me.'"

AN ANECDOTE

"Did you," interrupted a friend, "find the same overwhelming audiences and congregations in New York as you have always found in our great cities in the old country?"

"Well, now that you ask me, I may say," replied Father Vaughan, "that I preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral twice a week, and the only difference between the Thursday and Sunday congregations was that more were turned away on the Sunday morning than on the week day. On the first Thursday, not realizing what a crowd there would be, I tried to get in by the main entrance, and was stopped by a verger at the barrier who, in response to my request to be allowed to pass, answered: 'I cannot, there is not standing room anywhere but in the pulpit.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'I'll take that; if I cannot stand up for the preacher, at least I'll stand by him.' A ripple of smiles followed as a Columbus discovered me, and I passed on to preach to seven thousand people. I may say of my audiences in America generally, that one seldom found an auditorium, theatre, gymnasium, church, or Cathedral big enough to hold the thronging hungering for the Bread of Life and thirsting for the waters of salvation."

HOME RULE AND AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP

"What do you think of Home Rule out there?" asked the Catholic Times man.

"Why," replied Father Vaughan, with a characteristic wave of the hand, "they think of it, of course in the same way as their relatives in Ireland do. They are waiting for a tip-toe expectation for it to be a reality. The sooner the bill becomes law the sooner will America clasp England with the hand of friendship. Till then they cannot but be on terms of strained relationship, and that's the end of the matter. 'I presume that 85 per cent. of the population of Ireland demands Home Rule, and," added Father Vaughan, "America asks why they have not got it."

STRONG INDICEMENT OF CO-EDUCATION

"What do you think of co-education which prevails in America?" asked our representative.

"Personally, I just hate it," replied Father Vaughan with some bitterness, "because human nature, being constituted as it is, I cannot bring myself to believe that it is mentally or morally good for boys and girls to be brought up and taught in the same schoolroom. I am quite sure I should do my very best to stop any child friend of mine from going to a school where this system was in vogue. At best it is a method to be tolerated under severe protest. If in itself it were a desirable system the Church would have sanctioned it and adopted it as her pet system of a thousand years ago. A great many non-Catholic educationists are quite as much opposed to this sort of school as I myself. Let us hope I am wrong in my verdict, but as you ask me for my opinion, I give you mine and not that of anyone else."

SOCIALISM

"We have been reading most flattering reports of your new book, 'Socialism from the Christian Standpoint,'" suggested one of those present, "and everyone is wondering how you managed to have time to write and give so much color to the interesting chapters it contains."

"I readily admit," replied Father Vaughan, "that I nearly broke down under the effort of persistent writing in train and on boat, whenever I had time to spare between the pulpit and platform; but I was anxious before leaving America to leave the best I had at the feet of my best friends, and I felt I could do nothing better than offer them in testimony of my affection and gratitude a work expressive of the Christian mind upon the problem of Socialism. To my thinking America is up against Socialism, and the Catholic Church stands alone in her fight against it."

THE DECAY OF PROTESTANTISM

"How is the Protestant Church faring in the States?" queried the Catholic Times representative.

Father Vaughan: "I am sorry to say it is a fact that Protestantism in all its forms and fashions is daily shedding its old dogmatic tenets so as more readily to adjust itself to the modern world. Protestant theology is being reshaped in its seminaries to suit what it calls 'the social implications of the Gospel.' It no longer asks what is a man's dogmatic creed, but what is his social work. It calls itself by the old name of Christian, but its Christianity is dying of anaemia. Protestantism can no longer be called the break-water against infidelity. It is too invertebrate to stand up against anything, and its present mission seems to be to flirt with Socialism. Thousands of its ministers are being claimed by Socialists as their ardent followers. The Catholic Church, on the contrary, after a patient and exhaustive study of Socialism, has come to the conclusion that it is something much more than an economic theory. She recognizes with its men of light and leading that it is a religion—a Church which wants to rise up on the ruins of Christianity. If Socialism is to be put back and kept in its place, it is the Catholic Church that will have to do it. The salt of other churches has lost its savour, and their lights have burnt out or else are quenched."

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH IN STATES

"Are you full of hope about the future of the Church in America, Father Vaughan?" asked the representative.

"The Church question in America," he replied, "is a school question; in other words, its fate to-morrow depends upon its state to-day. If throughout the States the children of Catholic parents were schooled in a Catholic atmosphere, and under Catholic teachers, in another generation Catholics will be on top. The tide of emigration is a Catholic one. And, what is more, it is from these Catholic emigrants settling in the States that teeming generations are to come; condemning by their overwhelming numbers the sterility of the old American settlers who, by processes I need not mention, are robbing God of His children, and paralyzing the growth of the nation."

"Twenty-five years hence," continued Father Vaughan, speaking in prophetic vein, "the Catholics of the United States will not be 16,000,000, but twice that number. The vote will be in their hands and the future of the republic will depend upon their use of it."

"God forbid," exclaimed Father Vaughan, "that Catholic successes and triumphs should be in any measure due to the plurality of divorces and their fellow-citizens, and to the iniquitous practice of racial suicide. By less ignoble processes than these we should like to see the Church of Christ triumph in the land discovered by her chivalrous son—Columbus."

THE CROSS AND THE STRIPS AND STRIPES

At this stage Father Vaughan was called away, and expressed his sorrow at being unable to say more on this burning question, which he declared was at the very root of his heart. As he was leaving we asked him how it was he had so little criticism to pass upon the state of things in America.

Standing with hand upon the door and looking back with that gracious and courteous manner so naive to him, he said benignly:

"When one has been the honored guest at a great banquet it is scarcely becoming to criticise the menu or to find fault with the cooking. The United States of America may be like a young, rich and fruity wine, while England is like one that has grown matured and mellow by long keeping. When the rare wine of American youth ripens and mellows, we ourselves may stand in need of none: our day will have passed."

"May the Stars and Stripes float proudly in the breeze over the White House for ages to come," said Father Vaughan in conclusion, "and may the Cross brought by Columbus stand over it always."

ECCLIASTICAL FOLLY AND INSUBORDINATION

To the Editor of The Globe: By far the most astounding piece of folly perpetrated in the sacred name of Christian unity has just been commended by certain members of the Anglican Church in the formation of what they are pleased to call a Church Unity League. I am not in a position to say how far an Irish element obtained influence in the new sect, because I can only infer its presence from the beautiful paradox of promoting peace by fighting any unity by division.

I observe that the new sect has obtained the benediction of a live Earl, which ought in itself to carry it a long way to ecclesiastical success. The first article of the new faith is: "To Jericho with the Bishops."

The second is not unlike the first. It is: "To the dust heap with the Holy Scripture."

The proof of these two important positions is furnished by the signatories themselves.

The first: "There is no intention of alienating the Bishops who have disapproved of the movement. They are within their rights, but the priests and laity have their responsibilities also which they feel they must meet."

Let us hope that this is sufficiently clear and that the Bishops, in loyal obedience to these youthful aspirants after ecclesiastical authority, will be good enough to govern themselves accordingly.

The second: "The Christian Church has largely restated its position with respect to the Holy Scriptures."

Now those of us who are ignorant of the wonderful things that these new sectarians propose to accomplish would be glad to be told plainly and without unnecessary circumlocution where and under what circumstances has the Anglican Church restated its position with respect to the Holy Scriptures?

To gentlemen who know so much this will surely be an easy matter, and will enable that mysterious individual, "the man of the street," to know exactly where he stands.

Is the Unitarian to preach in St. James' Cathedral, or Professor Jackson to have a love feast with the Protestant who says, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible?" So far as my memory goes, the new sect doesn't differ materially from the old ones, but I suppose their not having had the benediction of a real live Earl.

Is it any wonder that our Catholic neighbours laugh us to scorn and confidently predict that the disintegration of Protestantism has almost

reached its last stage? For myself personally I would be glad to see the whole Christian world united, but it is not to be accomplished by a few people obsessed either by feelings of their own wisdom or their own importance.

There is just one other question I would take the liberty of asking: When these gentlemen say "the Christian Church has largely restated its position in regard to the Holy Scriptures," where shall we find this truly remarkable Church? That is easy is it not?

ROBERT KER
Canon of Christ's Church Cathedral,
Hamilton.

A REAL RUTHENIAN PRIEST REPLIES TO BERLIS

FATHER BOYARCZUK REPLIES

To the Editor of The Globe: Since your paper has seen fit to publish in extenso the strictures of Mr. Berlis, who purports to be a Presbyterian minister, and since these strictures, time and again refuted, seem to have been accepted by the assemblage to which they were spoken, save and except by the Ruthenian missionary at Sydney, C.B., who denied them, I deem it my duty, in the name of common justice, to ask you to print my refutation of them.

He says my people have been kept in superstition and ignorance by the Church. They have believed the same things and professed the same truths as all Catholics from the beginning—no more, no less—and if these Catholic truths make such men as he says, then such were your own fathers but yesterday, for up to the Reformation all held them. Intelligent Protestants hold no such views. The Ruthenians are, perhaps, a rural people, without the modern civilization which is called American. Is this a great fault? If so, it is not theirs. They have political, not religious conditions to blame for apparent backwardness. But are they more ignorant than most rural Englishmen? I think not. They are superior morally to those latter. Are they drunkards and criminals, as Mr. Berlis says? We invoke the records. Despite religious seduction and other humbugging, they are better men to-day than those others, and this is the reason they get ready employment where honest service is needed. Here in Toronto they are numerous; they are not unduly sceptical of the courts. They were humbugged by such converts as Mr. Berlis, and Presbyterian money was being used to pay for bogus priests; and they were being demoralized in the west until they discovered the impostor, and now have a Bishop of their own; and that Bishop whilst ministering to them, will not fail to exact from them qualifications of citizenship as good as any other people. This does not suit Mr. Berlis, who is a paid emissary to rob them of their rich faith and such as he wishes to have admitted are the bogus priests ordained by a bogus Bishop Seraphim at \$14 per head. They are trained in the art of securing missionary funds, but in religion they are sadly wanting.

I am a real Ruthenian priest, born and bred amongst these people, and I resent in the strongest terms the scandalous misrepresentation of my religion and insult to my countrymen at the hands of this man. I believe that honest Presbyterians will also see the harm and indignity he does in hysteric, money-producing stage-play, and will resent his conduct also.

PERSONA GRATA AT THE VATICAN

To have been for sixteen years, Rector of a Pontifical College in Rome, with all that imports of intimate knowledge of the very inner workings of the Church's organization at its fountain head—and let us add, to have been a *persona grata* at the Vatican under two Popes—means a lot. The subject of our sketch has thus been enabled to blend with the shrewdness of the Scot all the diplomacy and charm of the Roman ecclesiastic, and in this connection it may be safely said that none will miss him more in the Eternal City than the English-speaking residents and visitors. All who had occasion to approach him (and they were legion) for any favor or obligation were met with unfailing courtesy; and not seldom the College realised that somebody had been grateful to its Rector.

Mgr. Fraser is a man of action. He is also a direct man; he says things out, without hurting you; you can never hesitate as to what he means to be at. That is a great blessing. Catholics will have a wise and firm pastor. And Protestants will be forced to admire the dignified ecclesiastic who will represent Rome in their midst; this also will be a great gain. He will take a high place as a leader of men in the populous region under his jurisdiction.

The new ruler of the See of Dunkeld is the heir to a great succession of great Bishops. Not to speak of Bishops MacFarlane, Smith and Rigg, we come upon the last of the pre-Reformation Bishops, Robert Crich-ton, who died 1586. Before him there was James Kennedy, later one of the founders of St. Andrew's University, and there was the post-relate Gavin Douglas, and there was John Hamilton, who afterwards closed his own career, as well as the old line of Archbishops of St. Andrews, on the scaffold in 1571. A worthy successor will now occupy the See that was once the Primal See of Scotland. *Ad multos annos!*

NEW BISHOP OF DUNKELD

APPOINTMENT OF MGR. FRASER, SCOTS COLLEGE, ROME

Right Rev. Mgr. Fraser, Rector of the Scots College, Rome, has been appointed Bishop of Dunkeld in succession to the late Bishop MacFarlane. The appointment which had been generally anticipated, is one that will be received with acclamation by the Catholics of Scotland, and particularly by the faithful of Dunkeld, who may well regard with pride and gratitude the appointment which His Holiness has made to their vacant See. Bishop Fraser is the fourth Bishop of Dunkeld in the restored Hierarchy of Scotland. His predecessors were Bishop Rigg, consecrated in Rome in 1878; he died in 1887. The second Bishop was Bishop Smith, now Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, who was consecrated in October 1890, and translated to the Metropolitan See in 1900. The third Bishop of Dunkeld was the late Bishop MacFarlane, who was nominated on the 21st of February, and consecrated on the 1st of May, 1901.

CONSECRATION ARRANGEMENTS

Our Rome correspondent writes that the consecration of the Bishop Elect will take place on Sunday, the 26th of May, in the Church of St. Andrew attached to the Scots College, Rome. The consecrating Bishop will be His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Secretary of State, and the assisting prelates will be Archbishop Mackintosh and the Bishop of Aberdeen, who are at present in Rome. Canons, Lavell and Crumly and Father Malcolm, of Blairgowrie, all priests of the Diocese of Dunkeld,

A COMPARISON

The non-Catholic churches have been unfortunate in the men whom they are pleased to call "converts from Rome." The Catholic Church, on the other hand, has had a steady influx of men of the highest character and the keenest minds, as converts from the other churches. Catholics and Protestants alike sometimes forget this fact. Let us remind them of such persons as Henry Edward, Prince of Schoenburg; F. A. Challes of Hesse Darmstadt; the Duke of Saxe-Gotha; Frederic of Mecklenburg; the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Coethen; Princess Charlotte Frederic; Countess Solms-Bareuth; Count Stolberg; Werner; Frederic Von Schlegel; Clement Brentano; Baron Eckstein; Goerres; Adam Miller; Haller; Eslinger; Hurter; Laval; Petit Pierre; Ber-may; Spencer; Newman; Manning; Faber; Oakley; Capes; Northcote; Wilberforce; Dr. Ives, a former Anglican bishop; Brownson; Walworth; Hecker; Preston; the four American judges; Bayne; Burnett; Wilkins; Wilkison; Huntington; Bakewell; the famous English judge, Sir Henry Hawkins; the famous Canadian judge and premier, Sir John Thompson. We could continue the list at very great length, giving only names of very eminent and well-known men and women. On the other hand, the great bulk of those persons of intelligence, and instructed, who have gone out of the Catholic Church and adhered to Protestant churches, have been impelled to do so by their unwillingness to endure the discipline of the Church; and those of them who have been made much of publicly by the Protestant churches have been priests whose record was cloudy in the Catholic Church, and who were under censure in that Church before they left it.—Casket.

ECCLIASTICAL CAREER

Dr. Fraser has been Rector of the Scots College, Rome, since 1897. He was born at Wardhouse, in the parish of Kennethmont, Aberdeenshire, in 1888, and was educated at Blairs College, Aberdeen, the English College, Douai, and the Scots College, Rome. He was ordained priest in Rome in 1882, and from 1883 till 1896, was a Professor at Blairs College. He was appointed a Domestic Prelate of the Pope in 1898, Protontary Apostolic in 1904, and delegate of the Pope at the quinqucentenary celebrations of Aberdeen University, 1908, and to the fifth centenary celebrations of St. Andrews University, 1911. He is a D.D. of the Gregorian University, Rome, and an hon. LL.D. of Aberdeen University. Dr. Fraser wrote the authorised English version of Pere Kose's Studies on the Gospels, and he edited the Diary of a Scots College, Rome, and has written a historical sketch of the College for the Spalding Club series of publications.

SCOTS RECTOR IN ROME

While many will look back to him with love and veneration and gratitude for the years they spent under him at Blairs, it is as Rector of the Scots College in Rome that he has undoubtedly rendered signal and enduring service to the interests of Catholicity in Scotland. What more important than the training of those who will be prelates in the mission? That he trained them most admirably is known to all. He was an ideal Rector. The interests of the College and the good of the students were the things he lived and worked and prayed for, and these alone. A good disciplinarian, a first-rate scholar, a vigilant superior; gifted with personal piety and a higher ideal of the priestly vocation; his students found him at all times tender-hearted and considerate. That was one side. But Dr. Fraser is a Scot of the Scots; that means that he is by nature a financier. It is no secret that when he took over the government of the Collegio Scozzese he had his work cut out for him in that line. That he did it to perfection is proved by the flourishing condition of that institution at the present moment and for many years back. Dunkeld will have a prelate who will know how to administer, both in regard to men and money.

PERSONA GRATA AT THE VATICAN

PERSONA GRATA AT THE VATICAN

To have been for sixteen years, Rector of a Pontifical College in Rome, with all that imports of intimate knowledge of the very inner workings of the Church's organization at its fountain head—and let us add, to have been a *persona grata* at the Vatican under two Popes—means a lot. The subject of our sketch has thus been enabled to blend with the shrewdness of the Scot all the diplomacy and charm of the Roman ecclesiastic, and in this connection it may be safely said that none will miss him more in the Eternal City than the English-speaking residents and visitors. All who had occasion to approach him (and they were legion) for any favor or obligation were met with unfailing courtesy; and not seldom the College realised that somebody had been grateful to its Rector.

Mgr. Fraser is a man of action. He is also a direct man; he says things out, without hurting you; you can never hesitate as to what he means to be at. That is a great blessing. Catholics will have a wise and firm pastor. And Protestants will be forced to admire the dignified ecclesiastic who will represent Rome in their midst; this also will be a great gain. He will take a high place as a leader of men in the populous region under his jurisdiction.

The new ruler of the See of Dunkeld is the heir to a great succession of great Bishops. Not to speak of Bishops MacFarlane, Smith and Rigg, we come upon the last of the pre-Reformation Bishops, Robert Crich-ton, who died 1586. Before him there was James Kennedy, later one of the founders of St. Andrew's University, and there was the post-relate Gavin Douglas, and there was John Hamilton, who afterwards closed his own career, as well as the old line of Archbishops of St. Andrews, on the scaffold in 1571. A worthy successor will now occupy the See that was once the Primal See of Scotland. *Ad multos annos!*

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART

(Favorite Aspiration of our Holy Father Pius X.)

"Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee!"
Whatever may befall me, Lord,
Though dark the hour may be,
In all my joys, in all my woes,
Through naught but grief I see,
"Oh Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee!"

When those I love have passed away,
And I am sore distressed,
Oh! Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I fly to Thee for rest!
In all my trials, great or small,
My confidence shall be
Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,
"I place my trust in Thee!"

This is my one, sweet prayer, dear Lord!
My faith, my trust, my love,
But most of all in that last hour,
When death points up Above,
Ah, then, sweet Saviour, may Thy face
Smile on my soul set free,
Oh, may I cry with rapturous love—
"I've placed my trust in Thee!"

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-
COSTTHE CHURCH—ITS APOSTOLICITY
"Be ye all of one mind." (1 St. Peter iii, 8)

The Apostle St. Peter exhorted the Christians of his day to unity of faith thus addressed them, "Be ye all of one mind." On account of this unity of faith the Church has at all times taught the identical doctrines taught by the Apostles. This is a mark of the true Church.

For the true Church of Christ must be Apostolic. By this is meant that the men who exercise power and jurisdiction in the Church to-day, must be able to prove to us that they are the legitimate successors of the Apostles; that they come down from them in unbroken line in uninterrupted succession, and that they teach the same doctrine now as was taught by the Apostles and their successors of all times.

If the line be broken, if one link in the chain of apostolic succession be wanting, then he who teaches and guides is only a vain pretender, an impostor. For, as St. Paul says, "How can he teach if he be not sent." This sending, this mission of power and authority must come from God. Christ gave it to the Apostles with the words "As the Father sent me I also send you" (St. John xx, 21), with the same power and authority to teach, to administer sacraments, to forgive sins.

This power and authority must be transmitted by the act of those who received them from God. Hence there must be in the Christian Church an actual living connection with the Apostles.

The power given to the Apostles by our Saviour was given for the salvation of men. For this reason it did not expire with the Apostles, but is to continue in the Church as long as there are men to save, i. e., to the end of the world, and was handed down by the Apostles to their successors as we learn from St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, when he tells him to commend the things he heard from him to faithful men who shall be fit to teach others.

The Catholic Church and she alone has her origin, her doctrine and her mission from the Apostles. She and she alone can show that her ministers are legitimate descendants, successors of the Apostles. She alone teaches the same doctrine that was taught in every age since the time of Christ. She alone is connected by an unbroken line with Christ and the Apostles. For it is an historical fact that St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, that the first pope, came to Rome; that he established the pontifical see; that he remained there until his martyrdom in the year '67; that his first successor was St. Linus; that St. Cletus succeeded him; and so on down the stream of time in unbroken line, in uninterrupted succession from Peter to our illustrious Pontiff, Pius X.

The Catholic Church and she alone, then, is the Church of Christ; for she and she alone possesses the marks that must characterize the true Church of God. She only is, holy, Catholic and Apostolic. A church without these marks cannot do the work for which Christ instituted His Church. A church that is not Catholic cannot "teach all nations" nor all truth.

A church that is not apostolic in origin, doctrine and mission must be of human origin. But she is from above. She is divine. She possesses a divine source of energy and vitality. She has a heavenly guide, which enables her to walk forever young and unchangeable among the ruins and graves of generations that are ever changing, ever dying.

TEMPERANCE

EVIL OF MODERATE DRINKING

In an article in the Ecclesiastical Review for November, Dr. Austin O'Malley discusses the vice of intemperance from the physician's point of view. It is a view that the average "moderate drinker" seldom finds presented for his consideration. Dr. O'Malley is merciless in exposing the physical consequences of even moderate drinking of intoxicants. Every moderate drinker is, of course, in danger of becoming a drunkard.

But we confess, says the True Voice, that we were startled by the array of diseases that Dr. O'Malley traced directly to the use of alcohol in one form or other. His statements however, are not made rashly. Dr. O'Malley has the authority of the most distinguished physicians to sustain his assertions. The science of medicine to-day unqualifiedly condemns even the moderate use of intoxicating liquor as a danger and a cause of disease.

It is the proof as to the result of scientific tests, that even small quantities of alcohol decrease mental and physical efficiency, when taken into the system, that makes Dr. O'Malley's a convincing argument against the use of intoxicants. For centuries men have had recourse to liquor as a "bracer" or as a means to help them to greater exertion. All this has been proved illusory by science. Alcohol as a spur to greater effort or as a means to sustain effort is a delusion and a snare. The man who would keep his brain and his body at their highest efficiency must not resort to alcohol in any form. He only deprives himself of physical strength and mental energy by its use.

Gradually the old popular superstitions about the benefits to be derived from the use of liquor are being disposed of by science. Popular superstition has had much to do with starting men on the path of drink in the past. It was popularly believed that drinking was a positive benefit if not carried to excess. The danger of over-indulgence was pointed out, but it has remained for the science of our day to demonstrate that even moderate drinking—quite apart from the moral dangers attendant upon it—is a grave detriment to the health of the normal man, besides lessening his efficiency in any work in which he may be engaged.

CANADIAN TEMPERANCE NEWS

The Canada Temperance Act campaign in the county of Welland is well under way. Organization has been effected in a number of local municipalities. Meetings are being held and petitions circulated praying for the submission of the measure. A similar campaign is going on in the county of Huron. Voting on the Canada Temperance Act is under Dominion legislation and is brought on by a petition to the Secretary of State, signed by 25 per cent. of the electors whose names are on the voters lists. If a majority vote is polled, it brings prohibition into force in the county or city affected.

Rev. Father Holland of Montreal, is carrying on a temperance mission in Newfoundland. He is assisted by the Rev. Father McCandlish, of Toronto, and is meeting with wonderful success. In one case a whole parish signed a total abstinence pledge.

The new provincial legislation is now in force prohibiting the holders of tavern licenses from selling liquor in bottles to be removed from the premises. The legislation is very rigid. A license holder who knowingly permits liquor purchased on his premises to be taken away for consumption, or any person who takes such liquor away, is liable to a heavy penalty.

THE IRISH AND THE SALOONS

Edward D. Page of the Merchants' Association of New York City, informed a committee of legislators recently that "the majority of the saloon keepers are Irish."

The New York Sun takes issue with this gentleman who registered his guess. The chances are that if the legislators asked the too willing informant for his proofs he would have talked himself into absurdity in trying to do so.

The Sun says: "We doubt it, though it may have been once true. The names over the doors of drinking places are not dependable. Many non-Irish saloon proprietors keep Irish names over their places of business because of their popular suggestion of joviality and good cheer. Many places started and made prosperous by Irishmen have been sold, but retain the names of their former owners. There are many Germans, Jews and Italians in the retail liquor business."

The Sun is right, says the Monitor of New Jersey. The number of Irish in the saloon business is constantly decreasing. And this is true not only in New York City, but throughout the country. Comparatively few of the sons of Irish saloon keepers are content to remain in the business and they are trained to other avenues of livelihood.

Most of the saloons, moreover, in many districts, are owned by many Germans, Jews and Italians, and are conducted by representatives of these brewing interests. And the proportion of Irish brewers is small.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE ROSARY IN CHINA

(As quoted in the Catholic Herald)

"Very often," says a venerable Bishop, who spent many years in China, "have mothers come to me with their little ones and said: 'This boy will be a good child because he knows how to recite his Rosary.' On such occasions I had always a word of praise and encouragement for the child, and after making him a present of a new pair of Rosary beads, I would send him off glowing with smiles.

"But in China, be it remembered, devotion to the Holy Rosary is not one that grows cold with years. Not only the children, but nearly all the Catholic women and a large majority of the men, recite their Rosary daily. And to designate a tepid and lukewarm person Chinese Christians know of no better or more forcible expression than 'Keung-no-Nem' ('He does not say his Rosary.')

"How often in the quiet of the evening when duty called me forth amid those good people, have I stood entranced by the sweet harmonies that rose from distant houses where the family had gathered together for the nightly recitation of the Rosary! There could be no mistaking a Christian home amid a thousand pagan ones. As soon as the shadows began to descend over the village, from every Catholic cottage would swell forth the loud, sweet strains of the Rosary: for in China it is not merely recited as in European countries, but it is chanted in chorus.

"SLEEPING ROSARY"
"Noophytes, even when in the midst of pagans, are proud to have the Rosary about their necks; women consider it among the most handsome of ornaments, and wear costly Rosary beads suspended from their breasts; while the Nem-kou, or 'sleeping Rosary,' which is worn about the neck and under the garments, is common to all Catholic

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BRONTE, ONT., MARCH 1st, 1912.
"Fruit-a-tives" has made a complete cure in my case of Rheumatism, that had at least five years standing before I commenced the treatment. The trouble was principally in my right hip and shoulder, the pain from it was almost unendurable. Not being able to sleep on that side, if I chanced to turn on my right side while asleep, the pain would immediately awaken me. This kept up until I started taking "Fruit-a-tives." I started by taking one or two tablets with a large glass of water, in the morning before breakfast and experienced pronounced relief very shortly. After a continued treatment for about six months, I was cured and am now in first-class health. This, I attribute to my persistent use of "Fruit-a-tives" and I heartily recommend your remedy to any Rheumatic sufferer."

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China. Not satisfied with saying their beads in church and at home, they occupy their leisure moments when travelling or when returning from the fields in the recitation of the Rosary, believing that the Psalter of Mary should not be interrupted.

"So great is the veneration of this people for the Rosary that they frequently accuse themselves of having touched it with unwashed hands, or of having let it drop upon the floor; and their manner of saying the Rosary will convince one that they are at least as reverent as ourselves. Prostrated upon the floor with their faces to the ground they recite in a low tone the Confiteor and Miseratur; then, kneeling upright they make a double Sign of the Cross and sing the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" and the "Oremus" in the Chinese language.

"It is the custom in China," observes the Bishop, "to give the Holy Rosary for a penance in confession, and I was many times surprised at the disappointment of penitents on receiving only one Rosary as a penance. Though they had committed only venial sins they thought they should receive a penance of ten or more Rosaries, and were very careful not to substitute their daily prayers of devotion as part of their penance."

AN INSULTING BOOK

Several of the stores of this city have been giving a big display to The Hill of Venus a novel by Nathan Gallizier, who seems to have been actuated in its composition by hatred of the Church and her institutions.

The plot of the book is the alleged story of an illegitimate son forced by his father to break his betrothal with a young lady and to become a monk so that he might thus atone for his parent's sins and win for him the absolution of the Pope, who lays down these conditions for saving the father's soul. The son gives a reluctant consent, enters the monastery of Monte Cassino and takes his vows, although his heart and mind are constantly upon his former betrothed, who has become the wife of a hated rival. While on a political mission for the Pope he meets the lady several times, renews the relations of lover and finally takes her to himself after killing her husband.

All through the volume there is a studied effort to discredit the monastic life and to ridicule the piety and benevolence of the monks. Pope Clement IV. is represented as an irate, fanatical, unscrupulous and treacherous politician, who stops at nothing to attain his unworthy ends. The author, while betraying a woeful ignorance of Catholic ceremonial, has only sneers for the pious devotions of the faithful. He takes this fling at the confessional: "His was not a soul that bartered through carven screens for penance and peace."

The long continued struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline is borrowed by Mr. Gallizier to lend, per-

haps, some dignity to his tale; but the only use he makes of it is an attempt to besmirch the character of the Supreme Pontiff. The author represents Clement as having abandoned Rome and having fled to Viterbo, whereas His Holiness had never seen the Eternal City, having been unanimously elected Pope at Perugia, whence he went with his court to Viterbo. But what is historical accuracy to a writer, who is inspired by bigotry?

A flagrant anachronism is the expression, "By Our Lady of Lourdes!" used by several characters of the book, which purports to treat of a period six hundred years previous to the time the Blessed Virgin received that title.

We are at a loss to understand what could induce the publishers, L. C. Page and Company, Boston, to put the book on the market, unless they have a leaning towards the Guardians of Liberty. Fully one-third of the volume is a padding of monotonous descriptions of Italian scenery, which sadly betray the author's want of an adequate vocabulary as well as his poverty of expression. Moreover, and above all, leaving out of consideration the historical inaccuracies and the evident bigotry of the author, the book does not contain a single ennobling sentiment.

THE INFLUENCE OF HIS
EXAMPLE IN MAKING
THE CHURCH BETTER
KNOWN AND LOVED

(Appropos of the Laymen's Retreat)

Throw the strongest limelight on an object, and look at it through colored spectacles; you will not see it as it is. So with the Catholic church in this country. She has been the object of keenest public scrutiny from time to time during the last hundred years; but the scrutiny has been made with passion and prejudice, and therefore we are not yet seen by our non-Catholic brethren in a true light, and our missions to them, though not without results, have not yet converted America. Apparently there is something lacking, something to which adequate attention has not been given, something which conditions all effective preaching to outsiders. That something is a high standard of Christian life in our laity—letting our light shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our Father Who is in heaven.

Some twenty years ago the present writer had charge of a Catholic mission in a London slum. One day a laboring man, not of his flock, said to him: "Father, I see you often round here, and I sometimes go to your church in Hatton Garden. I would like very well to be a Catholic; but when I see your people in this court drinking and fighting, and know that many of them are night-prowlors and pickpockets, I cannot make up my mind to join you." Is it not probable that others will think as this man thought? "Why change our religion, if Catholics are just as bad as ourselves?"

With all respect for the hand that rocks the cradle, it is the men of a nation that shape its character and rule its destinies. It is men of strict integrity, public spirit, stainless record, untainted honor—such are the men who, by their inspiring influence, raise their fellows toward their level and make a people great and noble. And such are the men—though on the higher plane of grace—whom the Church looks for in the ranks of the laity, and whom she would call into retreat to show them how they can make their lives a powerful confirmation of her teaching and, better still, a powerful lever to raise humanity nearer to God. And she looks for them in every social grade, in every profession, trade, and labor union. Wherever there is a soul to save, she would have not only a minister of Christ to announce His Gospel, but a lay apostle to show it embodied in practice.

Yes; the everyday life of a Catholic layman may be made a voiceless sermon, whose cumulative influence will be more inspiring and effective than much of the formal preaching of our day. Cold words do not warm the heart. Icicles do not light a fire. Life alone kindles life; and He Who is life by essence kindles it in the souls of men through the light of the Gospel, but seldom more efficaciously than when it is seen shining day by day in the life of a Catholic friend or associate. Without parade or effort, he is kind, helpful, good-humored, even-tempered, well-balanced, courteous and refined, strong and gentle, straight as a sunbeam, and faithful to friend and trust as to his own soul. Even the thoughtless and forward will find the secret of the exquisite grace and harmony of such a life in the unobtrusive Catholic faith that inspires it. "They will ponder over it; tradition."

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tional prejudices against the Church will melt like summer snow; and grace will finish what example—its self a grace—had begun.—St. Paul Bulletin.

WHERE THE LIGHT
LED TO

What a revolution in the mind of a great man that one who for years had allowed himself to believe that the Pope was the anti-christ mentioned in the Scriptures should come to recognize in that same Pope the Vicar of Christ Himself! Such was the experience of John Henry Newman, the famous English divine and convert to the Catholic Church, one of the loftiest characters and most gifted intellects whom the nineteenth century produced. He was born in London in the first year of the century, on the 21st of February.

It was given him to live to see the last decade of the century begun and to witness a conversion of the whole English people from the folly of anti-Catholic prejudice almost as complete and remarkable as that which marked his own experience. Newman was born and educated under the influence of the Anglican Church, and studied for the ministry under the direction of Dr. Whately, afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. Being a man of most earnest convictions, he displayed the bias of his earlier studies of religious subjects by an open and aggressive antagonism to the Catholic Church; but as a diligent seeker after the truth he found himself sorely disappointed with the emptiness and inconsistencies of the faith in which he had been nurtured, and as he probed deeper into the study and the history of Christianity and the philosophy of Catholic teaching, he became irresistibly drawn to the Church as the real fountain of the truth.

The internal struggle was long and full of anxiety, but at last he became convinced of his duty, and in 1843 he told his surprised and grieved congregation of St. Mary's in Littlemore, where he was pastor, that he must bid farewell to all his former religious associations. He was formally received into the Church on October 8, 1845, by Father Dominic, a Passionist priest. His conversion was followed by that of so many others, many of whom were distinguished in public life, that Lord Beaconsfield was afterwards moved to declare that "the secession of Mr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church under which it still reels."

After his conversion, Newman was appointed head of the oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham, where were gathered together with him a number of distinguished scholars who loved him for his great soul and master intellect, and were ambitious to share his companionship in the noted center of religious science. In 1854 he accepted the position of rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, which he held for four years. For several years afterward he was at the head of the Catholic educational system at Edgubaston, where his name as a scholar and his saintly character became a household word throughout the Christian world.

In 1879 he was created a cardinal of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. To the credit of the English people, he is said, the news of the recognition and the honor bestowed on the priest-convert was received with cordial expressions of joy by Protestants and Catholics alike. In his beloved oratory at Edgubaston the venerable and saintly man breathed his last on the 10th of August, 1890, murmuring with his last breath the touching words: "I hear the music of heaven; all is sunshine."—New York Freeman's Journal.

BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH

Be attentive. At the threshold of this building forget the cares of the world. Banish profane thoughts, desires for riches, the preoccupation of vanity, says the learned Benedictine, Dom Ferdinand Cabrol in "The Book of the Ancient Prayer." Come to church in order to pray there in calmness, silence and peace; you will find there the true rest; the consolation that you seek. You will forget for a moment the burden of life, that perhaps weighs so heavily on your shoulders.

Call to mind the fact that this church is the image of your soul. Jesus is present there. It is He Who has said: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." His table stands there, always ready and He invites you to that banquet. He awaits you, that He may strengthen you, console you, cleanse you from your faults, reveal His will to you.

But be not too limited and narrow in your views. Do not think that when your prayers are finished, and you leave the church, you are finished with your duty toward God. Learn to adore Him and to pray to Him in that universe which is also His temple. His presence follows you; you bear Him away with you; keep yourself, then, always pure,

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and be honest and sincere with yourself, and remember that your body and your soul are the temple of the Holy Spirit.—Holy Name Journal.

REMEDIES AGAINST PRIDE

Look again into the tomb, and you will find cause to humble yourselves. The inhabitant of the tomb is stripped of everything. There the deceased lies despoiled of all that he held dear in life; his property passes into the hands of others; others take possession of his house and belongings. "He shall take nothing away nor shall his glory descend with him" (Ps. xlviii, 18). "They have slept their sleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing in their hands" (Ps. lxxv, 6). Your lot will be a similar one. Now you think that you can not spend too much money on clothes; many a daughter is the recipient of her parents on account of her extravagance but the day will come when the nothingness of all this vanity will become apparent to you.

The inhabitant of the tomb is forgotten by all but a very few. "Our name in time shall be forgotten; and no man shall have any remembrance of our works" (Wis. ii, 4). This is so true that it is used as a term of comparison: "I am forgotten as one dead" (Ps. xxx, 13). Now we listen with pleasure to the words of flattery, we love to have homage paid to us; but let a few years go by, and the grass will grow over our grave and memory alike.

The inhabitant of the tomb is disfigured beyond recognition. "When a man shall die, he shall inherit worms" (Ecclus. x, 13). The flesh will disappear with all its beauty, and no one will any longer recognize the dead. When the body is decayed completely nothing remains but a handful of ashes. Now you think so much of your personal appearance, you admire yourselves in the mirror, and your toilet takes up a great deal of your time. In the grave all beauty will disappear, and you will become an object of horror to the beholder.

Look into the grave, and see the miserable state of its occupant. Gaze in imagination upon that hapless individual, denuded of everything that the world holds dear, forgotten by all men, disfigured beyond recognition. Such will be your fate also, and that sooner than you think. You think a great deal of yourselves now, of your ability; you imagine that every one must admire you, must pay you homage. You look with contempt upon others whom you think inferior to yourselves, you can not bear to be contradicted. O proud heart! look into the grave, and see what you will

be. Does the sight that meets your eyes there not rebuke your pride?—Rev. Joseph Schuen, in Sacred Heart Review.

Ability doth hit the mark where presumption overshooteth and diligence falleth short.
The great rule of moral conduct, says a wise man, is, next to God, to respect Time.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TRUE OR FALSE

Criticism may be hard to endure but it is a tonic to nobler endeavor. A young man who was very sensitive to criticism, and complained bitterly of how much opposition he encountered, had an older friend, a woman who was an artist in illuminating manuscripts. This friend sent him a beautifully illuminated copy of Gladstone's saying, which she called: "A Counsel of Power."

"Censure and Criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show you a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble."

There was power in the motto, and the recipient took it to heart, stopped complaining and marched ahead. There is power in such words for all young people, most of whom are inclined to take criticism too hard, and resent it foolishly. Criticism is like a searchlight; it may beat fiercely, but it can show only what is there. False criticism soon disproves itself. No honest valuable life can be bedeviled by censure. Censure and objection are negative. They are not foes. They can even be made into friends. The man who learns by his mistakes, the girl who resolves never again to merit criticism by her actions, have not been hurt. They have been greatly and permanently benefited.

Another valuable thing can be learned from the sting of censure, when one has felt it deeply. That is not to criticize others habitually or harshly. To return good for evil, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is applicable here. The true Christian will not censure others, and will accept criticism in a humble but courageous spirit.

THE TWO PERIODS

Psychologists who have studied the subject tell us that in the psychology of success—success won by a man's own efforts—there are always two periods. There is the period of struggle. Every man who amounts to anything wins his way at first by will power and sheer endeavor. He has to use all his energy to climb the hard places determinedly, to fight and persevere. At first, the battle is exhausting, and often seems hopeless. But thing to do is to hold on, day by day, through this first period.

Then comes the period of habit formation. When the will has insisted upon certain acts or thoughts over and over again, a path, so to speak, is cleared in the mind. Daily travel sets in over this path, and a habit is formed. Soon the thing that was so hard becomes easier and easier. The new method of thinking or acting becomes organized and solidified. The will now occupies itself with details, and finishes up the method, so that ends by being almost automatic. All high efficiency is the result of these two periods: first, hard, conscious struggle; second, easy, unconscious habit. Will first—perseverance next—there is the whole secret of success, in four words.

A POINT TO REMEMBER

A well known poet and humorist advocated temperance and regular hours in a witty after-dinner speech in Philadelphia.

He concluded with an abjuration to the business man to proceed directly home from the office, without any stops at this cafe or that.

"For," said the humorist, "the man who goes straight home will always go home straight."

A MAN OF INTEGRITY

"Straight?" said a young man, speaking of one whose strict integrity had been mentioned. "Why," he is so straight that he actually bends the other way! He is so honest that he'd rather rob himself of a dollar in any bargain than even to have question whether he might have been unfair to the other fellow to the extent of a quarter. He isn't what you'd call a lipton business man, maybe—too slow and particular—but he's got a conscience that is known all over town."

It was a conscience that other people trusted unhesitatingly, even those who had a very inferior sort of their own, and respected even though they might sometimes laugh at it.

And as for the good business—well all profits are not in dollars and cents, and some ledgers foot up slowly. It may show at last that one who maintains such a reputation in an age of sharp practice and keen competition was doing an exceedingly good business, after all.

A FRIEND INDEED

"A friend is a being who will bear with us in all our faults and failings." Many of us may say, "How I wish I could have such a friend!" Suppose we say instead, "How I wish I could be such a friend!"—Catholic Columbian.

We men and women, as children of God, are not made primarily for happiness, but for duty. Do your duty faithfully, fully, cheerfully, sweetly—not grimly, stoically, doggedly, hopefully—and happiness will come.

It is a noteworthy fact that the intellect of man seems unable to seize the divine beauty of Nature until moving beyond that outward beauty it gazes on the spirit of Nature, even as the mind seems unable to appreciate the beautiful face of woman until it has learned to appreciate the more beautiful beauty of her soul.—Francis Thompson.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NOBODY'S FRIEND

"You will probably have a little trouble with Bernard at first," said Mr. Russell on entering his son, aged fifteen, in Holy Cross Academy. "In what particular?" asked Brother Lawrence, the president. "Well, you see the boy's mother died when he was but eight, and I, being busy with my professional duties, was rather negligent in training him. The consequence is that he has been permitted to run the streets and associate with a rough class of boys."

"I noticed that he is rather undisciplined, but he will get over that." "I hope so; but make him toe the mark, even if you have to use the rod."

Bernard was a typical boy of the street grafted on a boy of good breeding. It is not surprising, then, that he found it hard to get used to the new life. From the very first he did not take well with the other boys. Among the boys who had taken a special dislike to him were Daly, coach, and Moran, captain, of the first track team. Said Daly to a group of the students:

"That new guy's got too much gall. Did you hear him trying to give me pointers on coaching yesterday?"

"Yes, and did you hear him brag what he can do? He's punk," returned Moran.

"He's as grouchy as an old clock," chimed in Bobby Johnston. "He says this place is worse than a prison, and I suppose he knows."

"Whew! wasn't he sore last night when the boys put him under the pump? They're going to keep it up till he gets over his grouch."

Then Daly spoke impressively. "I know something about him, but he's so confounded fresh. I read in the paper that he and a gang of other toughs beat up an old Italian and got away with all his stuff—so I warn you fellows to look out for your pocket books and other valuables."

"He'd better not try that here," declared Moran, "or he'll get worse than the pump."

Hence Bernard's life at the Academy was not the most pleasant. The students took delight in tormenting him, and the professors were obliged to punish him for misconduct and lack of application. Twice he had been up for expulsion; but, chiefly through the intervention of Brother Luke, who was his prefect and his teacher of mathematics, he had been given the alternative of doing a long detention.

Time passed but things did not improve. The real cause of his unpopularity was due to Daly and Moran, both of whom resented a criticism by Russell. Being recognized as leaders, they took advantage of their influence to discredit him and to make him the butt of the academy.

The situation had become almost unbearable to Bernard and he was thinking seriously of running away, but an ever-watchful eye was observing him. Brother Luke more than any other member of the faculty, had the confidence of the boys. He was the organizer of their teams and the most enthusiastic promoter of all student activities. A strongly marked man, he was his sympathy for the timid and the persecuted. Noticing that Bernard was very dejected, he spoke to him kindly and offered to help him in any possible way. At first Bernard met his advances with indifference; but he soon recognized the Brother's sincerity and opened his heart to him. Brother Luke then pointed out Bernard's worst faults and gave him a few helpful suggestions. He also spoke to Roberts, captain of the second track team, requesting him to give Bernard a chance to make good in the sports and to help him along in every way.

Sympathy was what Bernard needed. It cheered him up. Progress was slow, however. It was hard to change from a tough, as he had been called, to a good boy; but Bernard really improved in his conduct and in the sports. His popularity, however, thanks to Daly and Moran, had not increased.

Holy Cross, like most academies had its athletic contests, among which the most important was the annual track meet with St. John's Academy. The previous meet had been won by St. John's and the Holy Cross team were determined to recover their lost prestige. They had practiced until they thought themselves invincible. Bernard tried to get on the team, but Daly ignored him. Brother Luke, however, saw that they were weak in substitutes, and when he heard that Bernard had done track work at home, induced Roberts to try him out. Bernard surprised Roberts and the Brother, especially in the dashes.

At last the great day arrived. An enthusiastic crowd of Holy Cross supporters, wearing purple and white ribbons, occupied the west bleachers, and about an equal number of St. John's rooters occupied the east bleachers.

At the end of the sixth event, the score stood 28 to 22 in favor of Holy Cross. In the 40 yard dash, Moran, the Holy Cross star who had already taken part in several events, weakened and fell back to third place. Roberts ran in the 220-yard dash and barely succeeded in taking second place. The score was now 36 to 32 in St. John's favor. There was great cheering from the St. John's crowd. With Moran out of the relay, it looked like certain victory for them. The prospects, surely, did look dark for the purple and white. Coach Daly

was at his wits' end. There was no one to replace Moran. Roberts suggested Russell, but Daly scowled and said:

"What are you giving us? This is no time for kidding!"

"You'd better try him," advised Brother Luke. "He'll surprise you." Seeing no other way out of the difficulty, Daly reluctantly consented to let Bernard run. The Holy Cross crowd meanwhile were anxious to see who would replace Moran, and when they saw Russell come out, there was a general groan of dissatisfaction.

"Why that fresh guy can't run as fast as a chicken," one remarked. The signal was given and the runners on each side sped around the track. The third Holy Cross man crossed the line a yard behind the St. John's man; and Bernard, who was the fourth Holy Cross runner, had to make up that yard against Brown, the fastest man on the St. John's team. At the end of the first lap, Bernard was not more than a foot behind Brown. The excitement of the spectators was intense. Everyone was shouting at the top of his voice. Ten yards more. They are even. Bernard makes a spurt and wins by less than a foot. Holy Cross wins the meet. The cheering from the west bleachers was deafening. The students swooped down upon their new hero, hastily threw a robe around him, and raised him to their shoulders, shouting and singing with all their might. Then they executed a snake dance until they were exhausted. That night a bonfire, which had been prepared the day before was lighted, cheers were given and songs were sung. Brother Lawrence was called on for a speech, to which he responded with great pleasure. When Brother Luke's name was called there was a prolonged cheer. Then Daly and Moran spoke. Both gave credit to Bernard for winning the meet. When at last Bernard's name was announced, there was such a demonstration that he could speak. Although a little embarrassed at first, he succeeded in thanking them warmly for their kind ovation.

"But," said he, "you owe the victory to Brother Luke, who in my hour of dejection, extended to me a helping hand. If there has been anything that impressed me, it is this: and it shall be one of my objects in life to help the friendless and the persecuted."

The remainder of Bernard's academy life was a period of happiness; and when a few years later he was graduated, he carried with him the love and esteem of the faculty and of the students.

In one of our large Western cities a certain young man has earned by his great devotion to the poor and the friendless the name of "Everybody's Friend." The sign on the door of his modest office reads, "Bernard J. Russell, M. D."—Jerome Raymond Whitman.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the calamity which every responsible body is deploring, namely, the appalling growth of irreligious and immoral literature. The enemies of God are wonderfully well served. They seem to be able to command unlimited circulation, as well as an unending supply of talent in the production of their publications. They are debtors to the just and the unjust. They find readers, not only amongst the corrupt, but among the young, light minded, the curious, and the hitherto innocent. The reason is obvious. Children will play with fire if they get the chance, and a base craving for the knowledge of evil is a relic of original sin. In Catholic countries the ravages of evil literature are checked by the laws of the Index, that is, by legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books. The difficulty of enforcing such laws where Catholics are a mere fraction of the population throws all the great responsibility on priests, parents and teachers. Occasionally, when the scandal has reached intolerable dimensions, the civil law steps in. But State intervention is necessary only to extreme cases.

Young people are depraved by plays, songs, pictures, novels, and pseudo-scientific treatises which the public censor is unable to interdict; and young Catholics, in particular, are pursued by the tracts of certain societies in which the misrepresentation of our belief is made a cloak to cover obscene and morbid suggestions. We must therefore, shoulder our own responsibilities. We must champion our own interests. We ourselves must defend the lambs of the flock. No deputy is at our service.

USE OF THE MISSAL AT MASS

BISHOP OF SALFORD URGE A MORE WIDE-SPREAD USE OF THE MISSAL AT MASS ON THE PART OF THE LAITY

I wonder how many of my readers are in the habit of using a Missal when they hear Holy Mass? asked the Right Reverend Bishop of Salford, England, in his "Message" to the "Catholic Federationist" for January.

I venture to say that every Catholic of average intelligence and ordinary good Catholic education ought to be able to use a Missal and to do so. It is to be feared that the vast bulk of even devout and well-educated Catholics, occupy the time of Mass with all sorts of prayers and especially the rosary—all excellent in themselves—never think for a moment of the prayers said by the priest at the altar; nay, in most cases have no idea what Mass is being said, what saint commemorated (except in rare cases), or why the priest's vestments are white, red or green.

Some good people meticulously fill up every moment of Mass time by long strings of admirable indulgenced prayers, having no reference whatever to the Mass of the day, and which they would feel it very wrong to omit; but they have not a moment to spare for either the proper or the ordinary of the Mass which is being celebrated before them. This is not being able to see the wood for the trees.

Yet such good folks know as well as you or I that the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is not merely a quiet half-hour in which to "get in" one's daily prayers. It is an act which we ought to follow with the most careful attention and to participate in. The faithful attending Mass are true co-partners in its offering. The priest at the *Orates fratres* proclaims that it is "my sacrifice and yours." Now, there is no better way of participating in the great sacrifice than by following step by step with the priest, joining with him in the very words he utters—readings from the Epistles or Gospels: verses from the Psalms; prayers either connected with the feast of the day, or with the "ordinary," that is the unchanging portions of the Mass. Then those, no more beautiful and touching devotions can be found. To use them thus is surely pre-eminently to think and feel and pray with the Church, whose voice they are. And to do so, we must use the Missal.

Nowadays this is quite easy. Of course there has always been ac-

cessible editions of the Missal in the vernacular, which the ordinary lay person with a little practice can use. But now you can get a Missal containing both the Latin and the English side by side; so that one who has quite a moderate knowledge of Latin can most easily follow what the priest is saying or singing at the altar.

The objection will be made that it is difficult to find one's way about a Missal, that it is confusing and distracting. I admit that there is some truth in this, at least for beginners. But a little practice will overcome this difficulty. One needs to learn how to use, not only the Missal itself, but also the Calendar for the current year. And this leads me to my practical suggestion, viz., that the elder students in our colleges, training colleges, and convent schools might well be taught how to use a Missal and encouraged to use it at every Mass they attend. It would be a precious acquisition for life. And I can assure my readers that, once the habit is formed of following the Holy Sacrifice with a Missal uniting with the priest in the very words of the Mass, and therefore with the sentiments and prayers of the church herself, the Mass acquires quite a new and special significance, attendance at it becomes far more delightful and consoling; so that a person who has learned to use the Missal will never give it up, even to gain time for his more favourite devotions. Try, and see for yourselves.

THE GREATEST OF WEAPONS

The printing press is indispensable to every cause which aspires to intellectual, social or political power, says Bishop Keating of Northampton England in a recent Pastoral letter. It is a weapon which outrages every other. For good or for evil, its reach is almost boundless. Even the Church cannot afford to disregard it.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length on the calamity which every responsible body is deploring, namely, the appalling growth of irreligious and immoral literature. The enemies of God are wonderfully well served. They seem to be able to command unlimited circulation, as well as an unending supply of talent in the production of their publications. They are debtors to the just and the unjust. They find readers, not only amongst the corrupt, but among the young, light minded, the curious, and the hitherto innocent. The reason is obvious. Children will play with fire if they get the chance, and a base craving for the knowledge of evil is a relic of original sin. In Catholic countries the ravages of evil literature are checked by the laws of the Index, that is, by legislation prohibiting the use and circulation of bad books. The difficulty of enforcing such laws where Catholics are a mere fraction of the population throws all the great responsibility on priests, parents and teachers. Occasionally, when the scandal has reached intolerable dimensions, the civil law steps in. But State intervention is necessary only to extreme cases.

EVIL LITERATURE

GOOD BOOKS

But merely prohibitive measures, however faithfully applied, will not protect our young people from evil literature unless good literature is placed within their reach. The taste for reading is growing more general. The wish "to know" is not, in itself an unlawful or undesirable appetite. If so many young men read nothing but sporting novels, and so many young women nothing but novelettes or worse, the reason is that little else is to be found in their homes. The blame for this misfortune does not lie with our authors or publishers. Years ago it might have been pleaded that Catholic literature was scarce and dear. That excuse is gone. Catholic newspapers and magazines are as cheap as any. Catholic books are brought out by non-Catholic as well as Catholic publishers at the usual trade prices. For the benefit of our poor, the Catholic Truth Society and similar associations are actually able to undersell the market owing to the generous and gratuitous services of their writers and others concerned in their publications. Thus, for many years past, there has been a continual and copious outflow of cheap, varied, and excellent literature, which has excited the envy if not the admiration of outsiders. Every class of readers has been catered for. There are grave books for scholars, and pamphlets for the working man; tracts on religious questions, tracts on social questions; biographies of saints and biographies of Catholics eminent in secular life; refutations of anti-Catholic calumnies; exposures of anti-Catholic bigots; answers to all the usual objections drawn from history and science; prayer-books, books of instruction and devotion, and the Book of books, the inspired Word of God. Even the weary factory-hand has not been forgotten and, in place of the "penny-dreadful" is offered, for the same modest sum, stories by our most talented writers.

Why is this wealth of Catholic thought and feeling, this specific against the poison of the infidel and immoral press, "a buried treasure" for the bulk of those for whom it is intended? The answer is unquestionable. For want of adequate circulation. We are so accustomed to have everything brought to the door that we begrudge the infinitesimal pains requisite to obtain anything that is not "stocked" by the trade. In most places Catholic books and newspapers can be had with no more trouble than is involved in ordering them at a bookstore; yet how often is that modicum of trouble taken? Public libraries will usually subscribe for Catholic books for which there is any demand; yet how seldom do we take the trouble to make the necessary requisition! Our Catholic novelists alone would exercise a wholesome influence on the largest and most susceptible class of readers if only their work were "pushed" as assiduously as inferior and exceedingly mischievous productions. The Catholic Reading Guild has come into existence for the express purpose of meeting some of these difficulties, and to secure the circulation of Catholic literature so far as that end can be reached by organization. But the active co-operation of priests and people is essential to success. Every priest, especially, should be in touch with the Guild and eager to utilize all the help it is able to afford.



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CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS

Every Catholic family ought to subscribe regularly to a Catholic newspaper. Our Holy Father the Pope, and the Bishops at home and abroad, have repeatedly urged this duty. Reasons are not far to seek. The religious newspaper is necessary if only to correct the innocent errors of the secular press. Unfamiliarity with our beliefs and practices, and astounding ignorance of our history and policy, account for many crude misstatements, which sometimes cause pain and annoyance, and sometimes no more than a smile. But from time to time we become acutely conscious of some malignant influence working to place the Church in an odious light before the public and to provoke a quarrel. The Ferrer incident and the artificial agitation regarding the No Tempere decree are cases in point. Such situations brook no delay. Only journalism, the modern quick-firing weapon, is able to deal with them. The marshalled battalions of willful and calculated lying must be shelled out of position before they have time to entrench themselves, and our rank and file reassured before panic has set in. To be late, at such a crisis, is to be useless.

Further, but by no means secondary, object of religious journalism is to create and foster our sense of solidarity. A Catholic cannot thrive in isolation. You will recall the familiar phrase of St. Paul (1 Cor., xii, 25). He will tolerate "no schism in the body," but will have all the members "mutually careful one for another." If one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it.

The vocation of a Catholic journalist is to work for this union of hearts. By his faithful and conscientious labors, the working man in the back streets of our cities, the family stranded in a country village, the recent convert shy and lonely amid unaccustomed surroundings, are enabled to feel their fellowship with the teeming millions of their brethren, and are gladdened and exalted by the splendid reality of Catholicism. Week by week they are made more and more familiar with the personages of the Catholic world; they are taught more and more clearly the trend of Catholic thought; they learn how to discern the kinship between certain movements at home, and the anti-religious conspiracies abroad; reports of sermons and speeches keep them in touch with the intellectual, and parochial news with the practical life about them; their sympathy is enlisted in charitable enterprises; their zeal is kindled for the conversion of the heathen as well as of our separated brethren; they are touched with compassion for those who are enduring persecution; their enthusiasm is evoked by the countless needs of heroism, small and great, which constitute the perennial chronicle of the church.

And the Catholic public has equal reason to value and support Catholic journalism. Ten minutes' conversation is usually enough to discover a man's habits. The regular reader of the Catholic Press is alert, well-informed, and is deadly earnest about his religion. The man who confines his reading to the manipulated Catholic Press may be a practising Catholic, but will be likely to find himself out of sympathy with public movements which express the living interests of the Church; even if his attitude is not cold, critical and peevish towards his ecclesiastical leaders, and his opinions a feeble and confused echo of class and racial prejudice.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE WORSHIP OF THE MADONNA

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic Faith which are opened to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation. But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character.

There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden: "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name."—Ruskin.

THE MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC PAPER

It is the mission of the Catholic paper, says Archbishop Christie, to offset the dangerous literature of the day by supplying Catholics with wholesome reading. We wish our growing children who will be the mothers and fathers of the country a few years hence to find their pleasure and instruction in literary occupation which will enforce those lessons of faith and duty which their Church is at such pains to teach them. We wish them to be strengthened in their

faith, rooted more deeply in its principles, competent to expound their religion to the interested inquirer, and if need be, defend it worthily against adversary. There is always much misrepresentation of Catholic teaching and Catholic purposes; some of it notwithstanding an admirable disposition on the part of many of our leading dailies to be high-minded and impartial. It is the office of the Catholic editor to expose the mistakes of an erring press and make the truth stand forth. A Catholic paper makes useful knowledge accessible. For a small price, it gives us an abundance of interesting news, puts us in touch with the endeavors of the Church throughout her worldwide field of labor. Thus it fosters that spirit of fraternal union and co-operation whence comes the power to achieve great things for God and country.

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THE LUTHER HOLIDAY

Wonders will never cease. The daily papers inform us that a few days ago the Lutherans in convention in New York City "decided to urge all State Legislatures to make Oct. 31, 1917, the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, a legal holiday."

When we read this statement we could hardly believe our eyes. We still are of opinion there is a mistake somewhere, or it may be some trifler is making merry at the expense of the Lutherans.

On what ground except purely religious ones could such legislation be proposed? Of course, Martin Luther is the great champion of Protestantism.

He defied the Pope, broke with the historic Church of fifteen hundred years, established a new religion, and laid the foundation of a revolt which cut Christendom in twain and which has been the mother of a prolific off-spring represented by the clashing and conflicting sects of today.

With all due allowance for the customs of the times, it is difficult to understand how a religious reformer could permit himself to refer to the relations of the sexes in the fashion in which Luther referred to them in his sermons and private letters.

For obvious reasons citations cannot be given. His Table Talk is of the filthiest kind, unrelieved by even a spark of humor.



the limitations of the Constitution which respect for the religious views of others impose, and are well content to honor their champions after the manner prescribed by their Church.

DIocese of Hamilton

SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. DR. BRADY

Very Rev. Dean R. E. M. Brady, rector of St. Basil's Church, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination as a priest, in the church on Tuesday, special services being held.

In addition the school children of St. Basil's Separate School held a concert, in which they assisted in rendering a program of recitations and dialogues and sang a greeting and choruses.

After the rendering of "Vivat Pastor Bonus," by the choir, which was under the efficient leadership of Miss M. E. Nolan, Father Clohey announced that a telephone message of congratulatory nature had been received from His Lordship Bishop Dowling.

Dean Brady then made his response. "I thank you. I am grateful for your kindness and your generosity," he said.

These men will set apart a day to honor Martin Luther, why may not Catholics on their side request the State Legislatures to mark with similar recognition the 31st of July, the date of the canonization of Luther's doctory antagonist in the lists, the soldier-saint, Ignatius of Loyola, and with much better reason.

It is my predecessor, who was here for so long, and his predecessor before him, who are deserving of this, but as in many cases, the one who deserves the reward do not get it.

"A SOLITARY WAY"

There is a mystery in human hearts, And though we be encircled by a host Of those who love us well, and are beloved,

There comes a sense of utter loneliness. Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy, And cannot realize our bitterness.

It is because the Lord desires our love, In every heart He wishes to be first, He therefore keeps the secret key himself,

DARKNESS IN LIGHT

The want of real intelligence in the expensively "educated" men and women of this country has been for some time past exciting the anxious concern of the upholders of "the little red school house."

Andrew Fleming West, dean of the graduate school at Princeton University, commenting upon this evident fact, puts forward one of the best explanations of the situation that has so far come from the non-Catholic side of the question.

Summarized, it may be condensed as follows: Education should develop intelligence, else it is a failure.

This is ascribed to several deficiencies in the educational system of America, notably too much attention to the machinery of education, with a consequent neglect of the thing itself.

However, there is, as every Catholic knows, a deeper reason back of this lack of intelligence among the "educated" men of the country.

The whole article is simply delicious to a Catholic educator. It is the plain admission of what he has been contending for during the last twenty years.

Denial of God brings darkness as surely as the advancing storm cloud, for God is the light of the soul.

Bladder and Kidney Troubles

Are caused by poisoning impurities which clog the kidneys; intense pain is the result, and sleepless nights follow.

SANOL, the Kidney Cure, is the only reliable remedy which has a combined effect of acting on the kidneys, and restoring them to their natural condition.

them, but they cannot see it because of the darkness in their hearts. Remove that darkness, learn the truth as set forth by His revelation

THE NAME IS NOT THE THING

The ignorance of non-Catholic writers for the daily press as to things Catholic is hardly to be wondered at when we find a Methodist clergyman (Rev. J. B. Hemminger, Wolfville, N. S.) thus frankly confessing: "I studied theology and passed my examination for the Methodist Church, and knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, or whether there was any, during that period."

ULSTER

After its recent sensations of disgust and contempt, English public opinion would have little mercy for any Irish faction which tried to use "militancy" as a means of enforcing the government of Ireland as a quarter of its population wish and as three-quarters of it do not wish, against the will not only of the United Kingdom but of the whole self-governing Empire.

DIED

KENNEDY.—In Lakeside, Ont., on Sunday, May 25, 1913, Mr. Patrick Kennedy, aged sixty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace!

MARRIAGE

BROCKMAN-EGAN.—At St. Paul's Church, Toronto, by the very Dean Hand, on Monday, June 2nd, Mr. Frank Brockman to Miss Annie Egan.

They Cost Less

and Last Longer

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO., Limited

"A Fresh Water Sea Voyage"

to S. S. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth.

"Among the 30,000 Islands" Effective June 16th—Daily Service, Sunday excepted, between Parry Sound, Penetang and way ports.

their respective countries, under the name of a Church. Whoever wrote this was entirely at sea as far as Henry VIII, was concerned.

ONE CAUSE

Father Herbert Vaughan considers the sudden emancipation of the boy and girl from home and school influences as one of the great contributing factors to the leaking in church attendance.

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st May, 1913, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, June 2nd, 1913.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Home Bank of Canada will be held at the Head Office, 8 King St. West, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

BY-LAW TO INCREASE CAPITAL

It is the intention at the above Meeting to submit for the consideration and approval of the Shareholders a By-law to authorize the increase of the Capital Stock of the Bank to \$5,000,000.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

The twenty-third annual Kingston Pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupre, under the patronage of His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, starts on Tuesday, July 22nd.

TEACHERS WANTED

AN EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for U. S. S. No. 3, McKillop & Hibbert. Duties to commence after summer holidays.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER WOULD like to obtain a position as housekeeper with a priest. Has been with a priest for many years.

INFORMATION WANTED

MR. THOMAS NELSON OF BRISBANE street, Liverpool, a steward on S. S. Victorian coming to Montreal, seeks information of his niece, Mrs. J. O'Neil, age about eighteen, who left England four years ago, and is supposed to have gone to Ontario, from N. W. House, near London, Eng.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

LADIES' BUSINESS COLLEGE, CATHOLIC Bond street, Toronto—Day and evening courses free.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES ARE WANTED for a number of little boys one to seven years. These children are wards of Children's Aid Societies and are available for adoption.

St. John's, Newfoundland

324 WATER ST. John T. Kelly

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In every city and town in Western Ontario. Experience preferred, but not necessary.

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MARRIAGE LAWS

A Brief Explanation of the Decree "Ne Temere" It embodies all the Decisions of the Sacred Congregations up to December, 1912, besides giving a clear and definite commentary on each Article of the New Laws on Engagement and Marriage.

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