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THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

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CHAPTER XLIII THE AMARELE VALLEY

The tumult of emotions that swept the soul of Dion Wechelyer, the Basco, the successful miner and rancher, on discovering his brother under such novel and unexpected circumstances, is indescribable. Delight at meeting him again, for the brothers loved each other; pain at seeing him so emaciated and wasted, and with such little hope of recovery; wonder and admiration at the bravery of the young girl who had sacrificed herself so nobly; and just an incipient pang of pleasure that she was not Jack's wife, were the chief thoughts and feelings that swayed his mind during these days, which he spent there, plotting and speculating for their and his own future.

The recognition between the brothers was most affecting. When Annie O'Farrell had told Dion all that was to be told about his brother, even down to his dreaming, which was not dreaming, at all, but perfect consciousness of Dion's presence, they decided it was best that Jack should be told that his dream was a reality, and that his brother had come to seek an end to his suffering. Annie had prepared the way, she retired from the little hut where Jack's hammock swung easily, and Dion entered.

The poor, pale invalid looked up for a moment at the tall, athletic form that towered above him. Then, stretching forth his bony hand, he said, while his eyes filled with tears: "I knew it was you. I knew it could be none other than you."

For some moments the two brothers continued to gaze at one another, holding their hands clasped. Then, realizing the tremendous contrast between them—his own rotund and exultant health, and the sad wreck of the young life that lay beneath him—Dion suddenly dropped his brother's hand and went over to examine some little photographs or pictures that were pinned to the hammock where his dying brother lay. After a few observations, he said: "Miss O'Farrell has told me a good deal, Jack; but not all. You were in the same hospital?"

"Yes," said his brother. "We were in the same hospital. But she seldom spoke, beyond the mere morning or evening salute. But she was watching over me like a sister, and I didn't know it. I say, Dion, do you know anything about women?"

"Not much," said Dion. "I've seen few here but a few native girls, and they seem to be only one degree below, and yet in another sense far above the civilization."

"Yes! That's what I've been thinking. But I have seen a good many, and the strange thing is, they don't know the art of power they have for right or wrong."

"He ceased a moment; and Dion did not stop the moralizing, although he wanted to get on his feet. "But what I'm coming to is this," said Jack, as if communing with himself. "You meet a hundred of them and they're all alike, out according to the same pattern, dressed out and groomed in a mode. Then, one day, you meet another, and you say to yourself, 'That's not a woman. That's something more. God thought a good deal before he made her.'"

"He paused for a moment. And then, as if recalling something, he said: "You must call her Miss O'Farrell any more, Dion. You must call her Annie. She's our sister."

"She might be offended," said Dion dubiously. "It isn't usual, you know."

"Never fear," said Jack confidently. "But call her Annie—nothing else on your mind! Well, I was saying, she was watching me, and I didn't know it. Lord bless you, Di, we know nothing. But one day she cut me dead in one of the corridors of the hospital, and a few days' agony, I asked explanations. Afraid? I was more afraid of her than Almighty God, or even old Stamburgh himself. Well, I got the explanation. There was no emporage there; the streets and was carried to the hospital. Some day before I die, I'll tell you what occasioned the hemorrhage, but not now."

"Jack, you are not going to die," said his brother passionately. "You mustn't die. God won't take you away now when I have found you and can give you all you want in this world. Dion, you will come away with me from this infernal hole, and I'll put you in that climate and place where, if you never had a lung, you'd grow one. Chuse you, old man! There are many happy days before us yet!"

"But Jack shook his head. "It was a forlorn hope," he said; "a forlorn hope—my coming out here. I know too much. But it was some gain with my own lungs to get here, if only to breathe a little. But I cannot last long, and I'm not sorry for it."

"I've told Annie where I'm to be buried—high up there on the summit, where the sun will strike first in the morning, and rest his last beams at night."

"No, no, no, no," said Dion; "you and Annie must come away with me. It is not far—only a couple of hundred miles, and we'll do it by easy stages. You don't like the train, I can manage to get you taken along by the coaches, as that there'll be no jolting, and we can rest where we please. I'll talk to Miss O'Farrell about it, if you let me. And you'd die just yet, Jack, old man! And if you were to die in a few years or so, I want to put you where I can see your grave and remember you."

"That's not of much consequence, Di," said the sick boy. "You are not going to remain here and give up Rohira and all the old associations. Ned has Rohira. It is his by every right."

"Ned won't trouble Rohira," said Jack. "Some day, when I'm better, I'll let you all. But when I'm gone—well, let us say to heaven—you and Annie will

go back to Ireland and make everything square for poor Pap, before he dies."

And somehow Dion did not seem to think the project undesirable. After some hesitation and doubts as to whether the invalid could bear a long journey inland, they at last decided to go. And as Jack was impatient and irritable, he thought it better to go by rail, instead of being jolted through the bush on the backs of black coolies. It meant two days' weary travelling to slow trains under burning suns and with the fine dust of the tropics filling every eye, but the crevice of the carriage. But, thanks to the assiduity and skill of his companion, the poor, broken life still held on until it was established in the handsome bungalow on a slope of the Amarele Valley, where Dion had fixed what he thought was his permanent home.

Everything that wealth, utilized by brotherly love, could do to contribute to the comfort of the patient and his nurse, was now done, for Dion seemed to rule here as a little prince, who commanded the allegiance of such ladies as we have out here, and they had a shot a native as they'd shoot a dog. But the poor fellow had almost the equivalent of diamonds in ostrich feathers and plumes, plucked scoundrels from the living animal. These are of great value, as the Cape merchants know. And sometimes the natives brought in pieces of ivory, red as yonder sunset, for which the honest traders would fight like catamounts."

"Well, somewhat," Dion continued after a pause, "I had pity on the poor fellow, seeing them so outrageously swindled; and by degrees I got them to understand that these feathers were worth ten times, twenty times, a hundred times the value the traders set on them. They were slow to understand; but, when they understood, they held on like grim death. And the poor devils were touchingly grateful. They wanted to be clearly understood, and they promised me fifty waxes and a trout full of ostrich plumes. They promised me everything, I say, Jack!"

"Well," said Jack, who was deeply interested, "you may say what you like about civilization and all that. But, by Jove, if ever there is to be a valley of Jehoshaphat, I'll take my chance with the black nigger and not with the white robber and plunderer."

"Well," he continued, "you know all this couldn't go on. The bosses were getting suspicious, although they still had cent. per cent. for their money. And I was beginning to think of looking out for another place, or making tracks for home, when one day I was caught in the desert by a party of the Bushman's kral. I was only in when down came deluge number two, to which old Noah's deluge was but a sprinkling from a water-pot. I heard a voice, and I heard him say: 'This is a prime favorite, with I gave them little bits of glass jewelry and little bits and such like childish things, and I heard them say: 'This is the Basco.'"

"They were shy and frightened, poor devils, but I could see how glad they were to see me. And, after a time, they renewed their offer; and then, to tempt me further, they volunteered to show me some of their ostrich farms and where they found their ivory. I did not understand the matter, and I wondered. Of course, everything was primitive and savage; but, by Jove, if the white man could put his hungry eyes on what I saw, he would be a millionaire. I refused, however. I went home next day, for the distance was great, to find a curt dismissal before me for being absent from duty. I wasn't sorry. I went back to the creation of one another."

Dion stopped, as if thinking. Then, he resumed: "I'm not, Dion; but, that's the real reason. I acted with a strict honor with these poor devils. I suppose, like all men, I have that devil's nigger of money in my heart; but, if I were going to judgment now, I do not hold a fraction dishonestly or unlawfully obtained. I showed these poor fellows the strict money value of their goods; I made them realize on a newer system their ostrich-razors; I made them fore up in secret places their treasures of ivory; and—I showed them, but they were mighty slow to believe it, that the bits of glass from the white devils got into their hearts; and Dion, said Jack enthusiastically, "you were always a brick."

"Did I lose?" continued Dion. "Nata! I want to be the ape, negro, tattered with other feather merchants, feeling my way cautiously. I put these poor devils on a good market; and they repaid me nobly. And then—the white devils got into their hearts; and now, they are becoming more white men, cunning, avaricious, treacherous, under the yellow curse. But they are loyal to me! In a radius of two hundred miles from here I am master. I command their loyalty and their services. They would cheat and murder any other white man, if they were provided by revenge or avarice. They would die for me. But I am not a rich man, thank God! I have this farm and these pretty things, which are valuable; and one thing more, which I shall show you."

"He went away; and, in the meantime, Annie came in to do some little service. "I'm awfully sorry you weren't here," said Jack, "to hear the history of Dion's adventures. I must get him to tell you all again."

"He appears to be a little king around here," said Annie. "The moment the natives understood you were his brother, they wanted to bestride us with kindness."

"Weren't you lucky, Annie?" he cried, his eyes glowing with pleasure. "I could see what a towering figure he was, and how he was looking at me. Dion was here in a moment; and he'll be delighted."

Dion was delighted. He came back with a small box, which he opened, and which he opened. Annie moved away. "Come here, Annie," he said. "We have no secrets from you."

"He held up the box, and took out a large diamond. It was a bluish-white

stone, the two colors blending and alternating as if the light of them was a liquid. Jack took it to examine. "I would be afraid to tell you what it would be worth, when cut by a lapidary. But Jack, unless you are a connoisseur by one of the chiefs for some scepter which I thought trifling, but which he thought important. I objected to the stone, it was pathetic to see the old chief shaking his head, as he said in his own dialect: 'It is no use to me. I shall soon be with my fathers, it is to my tribe. The white man has come to stay. All will be his. Take it, while it is in my power to give. Some day, it will be worth a fortune, and let it be his wedding portion.'"

Jack was turning it over in his thin frail hands, and holding it against the light. At Dion's last words he became very thoughtful, and posited the stone in his fingers. "Dion!" he said, at length. "Well, Jack," said his brother, "what is nobly obtained, may be nobly bestowed."

"Certainly!" said Dion, astonished at his brother's solemnity. "Annie's wedding portion," said the boy. "If Annie will accept it as such," said Dion, looking at her questioningly. "And the tears welled into her eyes; but she did not say Nay!"

CHAPTER XLIV A FAREWELL SERMON

When the old pastor turned back to his dining-room, after expelling forcibly the unfortunate man, who had intruded on his privacy to look at him, it may be said that the door closed on the unhappy being on the planet. Full of disgust, self-abuse, mortification, he thrust himself into his arm-chair, and yielded himself tamely to the torrent of unbridled passion, or that third of sorrow and shame of his niece's defection, of the estrangement of his parishioners, of his blindness and future desolation. But he cried out in the bitterness of his soul: "I could have borne all, all; and conquered all. But to have locked my hand, my consecrated hand in the neck—oh! the old pastor turned back to his dining-room, after expelling forcibly the unfortunate man, who had intruded on his privacy to look at him, it may be said that the door closed on the unhappy being on the planet. 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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apollonia Delegation, Ottawa, June 17th, 1905.

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know at all or know so slightly that the ministers rush in where angels fear to tread. When Luther, to please the powers of the day, insisted that matrimony should be taken away from the ecclesiastical authorities he inserted the wedge which now is dividing countless families and threatening ruin to nations. Henry VIII. did not, even when he made himself head of the English, propose a divorce bill. He had his own way of getting rid of his wives. He at any rate got rid of them. How far will people go in divorce? It looks very much as if dissolution at will is to come. We hope that so far as Canada is concerned it will never be. Once admitted the evil of divorce it is a matter of time until the worst features are brought into prominence. Catholicism is on record—so that its leaves may raise the whole mass and save society from the devastation with which divorce threatens it.

THE JESUITS AND IRISH EDUCATION

Amongst the many unrelieved, uncalculated statements or mis-statements made by Archdeacon Armitage in his communication to us was a quotation blaming the Jesuits for the inferior education in Ireland. There is not, when we come to sum it up, much difference between an ingenious character and an ingenious one. To which class the Archdeacon belongs we cannot say. He must be very ingenious if he can prove that the Jesuits had any influence in this matter of Irish education; and he is still more ingenious if he expects us to accept his arguments. Whatever is lacking in the education of our people at home, either now or hitherto, is to be laid at the door not of the Jesuit but the Jesuit-baiters. We cannot be blind to the fact that, notwithstanding the love of learning which has always marked the Irish people, it is only the other day that the higher education of Catholic Ireland was systematized by the establishment of a Catholic University. The Jesuits had no chance to make or unmake learning in Ireland. When they might have opened colleges Catholic education was forbidden by the persecuting laws of Protestant England. It is very easy to charge people with anything. It is more difficult to prove the charges. Whatever education the Irish received they had to seek it in secret or in foreign lands. When emancipation was passed the Jesuits were not numerous enough to open colleges nor were the Irish rich enough to have them. Even at the present day the Jesuits have not half a dozen colleges in all Ireland, so that they cannot exercise a controlling influence over education. The Archdeacon cannot forget that when a country is drained of its best population and impoverished as Ireland has been by absentee landlordism education is sure to suffer. Nor must he be unmindful that nearly every avenue to worldly advancement has been closed in Ireland to her Catholic sons. At the door of England lies the gulf of holding enchained the intelligence, the energy and the prosperity of her Sister Isle.

THE WORKING OF THE LAW OF SEPARATION

One of the most serious and practical dangers to religion in France is the way in which churches are deliberately allowed to fall into decay. By the law of separation the cathedrals and churches are declared the property of the State, the departments or the communes. Some of the buildings, either on account of their historical associations or their artistic value are under the special protection of the government which provides for their due preservation. The vast majority of the churches, which up and down the country dot hill and vale, are without any such guardianship. Hallowed they may be with the simple piety of countless generations, it matters not. No provision has been made for their separation. Before the separation there were funds managed by the fabriques whose duty it was to keep the churches safe and fitting. Both fabriques and funds have disappeared. No one is responsible. The Catholic congregations, even though using the churches, have no power; and the new owners, the municipalities, have no interest. Such a state, however disgraceful it may be to the French lawmakers, is disastrous to religion. By the omission, whether deliberate or not, the lights of heaven are going to be extinguished. Churches suffer. The owners find a way of ridding themselves of their unwilling brethren and of striking a blow at religion by closing or demolishing the buildings on the plea of public safety. Whether this omission was deliberate or not it is most deplorable. It certainly appears to have been done with malice prepense, for provision was made for some of the churches. Why were the great majority abandoned? One of the deputies brought the matter lately before the Chamber. The municipalities, according to him, divide themselves into three classes. Some, without any reasonable excuse, refuse to expend anything upon the churches which have become their property. Others are unwilling to co-operate with Catholics who are willing to bear part of the expense. The third class are those who will neither do the work themselves nor allow Catholics to do it. This last, the worst of the three, presents throughout the country many flagrant cases of hardship. In one place where some parish priests offered to be responsible for the necessary repairs permission was refused. In a town where the Mayor wished to revenge himself upon the curé for an action at law which the latter had brought against him the Mayor refused to make a small reparation to a side entrance, and shut up that part of the church. In some cases Catholics were obliged to pay a premium. Thus the repairs of one church were estimated at six thousand three hundred francs. For this the Catholics of the parish offered to become responsible. They were told that they could only be allowed to do so on payment of a premium of five thousand francs. As they could only raise two thousand francs as premium in addition to the cost of repairs their offer was rejected and the church was closed. These are not isolated cases. Their number is indefinite and continually increasing. As a result of this criminal negligence in not providing by law for the care and reparation of the small country churches the faith and religious practices of many generations are endangered. One of the Paris Journals, by no means partial to Catholics, commenting upon the facts narrated by the Deputy, claims that the government is inexcusable for not interfering. Another journal, the French Republic, openly tells the Radicals that they must give up the idea that "the exercise of worship is to be a sort of reward to Catholics who are their obedient servants." All that Briand condescended to promise was that with good will on the part of Catholics even the village churches might be saved. The future is more fraught with fear than laden with hope by the assurance of Briand that the administrative would co-operate in the preservation of these churches.

EDUCATION IN UNITED STATES

From the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times we learn that several officials in the Public school system are beginning to acknowledge that there is a beam in the system's eye. The State Commissioner complains of too much confusion created by it. This is candid and richly deserved, for the system, if such it can be logically called, has from its start been considered as the modern tower of Babel. Our neighbors across the line were wedded to it. The little red school-house was their temple and the protective fort of republicanism. That it should ever develop confusion seemed to its devotees beyond possibility. Peace, order and freedom, to say nothing of learning, were to be the strength and ornament of the generations of the young pupils who had sat upon the school forms. Man proposes but God disposes. The framers of the United States' Public school system had let God out of the system. As a result there could be no shelter for those who would not shelter Him. Instead, therefore, of peace they have war; instead of order, disorder; and slavery in place of freedom. The State Commissioner did not define to what kind of confusion he referred. Others—men as prominent and as experienced—did not mince matters. The Chancellor of Syracuse University expressed the view that the system did not produce enough thinkers to suit him. That does not surprise us. Indeed we wonder how many thinkers have ever graduated from the higher institutions. Time is not given to the student nowadays to think. Nor are the minds of the ablest bent upon the subjects best thought to produce deep, careful thinkers. Thought does not feel at home in the crowded markets of men. It seeks quiet retreats. Education, bent down to earth, has no more lofty aim than to fit its students for this world. It is too utilitarian. Neither confusion nor the lack of thinkers is the most deplorable feature of Public school education. The worst is to come. It is the frank admission of the low morality due to this system. Dr. Thomas Wood, a Professor of Columbia University, quoted at Buffalo an educator of Chicago as asserting that "immorality is rampant among boys and girls in the public schools of that city and the country, and that unless steps were taken to correct it a scandal was imminent from coast to coast." This complaint is not, as the Union and Times shows, the first severe criticism against the system upon the charge of immorality. Evidence has been in court for over thirty years. In December, 1880, Richard Grant White, a man distinguished for his learning and ability, pronounced the system a failure. Nothing came of his critique. Nothing will come of the present condemnation. A people who are not scandalized at the rapidly increasing number of divorces in their midst will not easily be shocked at the rowdiness and immorality of school children. A nation set in the idea that Church and State are absolutely exclusive and independent of each other has but one result to expect—all the more so because the State does not keep its place. In education it separates religion from school life, and by co-education fosters immorality. Blind to its own faults the democracy of the United States will not listen to its most thoughtful advisers or accept in good spirit the condemnation which its public school system has too long deserved. Self-righteousness is a bad fault in an individual and much more dangerous in a community; Education as a consequence suffers for an unwillingness to see the faults and failures of a system which leaves God out of the programme and suffers the young to grow up without forming their heart or shielding their morals.

ful war on the Drink Demon; they have given our people a convenient meeting place where they can spend many an idle hour in innocent amusement. But in many instances they have rested satisfied in substituting for the saloon palatial club-rooms where young and old congregate to play pool. This is not rising to the occasion; neither is it taking full advantage of their opportunities. A Catholic club, with men, money, and good quarters, should be an educational force in our midst. It should help to equip its members for the battle of life. It should send them forth armed for the conflict. It should train its members that they will be able to take an intelligent interest in questions that affect our social and political well-being. Then and only then will our people be in a position to take their rightful place in our civic life. The great work of the future will be accomplished through the press and by means of organized endeavor. And if the Church is to save society in the future as she has done in the past—if she is to draw the social order back from the abyss to which it is lurching, it is the educated Catholic layman who will do it. It matters not that our Societies number so many hundred and thousand members. It matters very much that the hundreds and thousands are doing. We must meet the enemy with his own weapons. To defeat him we must need look to our equipment, because he is an adept in the science of warfare. We hear a great deal about Protestant bigotry, but considerably less about our indifference. We are members of the Church militant—very accident, for goodness knows there is very little fight in us. If we have been so often in the position of the under dog it is not because our opponents were superior to us intellectually or numerically; it is rather due to our own culpable negligence, and very often our petty jealousy against "one of ourselves." Here, then, there is a great field before our Catholic Societies, and if heretofore we seem to have believed that Catholicity, like charity, covered a multitude of defects, let us now learn to remember that without any weakening of our regard for the moral virtues, we might cultivate a little more assiduously the social and intellectual graces.

THE PRACTICAL CATHOLIC

This is the title of a new book translated from the Spanish. It is an every day title, yet a good one; for it covers the practical controlled and directed energies of man it surely dominates the present generation. The title is more than good, for Catholicity is meaningless if not practical. An individual Catholic who is not practical, or who in plain language does not practise his religion, not only trifles with his own most serious interests but sets at naught those more important ones of his divine Master. A Catholicity which is not practical, which does not bring to bear the influence of eternity upon the duties and expediencies of temporary life, cannot be the living witness of eternal truth or the lever to raise the world to heaven. The book is more than the title. So far from being commonplace it is replete with heavenly wisdom which it presents in short pithy sentences. The plan is the same as that of the imitation of Christ with which it will in many respects favorably compare. The volume consists of three different books whose titles are taken from Scripture. Thus the First Book consists in "Turning from Evil." All the books are the voice of the great heavenly Teacher. How like Thomas a Kempis is this saying: "Cease, My son, to bewail the powerful influence of vice and the strength of the passions wherewith the wicked contend," or this other from the same chapter: "I taught a morality which restrained, a virtue which hid itself, a knowledge which humbled itself, a charity the happier the more it gave away, and the school of the cross transformed the world into a school of sacrifice and heroism." The Second Book concerns the doing of good, and the Third treats the seeking of peace. These subjects are not limited to the purely spiritual. We give a few examples: "Thou puttest the earthly and trifling before the eternal and divine, and thou desirest to be very Catholic. Thou desirest to be a Catholic in private for thine own sake, and I ask thee to be a Catholic in public for My sake. Son, if My Church be not free thou thyself wilt never enjoy liberty. He who worketh among the masses for My cause will save society and with it all classes of men." From these few extracts it may be seen how sublime and practical the volume is. We do not pretend to give by these selections anything like a complete idea of the book, whose matter is the length and breadth, the sweetness and force of Our Lord's wisdom and voice to every disciple. The work is from the pen of a Spanish Jesuit, Rev. Father Gabriel Palau, and comes to us with the strong approbation of the Holy Father. As the Supreme Pontiff expresses it, the book, although small in size, contains so much of the substance of practical religious life that it can be fitly indicated as a light and guide to Catholic practice. The English translation is made by Father G. C. H. Pollen, who, while reproducing carefully the thoughts of the author, approximates when possible to the words and style of Holy Scripture. We most cordially recommend The Practical Catholic as a rich treasure of profound religious lessons.

PROSPERE PROCEDE

The report, in a recent issue of the RECORD, of the formation of a Debating League composed of the Total Abstinence Societies of Central Ontario, makes pleasant reading. It is a sign of the times—a proof that our young men are beginning to realize their responsibility. The shaping of the destinies of this great Dominion is in the hands of its citizens, and since the fact that a man worships God after the Catholic fashion does not constitute him outside the pale of citizenship, it is only proper—indeed it is essential—that the men of our faith, who must necessarily take a large part in the making of our country, should be in a position so to acquaint themselves that they will be a credit to that faith and to the country under whose free institutions that faith thrives. This new debating league will help to so equip them. Playing pool never made a statesman, and it is to be feared that heretofore, in some instances at least, some whose duty it was to direct and foster our Catholic societies, did not sufficiently realize that fact. No one, and least of all the writer, will deny that our societies have done, and are doing, excellent work. They have made life pleasanter for many thousands; they have waged a successful

war on the Drink Demon; they have given our people a convenient meeting place where they can spend many an idle hour in innocent amusement. But in many instances they have rested satisfied in substituting for the saloon palatial club-rooms where young and old congregate to play pool. This is not rising to the occasion; neither is it taking full advantage of their opportunities. A Catholic club, with men, money, and good quarters, should be an educational force in our midst. It should help to equip its members for the battle of life. It should send them forth armed for the conflict. It should train its members that they will be able to take an intelligent interest in questions that affect our social and political well-being. Then and only then will our people be in a position to take their rightful place in our civic life. The great work of the future will be accomplished through the press and by means of organized endeavor. And if the Church is to save society in the future as she has done in the past—if she is to draw the social order back from the abyss to which it is lurching, it is the educated Catholic layman who will do it. It matters not that our Societies number so many hundred and thousand members. It matters very much that the hundreds and thousands are doing. We must meet the enemy with his own weapons. To defeat him we must need look to our equipment, because he is an adept in the science of warfare. We hear a great deal about Protestant bigotry, but considerably less about our indifference. We are members of the Church militant—very accident, for goodness knows there is very little fight in us. If we have been so often in the position of the under dog it is not because our opponents were superior to us intellectually or numerically; it is rather due to our own culpable negligence, and very often our petty jealousy against "one of ourselves." Here, then, there is a great field before our Catholic Societies, and if heretofore we seem to have believed that Catholicity, like charity, covered a multitude of defects, let us now learn to remember that without any weakening of our regard for the moral virtues, we might cultivate a little more assiduously the social and intellectual graces.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

DURING THE course of an address delivered at the opening of a new school at Aberdare, Glamorgan, Right Rev. Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, quoted exhaustively and with high commendation from the address of Mr. Justice Anglin, of the Canadian Supreme Court, delivered at Detroit last summer before the Catholic Educational Association, and since published under the auspices of that body. This address of Judge Anglin's has attracted much attention on both sides of the Atlantic and easily takes rank as the most concise and, within its limits, most exhaustive treatment of Catholic educational matters in Canada that has been given to the public. It is a source of much gratification to Canadian Catholics that one of their number should have so distinguished himself, not by his literary and judicial qualifications alone, but by his deep and abiding interest in all that concerns the welfare and progress of the Faith. A spirit such as his is generally worthy the emulation of laymen generally.

BLAU, WHICH OF ALL IRISH CITIES IS, IN THE PUBLIC MIND, FURTHEST REMOVED FROM THE NATIONAL INFLUENCE AT WORK IN THE EMERALD ISLE, ENJOYS THE DISTINCTION, NEVERTHELESS, OF POSSESSING A GAELIC COLLEGE, AND THROUGH THAT MEDIUM OF CONTRIBUTING IN NO TRIFLING DEGREE TO THE LANGUAGE REVIVAL MOVEMENT WHICH HAS MADE SUCH HEADWAY IN RECENT YEARS. THIS COLLEGE WAS ESTABLISHED FIVE YEARS AGO AND, ACCORDING TO AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT, HAS DONE A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF GOOD WORK. WE ARE REMINDED OF ITS EXISTENCE BY A VISIT RECENTLY MADE TO IT BY MOST REV. DR. TULLOH, BISHOP OF DOWN AND CONNOR, WHO, IN THE COURSE OF HIS VISIT, WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A LAYMAN WHO, IN ADDRESSING THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS SAID:

"There were several agencies engaged in the endeavour to bring back the old language, but he considered there was nothing more important than the teaching of the language in the schools. If all the teachers took the matter to heart and recognised that it was a duty, or at least something approaching a duty, that they themselves should acquire a knowledge of the language and convey it to the children under their charge, he had no hesitation in saying that though some of them might not live to see it, through the medium of that mighty body the language would be to a very large extent brought back to every corner of Ireland. Though many might say that the language movement was largely a matter of sentiment still when they had the practically unanimous opinion of those who knew the past history of the country united on this point, he thought it was safe for him to say the best thanks of future generations of Irishmen would be gratefully meted out to the present generation of teachers for laying the foundations and largely building up the great work of the restoration of the old language of this country.

There died recently in Montreal, at the age of eighty-one, Mother St. Maurice, of the Congregation de Notre Dame. She was a native of Toronto, and prior to her entrance to the religious life over sixty years ago, was Miss Mary Francis Liberta Collins. She is said to have been a kind woman of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and in her own person to have possessed that native dignity and refinement of character which so distinguished the Lord Chief Justice even among his peers. Mother St. Maurice spent forty-four years of her religious life in the Diocese of Antigonish—years of self-denying zeal and fruitful labor which fixed her memory strong in the affections of Nova Scotia Catholics. In her old age she was recalled to Montreal where her last years were spent in the Mother House of the Order and where the last summons came. The results attained under her administration in Nova Scotia, says a contemporary, show what an energetic woman, impelled by Divine grace, can accomplish.—R. I. P.

WE HAVE ALSO TO RECORD THE DEATH, IN PARIS, FRANCE, OF DR. GEORGE J. BULL, A FERVENT CATHOLIC PHYSICIAN AND SPECIALIST OF THE HIGHEST REPUTATION. DR. BULL WAS BORN AT HAMILTON, IN 1818, WAS EDUCATED THERE AND IN MONTREAL, PURSUED HIS MEDICAL STUDIES AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY AND GRADUATED IN 1839. HE PRACTISED IN MONTREAL FOR A TIME, THEN DROVE TO WORCESTER, MASS., AND HAVING TAKEN A COURSE IN OPHTHALMOLOGY, WAS, IN 1853, APPOINTED TO A PROFESSORSHIP IN THAT DEPARTMENT OF THE POST GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL OF NEW YORK. IN 1856 HE REMOVED TO PARIS AND BECAME ATTACHED TO THE OPHTHALMIC LABORATORY OF THE SORBONNE. FROM THAT DATE HIS REPUTATION GREW STEADILY UNTIL IN A FEW YEARS HIS SKILL AS AN EYE SPECIALIST BECAME GENERALLY RECOGNIZED AND HE MADE SEVERAL DISCOVERIES WHICH PLACED HIM IN THE FIRST RANK OF HIS PROFESSION. THE MORE ENORMOUS OF HIS PUBLISHED WRITINGS ON HIS CHOSEN SCIENCE—WRITINGS THAT ARE OF RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY—WOULD BE A SUFFICIENT TRIBUTE TO HIS LEARNING AND INDUSTRY. HIS NAME WILL BE ALWAYS HELD IN HONOR IN SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

BIT IT IS THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF DR. BULL'S CHARACTER THAT WILL MOST INTEREST CATHOLIC READERS. HE WAS NOT A CATHOLIC BY BIRTH, AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1859 THAT HIS MIND WAS TURNED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CHURCH. IN THE COURSE OF A CONVERSATION ON RELIGION IN THAT YEAR WITH ONE OF HIS PATIENTS, AN AMERICAN PROTESTANT LADY, SHE SUGGESTED TO HIM THE RECITATION OF THE PRAYER, "Come, O Holy Ghost." A little later, the reading of a chapter from one of St. Paul's Epistles at a Methodist meeting sent him to the study of the New Testament, where he found the divinity of Christ and the existence of a visible Church clearly proclaimed. The study of Butler's Catechism and Newman's sermons brought an answer to his enquiry as to where that Church was to be found, and in 1862 he was received into the Catholic Church by a Passionist Father, Avenue Hoche. Later, a visit to Lourdes deepened his faith in, and devotion to, the Mother of God. Dr. Bull's own story of his conversion appears in "Some Roads to Rome in America," edited by Miss Georgina Pell Curtis, and is an illuminating and touching account of the workings of Divine Providence in a human heart. He died on New Year's day, and his obsequies took place at the Madeleine, his parish church. R. I. P.

IN CONNECTION WITH MR. REDMOND'S disclaimer of intolerance on the part of the Catholics of Ireland, a speech of Captain Domelan, M. P., at Youghal, during the recent election, is being quoted. The context, he said, had also served another useful purpose, for it had completely exploded the recently revived cry of Catholic intolerance in Ireland. Very few Irish Protestants, he was happy to say, were bamboozled by that very ancient bogey; and English Protestants were now, as a rule, too well informed to be any longer frightened by it. Nevertheless, a case such as his would help to dispel any lingering doubt that some few Protestants might still have on the subject. As they were all aware, he stood there as an Irish Protestant, and as an Irish Protestant he had been hitherto invariably returned unopposed during the space of nearly twenty years to represent one of the most Catholic constituencies in Ireland. When a contest was forced upon him, who were the first to stand solidly at his back? The Catholic clergy of East Cork. It would be well, indeed, if Protestant Antrim would take a lesson from Catholic Cork in religious toleration. The catch cry of "No priests in politics" would always meet with the reception it deserved from the Irish people, and it

would, indeed, be an ill day for Ireland when the Irish priesthood should cease to exercise their rights as Irish citizens in the country of their birth. It would be difficult to imagine a more conclusive testimony than this to the uniformly generous treatment that has always been accorded in Ireland to non-Catholics. It would be an agreeable retrospect could as much be said of the Protestants of the North. But Catholics seek peace, not reprisals. The Christian Guardian, on the authority of a Belfast minister, would have it otherwise. But facts are stubborn things, and no plea of hardship, due to a marriage that in the eyes of Catholics was no marriage, can nullify the verdict of history.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ANNOUNCES ON BEHALF OF HIS COMPANION, THE WESTMINSTER, THAT BEGINNING WITH THE MARCH ISSUE READERS OF THE LATTER WILL BE REGALD WITH "A STORY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST" BY JOSEPH HOCKING, ENTITLED "THE JESUIT." EVERY SUBSCRIBER TO THE PRESBYTERIAN IS URGED, PRESUMABLY ON THIS ACCOUNT, TO TAKE THE WESTMINSTER ALSO. THIS IS ANOTHER LITTLE SIDE-LIGHT ON PRESBYTERIAN ETHICS, AT LEAST ON THAT DEPARTMENT REPRESENTED IN THE JOURNALISTIC FIELD. THOSE WHO HAVE ANY COGNIZANCE OF JOSEPH HOCKING'S PREVIOUS ESCURSIONS INTO THE REALM OF FICTION WILL NOT NEED TO BE REMINDED OF HIS SHOCKING DEPRAVITY. THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN OF BABYLON" CANNOT BE SAID TO HAVE ANY MORAL SENSE, HIS INCREDIBLE SILLINESS ALONE SAVES IT FROM BEING A CRIME. YET ITS MATE, "THE JESUIT" IS CONSIDERED GOOD ENOUGH FOR GENERAL DIFFUSION IN PRESBYTERIAN FAMILIES THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE DENOMINATIONAL MONTHLY.

AN HEROIC EFFORT IS BEING MADE TO DESTROY THE OPIUM HABIT AMONG THE CHINESE. AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY RECENTLY REPRODUCED A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A COMMUNITY IN CHINA MAKING A BONFIRE OF THEIR OPIUM PIPES ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE, SOMEWHAT AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GREAT BONAFOUNT OF VANITIES WHICH FRA SYMONAROLLA CAUSED TO BE LIGHTED IN FLORENCE SOME CENTURIES AGO. IN ONE CASE, IT IS TRUE, SAID FOR PROGRESS IS THE INSPIRING MOTIVE, WHILE IN THE OTHER IT WAS ZEAL FOR THE HONOR OF GOD. BUT THE EFFORT IN CHINA IS NOT THE LESS COMMENDABLE, AND THOSE WHO PARTICIPATED IN IT HAVE THE TRUE INTERESTS OF THEIR COUNTRY AT HEART. IT IS GRATIFYING TO KNOW THAT THE MOVEMENT IS EXTENDING AND THAT IN SOME PROVINCES OPIUM IS NOW UNDER THE BAN. BUT IN THE WAKE OF THE MOVEMENT, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TOBACCO FIRMS ARE MAKING GIANTIC EFFORTS TO INTRODUCE THE OPIATE, AND—WHAT IS INFINITELY WORSE—OBSCENE PICTURES ARE BEING ENCLOSED IN THE PACKAGES. ENGLAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT IN CHINA AND WENT TO WAR IN ORDER TO FORCE THE DEADLY DRUG UPON HER PEOPLE. OPIUM, THE CIGARETTE AND THE GRAPHIC DELINEATION OF THE OBSCENE—WHAT A TRIAD OF PASSPORTS TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD, MARKS A CONTEMPORARY, MUST BE A SOURCE OF WONDROUS TO THE SUPPOSED UN-CIVILIZED AND HEATHEN RACES.

AN ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE TO ESTABLISH A PROTESTANT PASSION PLAY IN GERMANY AS AN OFFSET, IT SEEMS, TO THE TIME-HONORED AND WORLD-RENOUMED CATHOLIC religious festival at Oberammergau. Emulation is a good thing at all times and imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but, if we may judge from the remarks of the Canadian Congregationalist on the subject, this movement is neither emulation nor imitation but an attempt to divert some portion of the tourist traffic which, if not always divorced from mere curiosity, has nevertheless gravitated to Oberammergau as to a shrine. The villagers seek not tourists or applause, their sole object being to commemorate in the spirit of faith the Sufferings and Death of their Redeemer. The Oberammergau play, it we are told, "is Roman Catholic in its conception of the Christian faith; it is fitting, therefore, that while at Oberammergau the villagers are themselves the actors, the new play is to be entrusted to 'the best professional actors procurable in Germany,'" and "it is predicted that Eisenach will soon become as much a Jerusalem for Christian pilgrims as Oberammergau has been for years." The aspiration is ambitious, but it might be well for its projectors to remember that shrines are not made to order, nor are traditions the work of a day. In the nature of things the Oberammergau Act of Worship cannot well be overshadowed by the Eisenach spectacle. It is beginning at the wrong end.

FOLLOWING UPON THE conversion of the Brighton Vears, upon which noteworthy event we commented at the time, comes the announcement of the reception and confirmation of seventy lay converts from these Brighton parishes who had thus profited by the example of their former pastors. The event took place at St. Joseph's, Brighton, the sacrament being administered by the Bishop of Southwark, who, in his address on the occasion, referred to the great

sacrifices of the converts had in giving up friends they loved objects dear to them save, in the Catholic Church, they might serve God in all and illustrating the deep substratum of the Real Presence and in articles of faith, essentially Catholic that has in recent years obtained a foothold in the Church of England.

A GLANCE AT SOCIALISM



FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

SEXTAGESIMA SUNDAY

THE SEED OF THE DIVINE WORD

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear." (Luke vii, 9)

In to-day's gospel we are told that only a small part of the seed which the sower sowed proved to be fruitful.

By the soil upon which the seed fell and was trodden down are meant the hearts of those who hear the word with worldly thoughts, cares, and plans.

The seed of the Word of God falls upon the hearts of those who hear the word with worldly thoughts, cares, and plans.

Another part of the seed fell upon a rock, and this, our Saviour tells us, signifies those who receive the word with joy, but do not allow it to take root.

There was a full meeting of the Board next day to introduce the stippling who had dared to attack the new Goliath.

When Arthur entered the room the men already there were struck by his pallor and the haggard expression of his eyes.

He seemed as one recovering from illness. To inquiries concerning his health he responded briefly that he was all right, and so took his place, prepared for battle.

3. Another part of the seed fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up with it, choked it. This refers to those who hear the Word of God, but do not follow it because the luxuries of this life charm them and hinder them from keeping the commandments of God.

Outside work exposed to varying temperature and the elements demand an extremely elastic white enamel finish.

Noted for its Durability

Satinette dries hard like porcelain, and is both sanitary and durable.

All Packages are Full Imperial Measure

INTERNATIONAL WAREHOUSE LIMITED TORONTO WINNIPEG

CURE OF DRINK

BY SIMPLE REMEDY

A Devoted Wife Helps Her Husband to a Cure Through Samaria Prescription

Mrs. S., of Trenton, was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober—her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness.

"I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablet. As you are aware, I sent you a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health, and makes drink distasteful and even nauseous.

Now, if you know any fellow on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper.

You see, my dear Christians, why the seed of the divine word falls to find root in so many hearts.

THE CROSSING OF THE ROADS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

into temptation. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me." He got up early to do his duty, and went to Mass at St. Francis Xavier's, where he was lately attending the services as a college boy.

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Cover your buildings sanely. Buy roofing as you'd buy any farm implement—use the same judgment—and you will choose the kind that will last longest and cost least for repairs. Do that, and your choice is limited to metal shingles—the only practical, the only economical, roofing made. PRESTON SAFE-LOCK SHINGLES. Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Que.

He went out of the building and, reaching the pavement, drew a long breath. He lit a cigar and blew the wreaths of smoke into the clear, sunny air of the March morning.

At the thought of Caroline Arthur's heart sank. There was no hope what- ever that her father would consent to an engagement, and after all, it would be like chaining a butterfly to a grub, even if she could be induced to marry in poverty.

He looked into the eager, childish face and met the pleading eyes, he softened towards her. It was because, he told himself, that she could not know, at least by a slender margin, that she played the role of temptress. It was to Arthur's credit, however, that he never wavered in his determination. He was a knight, and he showed ever so much of it.

DAY AFTER DAY YEAR IN YEAR OUT AN IHC PAYS BIGGEST PROFITS - PROFITS - NOT only should your cream separator pay you the best possible profit at the start—but it should keep on paying biggest profits for a lifetime.

IHC Cream Harvesters have proved their value by years of perfect service. If you investigate all cream separators you will appreciate IHC features and advantages all the more.

A Style and Size for You Made in two styles—Dairy and household—each in four sizes. The IHC local dealer will be glad to explain the many IHC Cream Harvester advantages, all of which have much to do with your dairy profits.

IHC Service Bureau The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soil, crops, pests, feeding, etc., write to the IHC Service Bureau, and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.

Prompt and Satisfactory Returns. The North American Life is continually receiving letters from policyholders like the following expressive of their appreciation of the treatment accorded them and results attained: The holder of Policy No. 5123 writes: "I appreciate the promptness with which you have remitted the amount due me. I may say that I have nothing but praise for your company for the very satisfactory way in which I have always been treated. Our business relations have been very pleasant and I wish the North American Life the future success if we well merit."

POULTRY. ADVERTISING under this heading not to exceed one inch space. 10c per line per month. 10c per line per month. 10c per line per month. 10c per line per month.

When you hand the storekeeper a cheque for his account there is no need to bother about the receipt. The bank keeps that for you, and it doesn't matter whether you want it next week or a year hence, the record of the payment is always there. We will be glad to explain how to use a checking account.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, Canada. General Agent. There's no other like EDDY'S. EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES. EDDY'S WASH-BOARDS. EDDY'S FIBRE-WARE.

Let us send you expert advice on constructing telephone lines. Our Engineers are at your service. Write and ask for their expert advice on constructing your rural telephone line. This service will cost you nothing, yet it may save you a good deal of money and trouble.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited. 28 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO, ONT. The telephone in rural homes. Canadian Independent Telephones are guaranteed for ten years. Their quality is so superior that we offer to arrange a free trial for the sake of comparison with others.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHY POOR BOYS MAKE GOOD BUSINESS MEN

The old adage that a man is not a man until he has known what it is to strive for a livelihood is endorsed by Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas is a very decided man in his views. It is a good thing, he says, for a young man to be born poor. For this reason: If his father is a poor man, the young man will be born poor. For this reason: If his father is a poor man, the young man will be born poor.

Suppose, however, a young man is born poor and has to seek for every penny he needs. Doesn't he realize the value of money and is he not always on the watch to make the best of chances?

Then, again, the poor young man who is born poor keeps great about him the memory of what he was once. He can feel the true nature of things; he can grasp the idea of the man who is struggling to come to the front.

BARRED ROCKS. CANADA'S CHAMPIONS. THE WORLD'S BEST Five Dollar Cockerels. JOHN PRINGLE LONDON ONTARIO

MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. THE OLD RELIABLE CHURCH BELLS. ESTABLISHED 1850. SCHOOL & OTHER BELLING.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT WITH IRON. It is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated, and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron.

There are two classes of people who never make mistakes—they are dead and unborn. The mistakes are the inevitable accompaniment of the greatest gift of man—individual freedom of action. If we were only a pawn in the fingers of Omnipotence, and this as perfectly and with the least delay possible. If we have made an error, we should be untroubled by it.

Let us send you expert advice on constructing telephone lines. Our Engineers are at your service. Write and ask for their expert advice on constructing your rural telephone line. This service will cost you nothing, yet it may save you a good deal of money and trouble.

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WHY POOR BOYS MAKE GOOD BUSINESS MEN

The old adage that a man is not a man until he has known poverty is a truism for a livelihood is endorsed by Sir Thomas Lipton. Sir Thomas is very decided in his views. It is a good thing to be poor, for a young man, to be born poor. For this reason, if his father is in a prosperous way of business, the son more often than not enters that business. The way is paved for him. He never realizes the value of money. He may turn out a good business man but the chances are that he will not, for the simple reason that being well off he will have no incentive to seize opportunities as they come his way. Suppose, however, a young man is born poor and has to work for every penny he owns. Doesn't he realize the value of money and is he not always on the watch to make the best of chances? Then, again, the poor young man who is born poor keeps green about him the memory of what he has done. He can feel the true nature of things; he can grasp the idea of the man who is struggling to come to the front. He has been a poor man himself—he knows what the struggle is all about. He has been a poor man himself—he knows what the struggle is all about. He has been a poor man himself—he knows what the struggle is all about.

The young man who is born rich is very apt to be particular about his hours of labor—so the young man who has been brought up to work early and late. The young fellow who wants to get along in the world, and is particular about his hours of labor, on the wrong track. Employers don't like the man who is always watching the clock. Again, the poor young man, after business hours, is more apt to try to improve himself than is the rich young man. The rich young man feels that he has no need of improving himself by way of education; the right kind of a poor young man feels that he must. And that is just the spirit which begot the man who succeeds. To study is one of the guarantees of success. The poor man is more apt to have a civil tongue in his head than the rich one. Necessity makes it so. Always be civil.—True Voice.

BAD HABITS

Break off your bad habits at once. Don't attempt it by degrees. You never break of a drinking habit by drinking less and less until it finally becomes a total abstainer. Faster and faster from the elevation falls the weight earthward, faster and faster until it strikes the ground. Good habits mark the upward grade, bad habits the decline. Perfection is not easy; destruction is. The nearer perfection the more progress, the greater the tolling; whereas the nearer we are to destruction, the more swift and sure the end.

There is no permanent breaking of a habit unless the forming good ones.

You have heard the old saying: "Nature abhors a vacuum." This is true all over the world. The field that is left uncultivated is sure to grow up with weeds. It will produce vegetables if the seed be placed in the ground. And these useful plants will at length take possession of the field, crowding out the weeds. You need a seed to be a boy when I came upon a pale, sickly ragweed growing alongside of a vigorous celery plant. I would say, "Ah my fellow, you are getting on down the grade. This was the right order. So with the mind and heart plant a new thought, a new affection, a noble purpose, a high ideal in place of the old unworthy one, and if properly cared for, we may hope that it will grow and help to crowd out the evil. Satan still does some mischief for the idle hands to do. It will be a help to associate with persons of good habits. To this very end God has given us our social nature, and our opportunities as members of society.—B. C. Orphan's Friend.

MISTAKES

There are two classes of people who never make mistakes—they are dead and unborn. Mistakes are the inevitable accompaniment of living. The gift of man—individual freedom of action. If he were only a pawn in the fingers of Omnipotence, with no self-moving power, man would never make a mistake, but would be degraded to the rank of the lower animals and plants. An oyster never makes a mistake—it has not the mind. We should therefore be glad of the privilege of making mistakes, glad of the wisdom that permits us to turn their light as a glow of illumination along the pathway of nature.

At the same time it is, of course, to be understood that mistakes should, if they can, be rectified, and this always as perfectly and with the least delay possible. If we have made an error, done wrong, been unjust to another or to ourselves, passed by like the Pharisee some opportunity for good, we should have the courage to look our mistake squarely in the eye and to acknowledge it frankly with no flimsy alibi of excuse to protect an anemic self-esteem. If we have wronged, we should right; if we have hurt, we should heal; if we have taken unjustly, we should restore; if we have been unfair, we should become just. Regret without regeneration is an emotional glacial block. Every possible reparation should be made; if confession of regret and inability to atone be the utmost we can do, let us at least do that.

On the whole, life is time given to man to learn how to live, and mistakes are always part of learning. Real dignity consists in cultivating a fine attitude toward our own mistakes and those of others. Man becomes great, not through never making them, but by profiting by those he does make; by being satisfied with a single reiteration of an unwise act, and endeavoring into a continuous performance; by getting from it the honey of new, regenerating inspiration, with no irritating sting of remorse; by building a glorious today on the ruins of yesterday, and by rising with renewed courage every time he falls.—The Angelus.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Be careful that you do not make a disagreeable impression on people at your first meeting. If you are gloomy and unsmiling at first acquaintance, and finally decide that those people will repay in smiles and politeness, you will have to exert yourself more than a little to do away with the first impression made by your unresponsive face. It will take many months of faithful work to counteract in the mind of your employer that first unfortunate impression you made before you were up to the fact that your position held promise for the future. First impressions are tenacious. Do your best to make them favorable.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JACK'S PLEDGE

And I can't do anything for him—no, a single thing! Jack shook his head mournfully as he arrived at this sorrowful conclusion. "I can't do and see him and sit with him, because I haven't got the time. I can't send him fruit and books and things, like well-off folks do when their folks has to go to the hospital, because I haven't got the money; I can't earn a cent more's mother and the young ones need. No help for Billy from me." Billy was an orphan boy younger than Jack. He had recently, with some relatives with whom he made his home, moved into Jack's neighborhood. Going on an errand, he had fallen from a street car and broken his leg. As we have seen, all Jack's sympathy went out toward the boy to whom life seemed to have turned its harder, rougher side. Jack was an office boy in a place which made large demands on his time, and indeed, on every other thing which might be said to belong with a growing boy. His duties were many, and his master was exacting. But it never occurred to Jack to question the reasonableness of anything that was required of him. He was nothing more than a good, plodding boy, having very fixed notions on the subject of his duty, which notions were expressed in a few words: "I'm going to do the best I can." And Jack's "best" was a very wide best. A great many words might be written on the true meaning of it. Indeed, it may be said that many large books have been written without exhausting the subject. If Jack had enlarged on it a little, he might have seen that his best meant something like this: "Always tell what's so, no matter what never touch what ain't mine; always be on time, or a little ahead; always go quick when you're sent, and remember that if you're sent, to sweep clean, and keep things fixed up; keep myself clean, and my hair brushed; take my hat off, and speak polite." Which, take it altogether, was a very good code for an office boy, or perhaps, a good many other boys.

There came a day when Jack stood face to face with a hard question. Strolling a moment on his way home to run in and see how Billy was getting along, he found him with a cloud over his usually cheerful face. "What's the matter, Billy?" "That's been telling me"—Billy shook his head despairingly—"I can't get well till nothing when unless I go to some place in the country when I get home here." "Pshaw, Billy!" said Jack in dismay. "I thought, you know," said Billy, "that I could get you right off. I ain't got no right to be a burden on the folks. But the folks here are telling me to get a real nice place where I could go for \$25 where I'd get good treatment and stay as long as I needed. They think that's a real cheap, but 'poor Billy' sighed woefully—" \$25 is a lot of money, ain't it, Jack?" "It is that."

"So I'll be back near you the beginning of the week, and then I'll be with you evenings. And"—he hopefully—"I guess I'll get well without any \$25." Jack talked about it with his mother. "I wish the poor boy could get it," she said. "It might be the settling of his health for years to come." "But how can he?" said Jack in a discouraged tone. "If it could be paid for at a time," she said, half questioningly. "You might be able to put by \$1 a week for it." "I don't see how you will spare it, mother." "We might pinch a little closer." "After a little more talk Jack made his plans. He went the next morning to his employer, and asked if he could advance the \$25, deducting \$1 each week from his pay until the amount was made up. Mr. Strong looked at the boy with a great deal of interest. He pressed his request, telling of Billy and his needs. "How do I really know you'll work it out?" asked Mr. Strong. "You can't give me any security, can you?" "No, sir," and Jack dropped his head forlornly. "You might you know, leave me before the twenty-five weeks were up?" "I'd promise to do it," said Jack earnestly. "But I haven't a thing to give you for security." "Your promise will be enough," Mr. Strong's manner changed as he went on. "I'd take your word for more than \$25. You have worked for me a good while, and I know what you are. Your good name makes your promise all the security I want." As Jack was turning away, his face crimsoned with gratification at the kind words. Mr. Strong added: "I'll speak more about it to-morrow."

"If—if"—Jack strove to stammer out his thanks—"If there's a thing more about the place that I can do that—I don't do, I'd be glad, sir." "There isn't," said Mr. Strong kindly. "You are honest and faithful in everything, such a reputation is a valuable thing to start in life." Mr. Strong, on going home that evening, spoke to his grown-up daughter. "Bertha, haven't you to do with some of these fresh-air businesses?" "Yes, father; you have given me money for them."

"Where do you send poor sick kids to the country, and feed them and brace them up, and return them as good as new?" "Exactly that kind of thing," said Bertha, smiling. "Well, I have a boy for you—one for whom I want a top seat." "So, Billy went out to one of the places provided by some of the Master's faithful who strive to follow in his footsteps in showing loving kindness to his little ones. Jack's heart gave a bound when he learned that Miss Bertha Strong was to see to Billy's outing, for surely he must be something better than could be offered by any one else. Looking into his pay-envelope at the end of the week, he turned back with it to Mr. Strong, and he gave me \$1 too much, sir. There's the expense for Billy, you remember."

"Remember; but that goes in on the account of your good name. There's nothing more to pay. And there will be a vacancy in the office next door to the time Billy comes back; if he is your kind of boy, he can have the place,"—Catholic Telegraph.

THE DIVORCE EVIL IN UNITED STATES

SERMON BY REV. FERDINAND A. MOELLER, S. J., ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT

In a forcible sermon given recently in the Holy Family Church, South May and West 12th streets, Chicago, on "The Evils Which Threaten the Modern Home," the Rev. Ferdinand A. Moeller, S. J., chaplain of the Catholic deaf school of Chicago, entertained his auditors to take as their model the holy family of Nazareth. Father Moeller took for his text: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and was subject to them." (Luke II, 51.) "Christ the Incarnate Word came into the sin-strewn world not to save things which might be said to belong with a growing boy. His duties were many, and his master was exacting. But it never occurred to Jack to question the reasonableness of anything that was required of him. He was nothing more than a good, plodding boy, having very fixed notions on the subject of his duty, which notions were expressed in a few words: "I'm going to do the best I can." And Jack's "best" was a very wide best. A great many words might be written on the true meaning of it. Indeed, it may be said that many large books have been written without exhausting the subject. If Jack had enlarged on it a little, he might have seen that his best meant something like this: "Always tell what's so, no matter what never touch what ain't mine; always be on time, or a little ahead; always go quick when you're sent, and remember that if you're sent, to sweep clean, and keep things fixed up; keep myself clean, and my hair brushed; take my hat off, and speak polite." Which, take it altogether, was a very good code for an office boy, or perhaps, a good many other boys.

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FREQUENT COMMUNION FOR YOUNG AND OLD

James A. Mooney, in the February Catholic World - It is a young child, indeed, who does not know that God above will reward the good in heaven and punish the wicked in hell. Besides, every child who has a mother knows something of love and will understand what a favor it is to be the friend and beloved of Jesus. What answer will they make who are called to account for unduly keeping apart two such pure lovers as Jesus and the child, the Lamb of God from a lamb of his own flock? This human lamb, moreover, is in constant danger of being carried off and devoured by a roaring lion who is forever roaming around through this wilderness of a world savagely seeking for prey. Would you be so cruel, so manifestly unjust, as to forbid him the protection of One in Whose presence the devil trembles, while recalling to mind the grinding heel that crushed his serpent's head? Would you hold back the early spouse of our Saviour till spiritually starved into the commission of mortal sin and disrobed of her snow white innocence before her wedding day? Would you not rather introduce an early and living manna provided for them by their dear Shepherd Who is Himself the Life? He is "the living bread that came down from heaven," not really like that manna of old which kept men alive for a time but could not confer immortality; the youngest child that eats this heavenly bread will never die for "he shall live forever." "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not" is an authoritative injunction to give Communion to little ones as well. The Holy Eucharist is the sacrament which unites us to Christ; love means union, and Jesus loved the children. The white purity of their innocent souls has a charm for the innocent Lamb of God, Who loves them with more than maternal tenderness, and longs for the holy hour when they shall sit down at the same table with the senior members of the household. With His own sacred hands our blessed Saviour will break for their eating the Bread of Life. He will feed His flock like a shepherd, giving special care to the lambs of the flock, occasionally taking them up by turn into His arms to foster, fondle and caress them. Is there a heart so wanting in responsive tenderness as not to be touched by such divine embraces? Who will have the irrational hardness to repulse those children, who come flocking around the mild and attractive Person of Jesus Christ? Do you not dread the indignant reprimand of their gentle Lord, lovingly occupied in laying a hand here and there upon each young head, embracing them one by one and blessing them all together? He loved to have the white-soiled little ones come trooping trustfully to His presence and gazed in beholding Himself the heavenly magnet attracting their young hearts.

A SPLENDID WORK

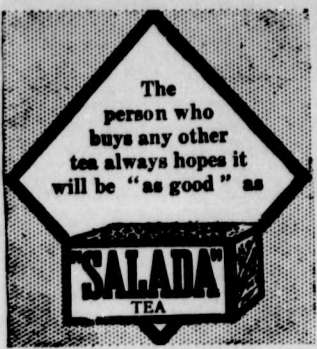
The Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Mr. Editor, - A Catholic Literature Distribution Club has recently been established in St. John's N. F., with the object of distributing Catholic periodicals throughout the Island, paying special attention to those places which are but seldom visited by priests. Papers are now being distributed, and we hope to increase this average before many months have passed. That this work is of importance is unquestionable. During the winter months especially, time hangs heavily on the hands of residents of the outports, who, as a rule, are not well supplied with reading matter. If we can succeed in placing weekly in those people's hands, a copy of some sound Catholic journal, we will be doing them a double good, for we will not only relieve the monotony of their existence, but we will also be the means of putting them in touch with the doings of the great Catholic world. As a large proportion of the Catholic residents of St. John's are subscribers to your esteemed paper, we would be grateful if you would request them, in an early edition, to hand their papers to us as soon as they have themselves read them. The address of the club is Springdale Street, St. John's. Any person who finds it inconvenient to bring or send his papers, need only drop us a postal card, and the papers will be called for. Yours very truly, DAVID SCREY, Corresp. Secy.

PRAYER

Prayer, like liberty, or any word that is often in the mouth, is poorly understood. Many a fine fellow thinks he has done nobly when he reads page after page of a prayer book. Prayers are not words! Words reach only the human ear, but never are heard above the skies. They have not such a carrying power. Words are only breath beating against the roof of the mouth and are to God, and often, to men "as if they were written." Words without thought never to heaven go. In contemplation, true and profound, we see God and He hears us. Seeing Him, we are humble and, hearing us, He exalts us by His strong arm. The great trouble is that we are not sincere in our helpless expression. We appear before God's majesty as orators

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dealing in speeches, and not as poor beggars crying for wants. God, instead of bestowing our needs, does most graciously in pitying our arrogance. In prayer, we should be humble, for a suppliant is never pompous in his pride; we should be sincere, with our heart at the root of our supplication; we should be constant, not naming the hour when we must get our request, for God, the Infinite, is not chained by the finite; we should continue at prayer and leave God free with His own time and His own gift. We often wonder at our luck which seems so happy as well-timed. Let us cease to wonder! Maybe it was the granting of a prayer said thirty years ago. God sees the round of the world, we only poorly across the street. God sees all possibilities, we imperfectly little actualities. Since this is so, let us trust God and not our own judgments, in the right time for us and get the right thing for Him to give, and not be arrogant in dictation or impatient of delay, as our Father in heaven is more anxious to give than we are to receive.—Catholic Union and Times.

To Catholic Farmers

Farmers desiring help should apply to the Rev. Mother Superior, St. George's Home, 1153 Wellington Street, Ottawa. A number of English and Irish Catholic boys are sent out each year under the Catholic Immigration Association of England. First party arrives early in April. Timely application should be made. 1686-2

WALLACEBURG PRIZE LIST

- The following is a list of the prize winners at the bazaar held in Wallaceburg, Ont., Feb. 4th, 1911. Those winning prizes will please forward their tickets to M. J. Brady, P.P., Wallaceburg, Ont., and state how they wish their prizes to be sent, or disposed of. Their wishes shall be promptly acceded to. Prize No. 1—Large artistic set of Light Rev. by Mrs. John Davis, 141 Sandwich St., Windsor, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 8709. Prize No. 2—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Right Rev. Monsignor J. T. Aylward, London, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 3—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Rev. Father Downey, P.P., Windsor, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 4—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Rev. Father James, O.F.M., P.P., Chatham, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 5—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Rev. Father Brennan, P.P., La Salette, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 6—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Rev. Father Hanlon, P.P., Biddulph, Lucan, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 7—Ten dollars in valuable books, donated by Rev. Father Ford, P.P., Bessville, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 8—A Handsome Tapestry Painting, "The Hunter's Prize," donated by the Fraternal Reunion of "The Pine," of Chatham, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 9—A beautiful Canary Bird, donated by a friend in a religious order, won by Mrs. Thomas Polgan, Tottenham, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 10—A barrel of Granulated Sugar, donated by Mr. D. A. Gordon, M.P., President Don. Sugar Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 11—A barrel of "A Knave's Me" "A barrel" full, donated by the Hawker Milling Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 12—A barrel of "A Knave's Me" "A barrel" full, donated by the Hawker Milling Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 13—Gentlemen's Gold Watch, donated by Mr. Hugh Connolly, Detroit, Mich.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 14—"The History of Nations," set of 12 books, donated by Mr. Jno. Hroczak, Chatham, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979.

Prize No. 15—China Tea Set, donated by D'Offroy & Briggs, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 16—China Tea Set, donated by J. Kimount—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 17—Candle of Tea, donated by Mr. Thos. O'Donnell, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 18—A valuable subscription in groceries, donated by Mr. M. J. Hurley, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 19—A large live Turkey, donated by Mr. M. Galloway, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 20—A Lady's Umbrella, donated by Stonehouse Brothers, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 21—A pair of Shoes, donated by Mr. J. J. Hennessey, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 22—Ten Dollars in Gold, donated by Mr. F. F. Hennessey, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 23—A barrel of "A Knave's Me" "A barrel" full, donated by the Hawker Milling Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 24—A barrel of "A Knave's Me" "A barrel" full, donated by the Hawker Milling Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979. Prize No. 25—A barrel of "A Knave's Me" "A barrel" full, donated by the Hawker Milling Company, Wallaceburg, Ont.—Section A, Ticket No. 19979.

NEW BOOKS

"Missa for the Lady" in Latin and in English, just published by Benziger Bros., New York. The following points commend this "Missa for the Lady" to the favorable consideration of English-speaking Catholics. This is the only complete Missal in the English language. The Latin text is given side by side with the English, not only of the Introit and some other few parts of the Mass, but in other "Missals for the Lady," but of all the parts of the Mass, so that the faithful can follow the priest at will. The translation is new, and idiomatic, easy English is aimed at. An appendix gives the usual litanies, devotions, and prayers which the faithful are likely to require at Mass. The book contains approximately 1800 pages, nearly twice the matter contained in other "Missals for the Lady." It is, however, less bulky than most others because it is in a thin India paper is used. This paper though thin, is opaque, so that the post does not show through. It is strong and will not tear or crack as ordinary paper does. The type is clear, adapted to meet the circumstances of poor light experienced in some churches in English-speaking countries. In a word, it deserves to be the standard Missal for English-speaking Catholics. The price ranges from \$2.50 net to \$5.00 net according to binding. They can be procured from The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

From Emerald, P. E. I.

In the R. I. S. Hall at Emerald, on the 18th inst., Rev. Father Johnston, of Palmer Road, gave his excellent and very instructive lecture on Thomas Moore, Ireland's sweetest poet. The lecturer began his address at Trinity College, in Dublin, showing how young Moore revealed signs of his rich poetic vein with which his patriotic soul was indured. The lecturer then went on to show how Ireland, being in want of national airs, Moore gladly undertook the task of adopting words to the music given him by musical publishers, whose object it was to have the words contain allusions to the manners and history of the country. In this the rev. lecturer said he was remarkably successful, and this work won for him the immortality which his memory possesses. Father Johnston next referred to the unsurpassed beauty and sweetness of Moore's melodies which, he said, were replete with love, patriotism, melody and beauty. A pleasing feature of the lecture was the way the speaker interspersed his remarks with the singing of numerous selections of Moore's most soul-stirring melodies, which gave his interesting discourse added zest. Father Johnston possesses superior intellectual endowments, together with an agreeable and captivating manner, and as a lecturer he is a consummate master of the art.

Mission Supplies

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WALSH.—At his late residence, 37 York St., Hamilton, on Jan. 16, 1911, Thomas Walsh, native of New Ross, Co. Wexford, Ireland, and father of Mrs. W. P. Keating, Hamilton, and Mrs. J. J. Austin, London, aged eighty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace! KILGUS.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Buckley, Sweet Grass, Montana, on Feb. 2, 1911, Mrs. Catherine Keenan, beloved wife of the late Paul Keenan, late Col. Sergt. of the London Field Battery, and resident of London for forty years, aged eighty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace!

The Home Bank of Canada ORIGINAL 1854 CHARTER QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada for the three months ending 28th February, 1911, and the same will be payable at the Head Office or any Branches of The Home Bank of Canada on and after the 1st March next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 28th February, 1911, both days inclusive. By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager. Toronto, January 18, 1911

BRANCH OFFICES London St. Thomas Ilderton Thorndale Melbourne Lawrence Station

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