

The Catholic Record.

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

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ALL ALONG THE LINE

While a babble was on General Phil Kearney once said to a recruit solicitor to give his services to the best advantage: "Get in anywhere: there is fighting all along the line." To the layman who is conscious of his responsibilities and willing to acknowledge them in a practical manner we give the same advice. There is work to be done single-handed or with any of our organizations. There is success to be achieved if we are ready to pay its price. And the price consists of self-sacrifice, not to the extent of being martyrs but to show that we realize our obligations, and that we are not going to be placed among those who are wrapped up in their comforts and money-making, oblivious to everything that does not, as they see it, concern them intimately. Such a life has the brand of ignominy upon it. We may ignore our obligations towards those of the household, but they remain, nevertheless, and never cease in attempt to attract our attention. They obtrude themselves even on those who think of their duty at intervals only, and their supplication is for the weak and unprotected, the poor and the sinful. We confess that sometimes we are affrighted at the welter of wretchedness round about us, but, snatching victory out of defeat, and, despite the warnings of the prudence of the world, writing a record of accomplishment upon life's page is the reward of those who trust in God. That is the secret of those who work for the extension of the kingdom upon earth. So get in anywhere: there is fighting all along the line.

THAT EMPTY PEW

Writing on "the empty pew," a writer, who is a member of the Anglican Church, ascribes it to the spread of materialism, and to the theories broached by ministers who seem to be obsessed with love of notoriety. These are factors in the lessening of church attendance, but the chief cause is the weak and compromising manner in which the sects hold all truth. This is especially true of Episcopalianism, which has inherited the weaknesses of Anglicanism. It has been always compromising, following the line of least resistance and admitting as adherents people of contradictory and mutually incompatible opinions. It is as the advocate of good breeding, and considering that anyone can do anything in it—done decorously—it has always appealed to rich worldlings. At one time a celebrated financier was "its lay pontiff in America, and on a certain occasion had a regulation drawn up and approved by its bishops recinded." The Episcopal Church is as uncertain in doctrine as it is feeble in action. For instance, in 1785 the Virginia Convention expressed a preference for uniformity of doctrine and worship as far as such uniformity might be consistent with liberality and moderation. Just now some of its divines are talking about unity and have even formulated plans as to the best means to attain it. It is a good sign that they recognize the chaos and religious anarchy at their doors, but to achieve unity without authority is an impossibility. And to ask thinking men to stake their hopes of salvation on a creed laid down by divines, who may be mistaken, is to subject human credulity to a very severe test. If they divested themselves of the trapping of prejudices and went forward with open minds to the problem they might give serious attention to the claims of Peter and discover why he houses millions of human beings and impresses upon them unity not made by man but by God. One told and one shepherd means unity; the speculations of divines, however learned, may effect an armed truce but can never mend the rents in the vesture of Christ. Pews are empty in Episcopal churches because the pulpit is not authoritative. Essays, garnished with quotations from Browning, may please those who think not of eternity, but they are poor nourishment for the doubting and sinful.

THE "CRITICS"

The "critics" who echo the sentiment of publishers have a pitying condescension of manner for the old-fashioned people who frown upon the unclean and suggestive. They cry out in unison about lessons and culture and art as if all these things were sponsored by the authors whom they are commended to praise. A mess of corruption may please them, but not those who have fitting standards of dignity and worthiness and who are not deterred by cant or ignorance from designating properly books that are born of eroticism and placed on the market for the purpose of extracting coin from the morbidly curious. If they teach anything it is the Gospel of the Devil. But unfortunately there seems to be readers enough to make this purveying of filth a paying business. And as a consequence we have scribes tearing the sixth commandment to tatters and scribes extolling their artistry and pointing out to the world the beautiful lessons taught by them. But we are of the opinion that the lid will be put on these streams of corruption before many moons. They have not the power to astonish and thrill as heretofore, because everything, as a writer says, is "on the loose." The newspapers, many of them, impart information on topics that were not so long ago reserved for clinics and dissecting rooms. Female attire is very conspicuous by a certain lack of eugenics is the topic of conversation; and acrobatic dancing is the chief amusement of many. The advertising pages of magazines are filled with pictures that might well bring the blush of shame to the cheek of a self-respecting pagan. Perhaps, then, the gentry who must write will turn their attention to the multitudes of men and women who reverence purity and pass their days in orderly fashion. But this will be done only when writers, recognizing their responsibility, affix their names to books that purify, ennoble and strengthen the souls of men.

A CONFESSION

We confess to a liking for speeches at convivial gatherings. Oratory blooms, blossoms and gives an abundant fruit of cadenced and sonorous periods. While we are not disposed to play the critic we are not so optimistic about our progress as are some of the orators. We are moving, but not in any startling manner because we have the habit of standing idle and expecting miracles to happen. It seems to us that if Catholics were resolved not only for themselves but also for their fellow countrymen they could restrict the circulation of papers and magazines that defame and calumniate the Church and revile things and persons dear to every Catholic. Recently a publication, which tells its readers that the Church approved the murder of President McKinley, and from cover to cover is filled with the old accusations, was hawked through the streets of a city by children. Catholics purchased it and contented themselves with saying that its intemperate tone deprived it of the power to do harm. Then they forgot all about it as if it did not concern them in any manner. If publications devoted to revilement of any of the sects, to insulting their ministers, were put on the market or sold on the street corners there would be a strong and energetic protest that would be heeded. But we do nothing, hoping that the tide of bigotry may be stemmed in some way that will not demand any energy on our part. This policy is masqueraded under the guise of prudence. Others give it a name that would not look seemly in our columns. And this publication is designated by a Vancouver professor, who must have had his brains improperly exposed at the time, as a candid and clear arraignment of the monstrous claims of the Papacy.

THE ORANGEMAN

The stern Ulsterite is put upon a pedestal by sane individuals. They give him a halo, many estimable qualities and bless the indomitable fortitude with which he confronts the advocates of Home Rule. He will never surrender but will die in the last ditch for conscience's sake. On paper he seems a very present-

able personality. They who seek him in his native haunts and know him as he is tell a different story. The Times of England refers to "his unsympathetic materialism, the drab ugliness of a life which finds its chief recreation in religious strife and much of its consolation in strong drink."

In the London Daily Chronicle a writer says in regard to one type of Orangeman that "he is a man whose picture of heaven is a pocketful of iron nuts, the shelter of a side street and a Papist procession passing. The rebellion he launches will last as long as the supply of nuts, bolts and whiskey holds out." Another type is the man who is so saturated with prejudice as to believe any statement made by the clerical ranters.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

Long before the time of Blessed Margaret Mary there existed devotion to the Sacred Heart. From the time of St. Peter and St. John there existed a devotion to the love of God, which the Sacred Heart symbolizes. But it was not until the sixteenth century that the specific worship began to materialize in the quiet of Benedictine and Cistercian abbeys. Christ's heart, pierced by the spear, became a type of his wounded love. About the sixteenth century, reverence for the heart of Jesus became more common. The symbol began to appear in churches, and it became a custom of the Jesuits to place the image on the title page of books they published. To Blessed Margaret Mary came the inspiration of spreading the devotion. Her death came at the end of the seventeenth century, but the devotion continued to develop, until in 1899, by what Leo XIII. called the "great act" of his pontificate, he formally consecrated all mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Now, in approving devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Church did not trust to the vision of Blessed Margaret Mary, but examined the worship in itself. Margaret Mary's visions could be false, but the devotion would not on that account be any the less worthy. Attachment to this form of worship was found valuable for several reasons. First, it emphasized God's love for man, reminding us that this love was not returned, created an answering love, and desire to make reparation. It was right that this love should be emphasized. Love is the dominant note of the New Testament, it was the motive of all that Christ did and suffered. But every one knows that he himself as well as the world generally, responds quite inadequately to this love.

What will one do who begins to realize this unrequited love through devotion to the Sacred Heart? His own love for Christ will not only increase but she will want to know more of the personal life of Jesus and how He particularly showed His love for men. While this love is manifest in every act of Christ it shines out most brightly in the Incarnation, Passion and Institution of the Eucharist. But while the person of today has no opportunity really to repair the wrongs done to Christ on earth, she can make amends to Him in the Eucharist. Frequent Communion, Communion on the First Friday, the observance of the Holy Hour offered to God in reparation for the outrages of His love, are the natural expressions of this devotion to the Sacred Heart.—New World.

ANGLICAN CONVERTS TO ROME

The number of converts to Catholicism from the ranks of the High Church of the Anglican Communion is constantly on the increase. It looks very much like a second edition of the Puseyite movement, which gave us Cardinals Newman, Manning, Faber and others of illustrious memory. It is decidedly a Romeward tide. Two members of an Anglican religious community—Society of the Divine Compassion—were recently received into the Catholic fold. Their names are Father Dunstan and Brother Francis.

America has this comment upon the event and other phases of the Anglican movement towards Rome: "The society had also a branch house in the parish of St. Clement, City Road, London, one of the most extreme ritualistic churches. This is the house of which Father Dunstan was local superior. He received his training for the Anglican ministry at King's College, University of London; he has been in Anglican orders four or five years, and as a religious has had considerable experience of apostolic work on almost the same lines as those of the Franciscan Order. "So the Anglican Religious Orders keep sending converts to the Church both in America and in England.

The submission of the entire Society of the Atonement, consisting of Friars and Sisters, took place some four years ago. Rev. Father Sargent of Hackensack came from the Holy Cross Order, whilst Father McGarvey and almost the whole of his Society came in o the Church. In England the way was led by Fathers Rivington and Maturin of the Cowley Fathers, followed by Rev. Mr. Alexander last year. The Mirfield Fathers of the Resurrection gave Monsignor Benson to the Church, and the conversion last year of practically the whole of the Anglican Benedictines of Caldey Abbey and St. Bride's, Milford Haven, shows to how great an extent the Catholic leaven is working. Some few years ago the whole of the community of St. Katherine's Convent, London, came into the Church, and now the Society of the Divine Compassion has given its quota in Father Dunstan and Brother Francis."

There is much significance in these conversions. It has been truly said of the High Church party: "Oh, so near, and yet so far." Many High Church people, the best of them, are recognizing this to be a fact, and they are getting inside the gates, to be not only near, but in the one fold with the one shepherd.—Intermountain Catholic.

CAUSES OF LEAKAGE

The two chief contributory causes of what has come to be described as "the leakage" when reference is made to our numbers—the falling away from the Church of very considerable proportions of her members—are, as is only too well known—"mixed" marriages in long settled and thickly populated lands and regions and lack of facilities to practice their religion in parts where they are few in number and scattered in locality.

But there are others of which little if any account is taken. One of these is the negligence and indifference of Catholic young men in large cities to which neither of these considerations apply. They do not go to Mass on Sundays, and they eat meat on Friday. Their other sins of omission and commission may easily be imagined.

Another cause—and one which has perhaps never been mentioned before—is signaled by a Jesuit Father who is not a dweller in this country, but who is laboring in a portion of the Vineyard where there are parish schools like ours. Speaking of the reception of Holy Communion by the pupils he makes these significant observations: "The little ones have too often been accustomed to receive Our Lord in His Holy Sacrament, not of their own accord, but only when they were sent, not by their parents, but by our zealous school teachers. One result of this has been that, on leaving school, when (unless they became members of a sodality or guild) there was practically no longer any one to send them, large numbers of them either dropped the practice of confession and Holy Communion altogether, or at least quickly fell into careless and irregular habits."

FOG, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL

After all the time and money expended in the investigation of the sinking of the Titanic and the making of solemn recommendations how to avoid such catastrophes in the future, down goes the Empress of Ireland as she lies still, calmly awaiting the lifting of a fog over the St. Lawrence River—down to the bottom within a quarter of an hour after being hit in the middle by a big Norwegian collier, the Storstad. It does seem the very irony of fate that when one large vessel, out of fear of doing damage to other shipping by stopping her engines and lying still, should be cut into by another that had continued on her course disregarding the fog! Would it not seem to any prudent sailor absolutely necessary to come to a standstill when a fog so dense as that particular one was settled down all of a sudden over the vast sheet of water that makes the mouth of the St. Lawrence? If the rule of standing still were compulsory as regards all big steamships, there could be no such frightful catastrophes.

In several respects the catastrophe on the St. Lawrence was far more terrific than that of the sinking of the Titanic in midocean. In loss of life it was less, but in the time afforded to passengers to prepare to meet death and judgment it was immeasurably more heart-crushing. Many of the unfortunates must have gone to their watery grave without being wakened from sleep, so large was the vessel, so swift the fatal blow, and so difficult was it in the night time to realize what had happened to make the great ship suddenly reel over and begin to fill with water. The Titanic did not sink until more than an hour had elapsed after she had met the berg, and if there had been a sufficient number of boats on the deck—as there ought to have been, under the law—every one might have been gotten off in safety. Here now, with that awful

lesson quite fresh in the public memory, is a vessel going down because her commander did in a fog what the Titanic was blamed for not doing—slowing down when the fog came to make navigation dangerous.

There is one lesson that such tremendous disasters teaches us, and it cannot but be taken to heart even by the most reckless. It is the terrible imminence of deadly danger at every hand's turn, whether on land or sea, in this age of speed and bustle. Truly, in such a frantic age, we, in the midst of life, are in death, and it behooves every one who cares for the soul's salvation to have the conscience clear and the soul ready to render a suddenly-demanded reckoning.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS

LIQUEFACTION OF BLOOD TOOK PLACE IN TEN MINUTES

Naples, May 9.—Twice a year the miracle of St. Januarius takes place at Naples—on the saint's day, September 19, and on the Saturday preceding the first Sunday in May. Last Saturday as usual, the imposing procession, which takes place before the miracle is accomplished, passed out from the doors of the cathedral, composed—as Naples is still a very distinctly Catholic city and very disrespectful to their own saint would be the most terrible of heresies—not only of the cathedral chapter but of the most distinguished representatives of the town. First, at 12 o'clock exactly the image of the saint was carried in solemn procession from the Chapel of Treasure, or of San Gennaro, to the neighboring Church of Santa Chiara.

The streets were lined with huge crowds. In the picturesque procession before the bust of St. Januarius, which was draped in a richly jeweled cope, were borne seventy statues of solid silver, representing saints, to whom the Neapolitans have erected sanctuaries.

This is not an unusual custom in Italian cities, of transferring a holy possession of one church to another for a short time on the day which a celebration takes place. At Subiaco, for instance, St. Benedict's first resting place, a miraculous picture of Our Lady is carried down from a church at the top of the town through the narrow stepping-stoned lanes which form the town's streets to the cathedral right down below in the gorge of the Anio, and is solemnly returned to the church its owner on the following Sunday. That takes place in August at the Assumption.

At Naples the translation is not so long. The second procession, with the relics of the saint and the phial containing his congealed blood left the cathedral at 5 and the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood took place at the high altar of the church of Santa Chiara after only 10 minutes' exposure.

Then the cannon on St. Elmo's castle boomed out and was answered by all the bells of the city while the ships in the harbor ran up strings of gay bunting. Universal rejoicing was to be seen, for a quick liquefaction is taken as a good sign for the coming year.

The third ritual procession restored the treasure of Naples to its home, under triple lock, under the altar of the saint's chapel at the cathedral, where the phial will rest undisturbed till September.—Catholic Press Association.

A HEALTHFUL

REACTION

Excess of all kinds is followed by reactions. Some of these are bad; some are healthful. In the latter class is found one that is just now occurring. Not long since sex-hygiene and eugenics were considered of such importance to the welfare of the race that a man who questioned their efficacy was considered an enemy of human progress. Ethics and religion were to give way before them. Superstition was to be banished by the light shed from the faces of itinerant "uplifters" who preached sex-hygiene and eugenics that bordered on the shameful. A reaction had to come: it is coming.

The Medico Psychological Association, a society eminently qualified to pass judgment on such matters, has put itself on record as opposed to laws requiring "a clean bill of health and evidence of normal mind before the issuance of a marriage license." This is a decided victory for morality. Men can not be dragged into obedience to law. The power of law lies rather in the esteem that citizens have for it. Men of to-day have no esteem for laws enforcing eugenic marriages. They fairly hate and curse the details involved in at least one law already passed. Why expect men and women of dignity and decency to stand before a petty clerk, or a State-appointed physician, and answer impertinent questions about most intimate, personal or family matters? Apart from all other serious considerations, whence, too, the right of the State to impose such an odious obligation? Men will not abide such treatment. They will re-

fuse to be tabulated, classified, tagged like animals. Acute, self-respecting men will deny the binding force of such enactments; craven men will ignore the law. But the number of their offspring will not be fewer for that. And the last evil will be worse than the first.

The Medico Psychological Association is right. Conscience, not an ill-framed statute, must rule in this matter. By all means try to prevent the evils arising from ill-advised marriages; but make the trial in the proper way, not by civil statute, but by renewing in the souls of our citizens the spirit of Christ, and by giving matrimony its proper place, as a Sacrament instituted by Christ, sanctified in His Blood, a holy lifelong union between one man and one woman, whose chief justification is the procreation and proper education of children for the glory of God and the good of the State. This accomplished, some men will not marry because they should not marry; others will marry because they should marry, and legislators will cease their bungling interference in a sacred matter. This is the only eugenics needed.—America.

HAPPY CHANGE AMONG SOME NON-CATHOLICS

Once it was the custom of our non-Catholic friends to underrate in every possible way the Blessed Mother of Our Redeemer. They seemed to feel that reverence shown to her detracted in some way from the adoration due to her Divine Son, says The Republic. The Scriptures were searched for arguments against honoring her; and there is at least one passionate mistranslation in the King James Bible, in its account of Christ's miracle at the wedding feast of Cana, to try to prove that Christ Himself showed extraordinary harshness in His manner to His Mother.

Such an unholy and unnatural condition could not, of course, persist among those who claimed the Christian name, and were of a thoughtful disposition. English poets who were not Catholics kept Mary's name in love and honor increasingly from Milton's time until now, although her intercession could not be invoked, nor her picture shown in the churches of the new religion. Later, at least Longfellow and Holmes took up the sacred strain of praise in our own land.

Then, men began to ask, Dare we attribute unflinching conduct to Christ? Could we think to honor Him by showing disrespect to His Mother?

And at last, a few venturesome preachers began to hold up the name and example of Mary in the pulpit. This naturally came sooner among the Anglicans and the Episcopals. Then, afterwards, though at a long distance in time, came an occasional Congregational clergyman. Some time in the '90's, we remember the admirable sermon of one of these on the Annunciation.

On the recent Mothers' Day in Boston, the Reverend A. Z. Conrad, preaching in the Park Street Church, said:

"One of the most beautiful devotions to Mother is that of Jesus. He could not suffer—so much on the Cross but that He remembered His Mother. He was subject unto His parents. The things which His Mother had in her heart were things such as only a mother has. He did not forget her, but committed her to the care of John. This is the beautiful flower written in the Revelation: "I was Who taught us the kindly regard, the tenderness, the love and the devotion for mother, until to day the whole world is glad to do her honor."

The Reverend John E. Briggs, D. D., of the First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., in a recent sermon similarly spoke of the Virgin Mother as the highest type of mother, and dwelt on the love given her by her Son and Saviour.

This was a most remarkable happening in a Baptist house of worship. As the Ave Maria says: "It would be interesting to know what percentage of the congregation did not resent Brother Briggs' remarks." More, we should venture to answer than could be numbered twenty years ago. The growing prominence of women in important places, and even in political life, has sent many among them to an extremely favorable consideration of the influence of devotion to the Blessed Mother, as practiced in the Catholic Church, on the elevation of women. We think this moment of an assembly room of woman suffragists in a great eastern city in which the most conspicuous adornment is a splendid picture of the Virgin Mother of Our Redeemer.—Intermountain Catholic.

We may leave our children homes and land; we may endow them with a good education; we may train them to be keen business men of notable housewives. Better than these things; we may bring them up healthy of body and mind. But best of all; let us train them in Christian principles of conduct, habits of virtue and self-restraint, and a spirit of loyalty towards home, and Church, and country.—Catholic Citizen.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dante, the great poet, whose seventh centenary will soon be celebrated, was a Franciscan Teriary.

The ancient Chapter House of the Benedictine Priory at Birkenhead, England, 763 years old, has recently been restored.

In Cairo, Egypt, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul have 800 orphans in their orphanage, and the Jesuits have 350 students in their college.

In the Church of Notre de Poissy, France, stands the Baptismal font at which St. Louis IX, King of France, was baptised. St. Louis was born there on the 25th of April, 1215.

There were 890,000 Communions at Lourdes during the year 1913. This in itself is an eloquent testimony to the sanctifying effects of pilgrimages to that great and world-renowned shrine.

Five hundred converts received in to the Church last year in the Archdiocese of Westminster alone clearly indicates the proportions of the "back to Rome" movement that is under way in England.

Poor boys in Philadelphia who desire to study for the priesthood will be benefited by the will of Wilhelmine Kralle, who died recently leaving the greater part of an estate of \$9,700 in trust, the income to be used in assisting poor Catholic boys.

The first native American Indian girl of British Columbia to be professed as a nun was recently received into the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus at Vancouver. The new religious is a full-blooded Shuswap, and among those who witnessed the ceremony were several Indian chiefs.

Katherine Wong Him, a Chinese convert of San Francisco and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis introduced the "Good Friday observance" on board the "Siberia," the vessel thought to be lost in the recent storms on the Pacific. Miss Wong Him, with her father Dr. Wong Him, was a passenger on the "Siberia."

Misses Mary and Katherine Chisholm, daughters of J. A. Chisholm, K. C., late mayor of Halifax, have left for "Kenwood," Albany, N. Y., where they are to enter the novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Miss Katherine has just finished her studies at the Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, where she won the Governor General's medal, and Miss Mary graduated in the same institution a few years ago, after a brilliant course, and she studied later at Roehampton, England.

What is said to be the largest stone ever cut by human hands lies in an abandoned quarry near the ruins of Baalbek in Syria. This mammoth obelisk is about 75 feet long, 18 feet high and 15 feet wide. Its weight is estimated at 1,500 tons. High up in the wall of an old castle at Baalbek are other stones nearly as large. No one knows when the massive blocks were quarried, or how they were moved from place to place and hoisted into position, for the face that hewed them into shape carries no inscriptions or memorials upon them.

The Catholic lawyers of Massachusetts are forming a league to discourage divorces in the Old Bay State. In the call sent out by State Treasurer Mansfield for the initial meeting, he says: "If every Catholic lawyer in Massachusetts will join this proposed league and pledge himself not to take any new divorce cases until to contest them on behalf of the libellee or co-respondent, or in order to safeguard the rights of the libellee as to the custody of the children or in regards to the alimony, I think a long step will have been taken toward the eradication of divorces in Massachusetts."

The Tombs prison now has one of the prettiest Catholic chapels in the city of New York. It is the one pleasant and inviting spot in the gruesome pile of gray stone and iron bars. When that portion of the Tombs was rebuilt some twelve years ago a large room on the fourth floor was set aside for Catholic worship, but little attempt was made at that time to beautify it. Mass is celebrated in the chapel every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock for the Catholic prisoners and the average attendance is 150. Also on Sunday mornings from 10:30 to 12 o'clock catechism classes are held in the chapel for all the boys in the prison from sixteen to twenty-one years of age.

Holland has a Catholic president of her second chamber, a sure sign of the remarkable Catholic advance in the Netherlands. It is the custom for the president of the second chamber to be chosen from the largest group of the party in majority, the crown making the choice. A vacancy occurred owing to the sudden death of Baron Schimmelpenninck. It has been filled by the appointment of Baron Voorst tot Voorst, a member of the Guelder nobility, and Catholic Senator for southern Holland. It is a fact that the Catholic group is now larger than the two other Christian groups of the majority put together. The late president was a Protestant.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SOCIAL-LIKE PARTISANS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STRIKING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. SMITH, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XVIII OLD NICK BORAN AGAIN

Old Mr. Moore became sensibly better after his arrival in Limerick. The air of Limerick is balmy, and there is a cheery, cleanly look about the streets, houses, and quays, that operates favorably upon all hearts and heads. The city is not so large that one feels himself lost as soon as he passes the barriers, and it is not so small as to contract the feelings of the inhabitants into those of mere villagers; in fact, Limerick is altogether a pretty place, and many tasteful folk prefer it—men, women, lace, glories, bacon, tobacco, and all—to any city in the sister kingdom.

Here Mr. Moore, senior's only sister lived. Many beautiful villas crown the sweet slopes by the Shannon's banks, on the clear side of the river. They are, that is, the villas—are of every possible shape and size, and they are in every direction. The Doric stands in sober gravity on one spot, and the Corinthian shines in its gracefulness upon another; the Gothic, or "Elizabethan," like an old lady in ruffles and spectacles, vindicates the claims of the sixteenth century; and the plain convenient dwelling of modern times shows that the utilitarian spirit of the age can find a place even among abodes of relaxation and indulgence. In a word, everything as it should be, and looking along the circling and serpentine ways—and walking amid "sweet-briary fences" and flower-gardens, and looking down upon the lordly river, rolling onward to the sunset, and viewing the homes and seekers of pleasure all around—a dreamer might imagine that the ages by the Shannon side shared its immortality, and still retained even their fashions.

Mrs. Benn had one of the cottages on the banks of the Shannon, and Mr. Moore, senior, had a charming look-out therefrom. And then Mrs. Benn had so many old recollections to indulge, and therefore so many to awaken in her brother, and they being, every one of them, of the spring-time of existence, fresher and fonder as years wither up all things besides and as Mr. Moore had a kind human heart, and all things soft and homely were treasured, it came to happen that the old gentleman lived in his boyhood and young manhood again, and enjoyed the scenes which memory happily preserved. And thus Mr. Moore, although of the present, he could be made to comprehend little, and would enjoy nothing, was vivid and accurate of the time of the "Volunteers."

Mrs. Benn's cottage is a Gothic one, and Mr. Moore has an easy chair in the "oriel window," and Ailey is already sitting at a round table in the middle of the apartment, Mrs. Benn being vis a vis. The aunt and niece really like one another, and, in truth, there is no merit in the affection of either, for Mrs. Benn is an admirable woman, and the reader need not be informed of the claims of the gentle Ailey.

Eddy has finished whatever small work has been allotted to him, and he is looking out from the skylight, and viewing the ships borne onward to the sea. Poor Eddy is thinking of "Gran,"—the bronzed old begonia woman—and thinking that she once lived near the sea also; and he remembers how she used to look at him when she sat knitting by the old hearth; and often, when she said her prayers upon her old beads; and he thinks of how many a time she kissed him in his little bed of straw, when she thought he was asleep, and the tears flow down the poor boy's cheeks, and he thinks he should not have left her. But then "Gran" begged him to go, and she laid her two hands on his head, and she blessed him, and she said she would go to live among the neighbors that never refused a bit to any one," and she would "prayer for Eddy and for Miss Ailey, and not forgetting hand-miss Master Gerald," and she, poor Biddy Browne, would "see them all again, she knew."

What a noble character the one that lives in love! Love the old heart! love the old parents! love the young little brood of brothers and sisters! Let the heart glow with delicious ardor when you see those around you smile in homes, dear, dear joy! Every look of light and word of kindness will enrich you with flowers of home's holy affection, and around you will flourish a garden of love! Riches there you have what riches can never buy, and what money is gathered to purchase. Power!—you have in home love what power can never command, and what ambition vainly laments, after slaying it.

Love is power and riches and dignity altogether; and we may have it at the expense of only opening our hearts, for it knocks at the door, and it is the child of innocence: "— que t'importe, Le riche et le puissant! Un soufle les emporte, La force la plus forte, C'est un cœur innocent!" "What are riches to thee? Why care you for power? A breath may destroy them. They are things of an hour! A might like to God's But to one thing is given,

A heart that is pure Is the right hand of heaven."

What a wrong road many a wise man travels in his search for happiness! "The kingdom of heaven is within you!" "A servant coming up the walk," said Mrs. Benn, "and bearing a letter to me." "Very well," said Eddy Browne, in reply to some remark of the messenger.

The people in the parlor heard no more; but in a few minutes Gerald Moore came down stairs. Gerald was in his room when the messenger came with the letter. He looked (we mean Gerald) a little puzzled, though not excited, and he held the letter in his hand. Ailey Moore raised her eyes from her work, and Aunt Benn raised her spectacles up among her nice, shining, crispy brown curls, and looked out from very mild blue eyes.

"News, Gerald?" said Mrs. Benn. "Why, yes, replied the young man, smiling, "I think Ailey has another suitor."

Aunt Benn looked knowingly at Ailey, and Ailey slightly blushed—very slightly, however, for Ailey knew her brother too well to believe that anything serious would be so lightly introduced. "And my beau?" Ailey asked, with a smile. "Old Mr. Boran has come to town to see me—and only to see me; I don't think he cares to see me unless for Ailey's sake," answered Gerald, laughing.

"Ailey can't go!" cried Mr. Moore, who, very unusually with him, caught some notion of the import of Gerald's words. "Where papa!" Ailey asked, rising rapidly, and approaching him with hands outstretched; the poor child was delighted to see an appearance of improvement in her father. The tears came down old Mr. Moore's cheeks, and the gentle daughter throwing his arms round his neck kissed him. Again she asked, "Where, papa, shall I go?" "You, Ailey," replied the old gentleman. "You?" he said, laughing through the tears. "Oh, no fear of you going—no fear of that—no fear," he repeated, "no fear you'll go."

"Where, sir?" He put his mouth to her ear. "To Vinegar Hill," he whispered. "Ailey, again—there's no fair play! We've lost the land, only those that sold their souls for it; and we are all turned into herds and ploughmen, and they beat us; and—Mary," he said, calling out to Aunt Benn. "Mary, take this wild girl away from me! Ailey is pale," he said, "and there is Gerald—that's the boy!" he said proudly, and the old father's eyes sparkled.

"I am going out, father; goodbye, sir, for a little." "Have a look at Moorfield, Gerald," said the old man. "Yes, sir." "And look to Ailey's own little room!" "Yes, sir." "And tell Jim and Bid, and Jim and—oh; tell all the servants and neighbors we are going home immediately." "Yes, sir." "And see, Gerald?"—"Mary, what was I saying? Oh, yes! Gerald, again, be good to the poor servants! They work, poor souls, and they keep us up. Don't they, Gerald?"

Without waiting for an answer, old Mr. Moore went on: "Tis a great wonder entirely that God makes them work for us, isn't it son? and they often so much better than ourselves. But I was always fond of the servants, wasn't I, Mary, when I was a boy? and I recollect you, Mary, you were like Ailey—your little Ailey there, and... oh, where was I, Mary? Ah! I sometimes think my memory is failing me; but—"

Gerald waited to hear no more. There was the mind-wreck of a rude storm of injustice. With many sons as full of feeling as Gerald Moore, and not so full of religion, it is wonderful that we have so little vengeance in Ireland. Gerald walked rapidly, and in spite of his preoccupation, conjectured from time to time what could be old Nick Boran's business. He did not believe it to be a re-opening of the marriage scheme, and hardly any other affair could be supposed to bring the old miser from home. He had scarcely ever dreamed of travelling so far, and independently of the trouble, the expense, to old Boran, would appear a greater mountain than one of the Alps or the Pyrenees.

"Good morning, Mr. Gerald Moore?" said a voice just behind our friend Gerald. Gerald turned round, and saw Mr. Boran himself. "We are bound for the same place, I believe, Mr. Gerald; you are up to time, as you always have been; you are so—" he continued; and he gave Gerald his hand.

Gerald held his hat in his hand, and stood.

"Let us sit down, Mr. Gerald; I'm old." "There!" "After a considerable pause, old Boran said: "You had some fine pictures at Moorfield, Mr. Gerald."

"Yes." "I bought them," said the old man, looking furtively at young Moore. "Well, sir, I hope they'll prove worth your money."

"I paid £150 for a small picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary." "Why I heard an Englishman bought it for £50!" "So he did; just so; and he had £100 profit off old Nick Boran—that very few men ever had before."

"You must have liked it very much." "So I did. I liked it very much. I bought it for one I liked, because he liked it." Gerald looked at Mr. Nick Boran, senior, rather doubtfully, we suppose. "Oh yes, by course—by course, that's it. I'm Nick Boran, the miser!"

The character of the old man's face changed for a moment. The features relaxed, and the eyes softened. "Mr. Gerald Moore"—and the old man went over and shut the door closely to. "Mr. Moore," he said, "what are you going to do now?" "tell me."

Gerald looked a little surprised, as well he might, considering the questioner. However, he was too well bred to manifest any temper. "Why, Mr. Boran, all my plans have not yet been matured. I cannot exactly inform you."

"Oh, no, of course—'tis none of my business,—just so. I'm curious and inquisitive—and I'm an old, good-for-nothing grub—and I'm not to be—"

"Really, Mr. Boran, I do not, and did not mean—"

"Gerald!" said old Mr. Boran—"Gerald!" he said; and this time he looked the young man full, eye full, into the face. "Gerald, I was at your christening—and at Ailey's; and see, young man, your mother knew me well—better than any one has known me, since she went into the coffin!"

"Oh! well, sir—"

"Stay now—one minute—stay. I only want to say, don't judge old Nick Boran too harshly, or you won't be your mother's son. Where are you going, and what do you want to do—that's the question."

"Well, sir, I've a prospect of employment in Paris."

There was a little hesitation; but finally Gerald thought it best to reply, "I hope to be engaged in drawing."

It was decidedly *mauveuse honte* that suppressed the word "patterns"; for Gerald had been in treaty on this subject as a temporary expedient. "Yes—I see, I see," he repeated, as if speaking to himself.

And Ailey's mind is made up against that boy? "Entirely." "Ah, yes—just so, just so. And," he added, after a pause, "your father and Ailey still remain in this place?" "Yes, sir."

"And where is the money?—just so—where is the money?" "Oh, Providence will take care of them; and we have saved a little!" "And what is there for you— for you, until you gather yourself round?" "Very little will do."

Here was something very wonderful! Old Nick Boran had sent him £500!

The old man had sent it absolutely him, and spoke of himself again he read the letter, and again—but there was the fact still in black and white. On the back of the letter was written, he saw, "Providence will mind them," and he remembered that he had made use of these words when speaking to old Boran about the prospects of his father and Ailey; but no examination could discover more.

Full of thought, and a little anxious, Gerald took his hat and left the hotel. He made direct for the beautiful bridge (absurdly called Wellesley road, where he was obliged to remain, to wait the passing up of a large vessel. His eyes passed to the opposite side, where a crowd was delayed by the same obstacle which stayed himself; and near a lamp-post—leaning, in fact, against the lamp-post—was a man whose shape and face were not to be forgotten.

Shaan a Dherk was waiting for Gerald on the bridge. Gerald was not easily moved by any one or by any circumstance, but here he felt a strong resolution necessary to keep him tranquil. Decidedly the most wonderful man of his class, or perhaps of his time, stood near him, waited for him evidently; and this man seemed mysteriously to influence his destiny.

Shaan a Dherk was in his holiday gear; but Gerald would have known Shaan a Dherk on a throne had he only seen him on one. As soon as the bridge was closed, Gerald walked rapidly across it, and as rapidly approached the lamp-post. He was just about to stretch out his hand ardently, when Shaan turned round and walked on—towards the Crafoos Road. Gerald understood him, and followed.

Shaan a Dherk soon arrived at a sequestered spot, and waited. He looked pale, much thinner, and more thoughtful than usual. "My ever dear friend," cried Gerald, "how can I thank you! How happy I feel at last to see you! You must come over and see my sister and aunt."

"I have seen them," answered Shaan, in an accent which made Gerald's blood tingle. It was Irish beyond all doubt, but not the accent of a peasant. Gerald looked his wonder. "I am the whip of justice," said Shaan a Dherk, and my mission has not yet been fulfilled. Oh, no! Hush!" he said, in the same low voice, "the arm of Providence defends the daughter of St. Senanus, and His mercy is in her father's soul. Hush! I have seen your father and aunt, and our own Ailey Moore!—Stay, don't stop me," he continued, seeing Gerald about to speak; "I have no time to wait. I came only to say—and mind me now—use the money you received to day from old Nick Boran—it is your own."

"You are a wonderful man!" "A sinner! a sinner! But oh! the whip of justice on the back of knaves!" "But, Shaan, you are not—"

"Pshaw! Mr. Moore, I am Shaan a Dherk; and I have met one honest man at least, in old Nick Boran. I am the whip of justice! God bless you, and God protect the 'Lily of the Valley.' *Slaven tath!*" In a moment the strange fiend man had disappeared.

Gerald soon arrived at Mrs. Benn's, or, as it was called, "Bennville." Gerald found every one in great excitement, and the old man clasped his hands; even the gentle Ailey uttered a cry of joy as he entered the door, and then stood looking at him, to clean some intelligence, as it would seem, or to discover if he knew anything of the occurrences which had taken place in his absence.

"Well! Gerald said, "well!" "Who has been here?" asked Ailey. "Shaan a Dherk," Gerald answered. "Ah! you have seen him," she replied.

"Yes." "Noble Shaan!" "Noble indeed! But what has Shaan been saying and doing at Bennville?" "Then you do not know?" said Ailey.

"No." "Come then!" Gerald was led by his sister to the small "hall," where Eddy Browne looked radiant with smiles, and literally danced with exultation; thence the little group proceeded upstairs to what was called "Gerald's room." The door opened at the touch of Ailey; and as it swung wide there appeared right opposite, wreathed round with evergreens and sweet winter flowers, and glowing with lights and loveliness, Gerald's favorite picture of Mary. The painter's clean some intelligence, as it would seem, or to discover if he knew anything of the occurrences which had taken place in his absence.

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THROUGH MARY

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

In a charming home, small yet refined, lived a young girl with her two brothers, all non-Catholics. Both men were matured, each with a business of his own, and were in the city all day. They returned to their suburban home for dinner, after which they would smoke a cigar, and chat with their sister, whom both loved devotedly; sometimes returning to the city for an hour at the theatre, or a concert; sometimes reading in their cozy library or den at home. They were very happy in their pleasant surroundings, not caring very much about religion, but leading good, moral lives. Church-going did not trouble them. The girl was devoted to her brothers, and strove in every way to make the home pleasant.

They had lived thus for a long time, none of them being inclined towards a married life, when suddenly a cloud broke over the little circle. The brothers quarrelled. Hot words resulted, mutual recriminations followed, and at last, estrangement.

Finally there was a sort of truce patched up. They returned to the home for the sake of their heart-broken sister, but refused to speak to each other. Every night they met at dinner studiously civil, but acting as if they were strangers; never exchanging a word. One always left when dinner was over, either going to his room, or leaving the house. The other brother chatted with his sister as if no one else lived there. They sternly refused to hear each other's name mentioned, and while in all else most affectionate to their sister, in this they were unbending. She loved them both tenderly, and their estrangement was a sorrow that began to eat deeply into the happiness of her hitherto unclouded life.

Months passed by. All efforts to reconcile the brothers resulted in a more deeply rooted animosity, and a threat to leave the house forever if the matter was mentioned again. Three years had passed, and no change took place. Katherine—this was the girl's name—had exhausted every invention of love she could bring forward, but all in vain. William and James had not spoken. A wall of ice had formed between them, and they passed each other like strangers. No one dared to comment upon the matter to them, and Katherine grew coldly silent when any mutual friend ventured to remark that, where both brothers used formerly to accompany her from time to time, only one was seen with her now.

The two men saw that Katherine, their beloved sister who had given her life for their comfort, was growing pale and sad, although she made every effort to be cheerful. The hour they dined together she tried to make as pleasant as possible. But the icy silence, the unnatural restraint, could not be ignored; and the single meal of the day, at which they met, and which used to be so pleasant, was now shadowed by a cloud, heavy and sorrowful. They could not conquer their pride—and, moreover they would not.

Hiding her sorrow in her own heart, Katherine often would walk or ride to the city. One day, in the month of May, she passed a Catholic Church, the doors of which stood invitingly open. Hesitating she entered; and then stood at the end of the church. She saw dimly a shrine decorated with flowers and lights and, rising above them, a tall statue of white marble, representing the slender figure of a woman with arms extended. The face was pure and gentle, and even at that distance Katherine imagined something was attracting her, drawing her, impelling her forward. A lady passed her, and noticing that she was a stranger, smiled. Katherine said in a whisper, "Will you tell me what that statue means—the one with the flowers and lights about it?"

The lady instinctively knew she was not a Catholic, and whispered: "It is a statue of our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. It is May-time, the month in which our dear Mother is especially honored. She never fails to grant the petitions of those in sorrow or trouble, who promised to honor her Son."

"But," said Katherine, "I am not a Catholic; I could not worship the Virgin, much less a graven image." "And do you, for one moment think," said the lady, "that we Catholics worship an image, or worship the 'Virgin,' as you call her? We worship only the Lord, Who is her Son, and Who loved her and honored her all through His life on earth. Do you find fault with the Lord for honoring His Mother? Do you not love your own mother?"

Katherine thought of a little mound in a distant cemetery, and a great sob rose in her heart. "Is that the way you think?" she said. "You don't worship the Virgin, or her image?" "Never!" said the lady. "We love her; we go to her to tell her our troubles; that she may ask her Son to grant our petition; but we worship God alone."

"I wonder," said Katherine, thinking half aloud, "if she would ask her Son to grant my petition when I am not a Catholic."

"Try!" said the lady. "Ask her, and see for yourself if she is not the mother of the whole world!" And, so saying, she went down the aisle, leaving Katherine alone in the nearly deserted church.

Katherine stood looking at the distant shrine—at the white figure with its outstretched arms—and a great faith sprang up in her soul.

"If you will reconcile my brothers, dear Mother of God," she murmured, "I will publicly visit your shrine, and will try to learn all I can about honoring you!" "Was it a freak of imagination? Or was it a stray sunbeam that flitted across the marble face, and gave it the glow of a smile?" Katherine's heart beat almost aloud. She turned and left the Church, but with a strangely peaceful and hopeful feeling. She went towards home, her soul full of the beautiful vision that silent Church; she went about her duties, prepared a bountiful dinner, and dressed carefully to meet her brothers. She felt that something was in the air, something supernatural, with the statue of the White Mother in the center.

James came home first. He kissed his sister as usual, noticing her bright eyes and high color. In a few moments William entered. Without a moment's pause James advanced to William, both hands extended. William stared, uttered not a word; then came forward and laid his hands in his brother's. They looked into each other's eyes for a long minute. Then James spoke. "William, it is three years since we have spoken; are we the happier for this estrangement?"

"No, James," was the choked answer that strong men give in deep emotion. "We will end it!" And with a warm, long hearty handclasp, the brothers were reconciled.

Katherine burst into tears. "Oh! thanks be to the Mother of God!" she cried. "She has granted my prayer, and I will keep my word!" And she did. The happy trio sat down to the happiest meal they ever tasted. And after it was over the brothers, arm in arm, went out together.

Katherine immediately visited the shrine of our Lady. She soon obtained the gift of Faith, and she is now a fervent Catholic. Her daily prayer to our sweet Lady is for the conversion of her two beloved brothers. Can we doubt that her petition will be granted?

THE SECOND

BEATITUDE

SERMON DELIVERED AT THE ADVENT CONFERENCE IN THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, DUBLIN, BY VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

"Blessed are the meek of heart, for they shall possess the land." This is the next feature of the Christian character brought out by our divine Lord. The Christian must be only a man of faith, living for divine purposes, influenced by supernatural motives, grasping at the invisible beneath the forms of things that appear; but he must also be imbued with the virtue of meekness. Remember, gentlemen, that Christianity means perfection, the very perfection of man, of human nature in all its natural properties and powers, and far beyond this, the perfection of human nature in all the supernatural gifts of divine grace. Life, according to St. Thomas Aquinas is spontaneous motion. There are two kinds of motion, one produced by something external or extrinsic to the thing moved, as when the powerful attraction of the sun moves the inanimate earth. The other is caused by something internal or intrinsic, as when the human body is moved by the living soul of principle or motion within it. This St. Thomas calls intrinsic or spontaneous motion. If you reflect on the definition you will find it comprehensive and pertinent, for surely our idea of life is motion of some kind, and we naturally look upon perfect stillness as death. Now, all motion bears in its very essence the idea of a starting-point, to be reached, and of an effort to pass from one to the other. Now, the Catholic Church teaches us that God is the starting-point of man, that God is the point to be attained by him, and that our Lord Jesus Christ, God made Man, in this way, the form, the model, the means, to conduct him to his end. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end;" He says, and elsewhere, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" for, says the apostle, "there is but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Jesus Christ." The life thus proposed to us clearly involves all supernatural perfection of grace, for in "Christ abode all the fullness of the divinity corporally." But by an eternal law, that which is perfect in the highest order involves all the perfection of the lower; therefore, in seeking to be made conformable to the image of the Son of God, we come by all that is most perfect in the order of nature, and thus "godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Let us see how far the virtue of meekness conduces to the natural and supernatural perfection of man. First, then, what is meekness?

WHAT IS MECKNESS? Meekness is the virtue or power by which the passion of anger is so moderated and restrained as not to rise within us except when necessary and in the measure which is necessary. It is then, as you perceive, an exercise of power in the reason of man over the inferior appetites and powers of the soul. Man, as you know, is made up of body and soul,

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of matter and spirit, each with its own nature and its own powers, wonderfully united, and acting on each other in the one being. The soul has its own affections and desires, its own rational appetite, which is the will, guided and influenced by reason. But as this soul is joined to a material body, and depends for its impressions upon sense, there is also a sensual appetite; and depraved desire and passion in excess assails the soul. These sensitive appetites manifest themselves in two great master passions in man, viz., concupiscence and anger; concupiscence, which prompts us to seek that which is or which we conceive to be desirable, anger, which disturbs and excites the soul, when that which is desirable is removed, or when we are impeded in its pursuit. Here then is man, as far as we have to deal with him, made up of intellect, will, passion of concupiscence and anger; and, besides the theological virtues, which entirely regard the supernatural perfection of man, we have the cardinal virtues, which may be said to regard his natural perfection, and they affect these four powers: prudence is in the intellect, justice in the will, temperance regards the passion of concupiscence, and fortitude that of anger. The more these virtues govern and influence their respective powers, the more perfect is man, in the order of nature. "It belongs to human virtue," says St. Thomas, "to make a man perfect by reducing his every act to the dominion of reason, which is done in three ways. (1) The reason itself is rightly ordered, and this is done by the intellectual virtues or powers. (2) Reason thus ordered or perfected becomes the guide and ruler of all human affairs, through the medium of the virtues of justice; and (3) all impediments to such guidance or government of reason are removed, (1) by the virtue of temperance, which restrains the will when it is drawn aside in pursuit of that which right reason forbids, and (2) by fortitude, which overcomes, by strength of mind and will, the difficulties that arise in the way of virtue, just as a man by strength and energy of body conquers and repels all bodily difficulties." Thus we behold how all natural perfection in man consists in the perfect and absolute dominion of a well-ordered reason or mind. Perfection means order, for, observes the Angelic Master, the perfection and beauty of all creation consists in order. Now our idea of order is that inferior things should be subject to things superior, and that what is supreme should govern all; but as the intellect or reason is supreme power in man, it follows that man's natural perfection must consist in the dominion of this reason over all the inferior powers of the soul and all the passions and inclinations of the man. Thus it was with the first man as he came from the hands of God—a perfect being. "God made man right," says the preacher; and elsewhere, "He filled him with the knowledge of understanding, and He created in him the science of the spirit, and filled his heart with wisdom." In that happy time, before sin found its entrance into the newly-created world, all was perfection, because all was order. The inferior animals and beings were perfectly subject to man. "Let us make man," says the Lord, "to our image and likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth, and every creeping creature that moveth upon the earth." The senses, and all the inferior appetites in man himself, were under complete control of the will, which, in its turn was ruled by a reason that was in perfect subjection to God. But when this order was disturbed by sin, when man's reason and will refused their obedience to God, then the inferior appetites and passions, in their turn, refused to be subject to the reason, and the creation of God, and the stubborn earth itself, rebelled against man. In losing the supernatural gifts of grace and innocence, man lost also the very natural integrity and perfection of his being. Such was the connection between nature and grace, that when grace departed the integrity of nature was also lost, and humanity remained not only robbed and stripped of its divine clothing, but also mutilated and powerless. From all this it follows, first, the passion which most directly and powerfully assails the dominion of reason, blinds it, overpowers it, casts it from its throne, is the greatest impediment to man's natural perfection. And, secondly, that the virtue or power which masters this passion, binds it down under the dominion of the mind, directs its energy, whilst it destroys its inordinate tendency, is the greatest safeguard of reason, and consequently most directly conducive to man's natural perfection. Now, gentlemen, that passion is anger, and that virtue is meekness. Well then may we conclude that Christ our Lord, in restoring to us the supernatural, and enabling us to acquire this virtue, has also given us back the integrity and natural perfection which Adam had lost. What is anger? Anger is defined: An inordinate desire of revenge. The sensitive appetite, excited, inflamed by injury, real or imaginary, acts upon the will, inclining and inducing it to desire of revenge. It is no longer reason guiding and directing the will, but the sensitive appetite, i. e., an inferior power of the soul, directing a superior, consequently, an inversion of order. The very nature of anger is to act and desire without right reflection. Hence, nothing is

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As to the brand of villifiers that the antis are bringing in, and expect to bring into Iowa county, the following vouches for record of Seguin is but a fair sample:

"Peter Alphonse Seguin was a priest in the Montreal archdiocese in 1871. His actions were such in all the missions given into his charge, that Bishop Langevin, after giving him numerous chances to reform and to reinstate himself, was finally obliged to silence and excommunicate him. He was accused of immorality of the grossest kind as well as of drunkenness. "After he had been expelled from Montreal, he made several attempts to get charges, but his unpriestly conduct was so notorious that he was obliged to seek another means of livelihood, and it was then that he became an 'ex-priest.' Many letters can be produced from Protestants in places where he since resided to prove that he is a man to be avoided rather than sought."

These are the type of men that the anti-Catholic organizations have to depend upon to propagate the principles of their much-vaunted patriotic societies. Rather shining examples, don't you think?

Fine leaders for an intelligent body of men to follow.

Excellent exponents of right and morality that a peaceful and prosperous community desires itself over.

The history of William Lloyd Clarke is one that would not look well under a searchlight. His experience in Davenport, Peoria, Ill., and many other cities, makes him a "leader" of the kind that should be investigated before any community, or any intelligent man should follow his guidance.

It seems rather strange that the people in and around Victor have been so long, so very, very long, in finding out what great rascals the Catholics really are, when gray beards and gray heads, both Protestant and Catholic, have been chums and neighbors since childhood, and it has just dawned upon them (Clarke, Spurgeon, et al. were the radiant stars that caused the dawn, at so much per sunrise), that your lifelong friends and neighbors are the vilest of the vile.

Rot on such imported logic! You Knights of Luther are howling and ranting about the political strength of Catholic organizations. Let us ask, "What is the purpose of your own organization, and what are you even doing now in the way of politics?"

What does your entire membership expect you to do at the polls this fall? You will refuse to vote for any Catholic, no matter what ticket he may be on or how well qualified he may be to fill the office.

The one question that the K. of L. do not like to have asked them is how they assimilate their declared principle of the enforcement of the first amendment to the constitution to their own actions.

If your actions beyond reproach, gentlemen, why it is that you are oath-bound not to divulge the names of the members of your order? Every fraternal order in the United States is proud of its membership and points with pride to the names of the good men and women who are affiliated therewith. Is your membership so foul and contemplated deeds so vile that you are ashamed to let the community know who and what you are?

Your "demands" for information; your threats as to what will happen to those who oppose you; your threatened boycott of merchants, newspapers and other business men who are not in sympathy with you, savors very much of brigandage. And yet, you declare for free speech, free press, and the enactment of a law making it a penal offense for boycotting another's business. Common intelligence should teach you to regard with suspicion men, who for the sake of a crowd and the money they get for it, advertise themselves and their talk as ex-sinners of a particularly abominable sort, and who relate with relish and great gusto in public the disgusting details of their private misdeeds.

In the name of morality and the religion you profess, if you profess any at all; and in the name of common sense and a just righteousness, you should protest against any man being allowed to pour out moral filth in the presence of a public audience in any town in Iowa county. The fact that the lectures of the past few weeks have been attended by large crowds of men does not give a shameless tongue the right to utter obscene things. The fact that no one was compelled to attend does not make it any more of an excuse.

Every lecture that has been delivered in Iowa county, and every one that will be delivered in the future, obscene, and leaves a stain upon every mind that is not already fouled and vile.

Obscene plays are prohibited. Obscene books are forbidden publication. Why not carry the same moral law to the public platform? Is the obscenity legal simply because it is directed against a religious organization? If there is no law prohibiting such outpouring of filth, then let every self-respecting citizen remain away from such. And you can safely gamble that as soon as the money begins to dwindle at the box office, just that soon will these purveyors of blasphemy cease to inflict themselves on any community.

You who are so loudly and earnestly iterating the Catholic Church, what are you doing to better yourself or your community in a religious way? Do you attend your chosen church, or ever listen to the sermons of your pastor? In other words, do you belong to any Church whatever?

If you are not a Christian, if your Christianity expends itself in violent attacks and epithets against other religious denominations or creeds. All this you do in hate and ignorance. You who are so rabid against the Catholic Church have no religious faith of your own, and if you have any at all, you are a disgrace to the Church to which you claim membership.

If you are a Christian, you will allow no man to make your mind the dumping ground for the moral garbage and filth of his own immoral life that he is so proud to tell of in public. Allow no man to come into your community who boasts of his depravity, and feeds on the dollars you put up to hear of his own immoral past—the product of a diseased brain, a condition that spells degeneracy, both mental and physical.

If you countenance such depravity, your own faith will become so contaminated with a festering mental wound that time will accentuate, rather than diminish.

What can be worse than being untrue to oneself? Of sinking below the possibilities of our nature, becoming something lower than we were meant to be?—Dorothea Gerard.

In all ages man has been stimulated to sowing by the certainty of reaping. To-morrow's sheaves and shoutings support to-day's fearful sowing. Certainty of victory wins battles before they are fought.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

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The Catholic Record London Canada



THE HONORABLE THOMAS COFFEY, LL.D.
LATE OF THE SENATE OF CANADA

The Catholic Record

Publisher and Proprietor—Thomas Coffey, LL.D.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1914

THE LATE SENATOR COFFEY

Many thousands throughout the length and breadth of Canada and beyond its boundaries will feel a keen sense of personal bereavement in the death of the Hon. Thomas Coffey. For thirty-five years the CATHOLIC RECORD has been in every sense his paper. He was not merely its publisher but its informing and guiding spirit. His own gentle yet staunchly Catholic personality pervaded the RECORD from those early uncertain days when its very existence depended upon his abiding faith, his never failing courage and his unwavering tenacity of purpose. Then came success unquestioned. Instinctively Catholic always, gentlemanly, courteous and cultured, he remained steadfastly loyal to the high aim that informed his life-work. Financial success came unthought and was regarded as an incidental. His work was to provide a Catholic journal. No other consideration weighed with him. An ever-widening circulation showed the appreciation of the singleness of purpose of the Editor and Publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and placed the veteran journalist in close and sympathetic touch with the Catholics of Canada. His rare qualities thus enlightened by ripe experience, humanly speaking, to make his loss irreparable. However, Senator Coffey had passed the allotted span of three score and ten; may we not hope that his life-work was in the sight of God well and nobly accomplished? The Vicar of Jesus Christ, whose vision from the watch towers of Israel sweeps the world, has proclaimed most insistently that amongst the greatest needs of God's Church is a loyal and enlightened Catholic press. Then if the noble life-work of Thomas Coffey is accomplished the CATHOLIC RECORD is established on a permanent basis and will continue its mission, ever treasuring as a precious legacy the spirit infused into it by him who under God's blessing created its present vast field of usefulness.

If so the CATHOLIC RECORD will remain a noble monument to a noble life. While perpetuating his memory on earth it will be a pledge of the reward in heaven promised to the faithful servant. Dead he will still speak, and his message to all will be one of hope and courage, of fidelity and loyal service.

Every reader, young and old, will consider it a duty and a privilege to join in the Church's prayer for the

soul of him whose personality made the CATHOLIC RECORD enter as an intimate and cherished friend into nearly thirty thousand Catholic homes.

"Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him."

A TRUE IRISHMAN

The twelfth of August, 1843, Thomas Coffey saw the light of day in Castleconnell, Tipperary, Ireland. Though he left the old land with his parents Patrick Coffey and Ellen O'Keefe and arrived in Canada on June 1st, 1852, he ever retained a true and warm-hearted love for the land of his birth. His earliest recollections enshrined the accounts of the great victory of his countrymen in securing Catholic Emancipation just fourteen years before his birth; but the lad of nine years who left Ireland had grown into the young man of twenty-six, had married and established his home in the land of his adoption before the land of his birth was relieved from the incubus of supporting an alien church.

When we realize that the life span of Senator Coffey covered so many events that are but of historic interest to most of us now living it is not surprising that his loyalty to Ireland, and his sympathy with her struggle for freedom were deep and abiding. An instance of how he translated his sympathy into intelligent service will be of interest. The heat and bitterness of the Home Rule discussion during the last two years are well known. A mischievous pamphlet by Robert Sellar, "Ulster and Home Rule—a Canadian Parallel" was widely circulated. Then came the peculiarly inept argument of Bonar Law drawn from Canadian conditions. "How would the Catholics of Quebec like to be under the Protestants of Ontario, or the Protestants of Ontario under the Catholics of Quebec?"

Senator Coffey at once set to work to provide an effective answer. He appealed to eminent Quebec Protestants with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy and amongst others the Honourable Sydney Fisher.

Referring to Bonar Law's absurd analogy Mr. Fisher wrote to Senator Coffey:

"I need not point out to you what a misleading suggestion this is. There is no analogy between it and the condition of Ulster and the rest of Ireland. If there is any example in Canada for the situation in Ireland to day it would be that of the Protestant English-speaking minority in the Province of Quebec. Ireland is a local entity, just as in our confederation Quebec is. A vast majority of the people in Ireland are Roman Catholics; so they

are in Quebec. There is the Protestant minority in each case, probably the richest commercial part of the community in each case, paying the bulk of the taxes, having less influence numerically in any local legislation.

"Judging from this analogy our experience in Quebec is emphatic that Ulster need fear no oppression. . . . From the time of Confederation up to the present day the Protestant minority of Quebec have had not the slightest reason of complaint, not one single instance of invasion of their rights has occurred. No occasion has arisen for them to appeal to the Federal Government to veto any action of the local legislature on any such ground. . . .

"In the Province of Quebec we have had an additional difficulty of language, most of the Catholics being French-speaking and nearly all the Protestant English speaking. This difficulty does not present itself in Ireland. With it, however, and all the fears expressed at Confederation, no difficulty has arisen. The Roman Catholic French majority has shown itself very generous. . . .

"To my mind no more perfect analogy could be cited for the condition in Ireland, and it is an absolute proof that Ulster need not be afraid. I had some thought of writing on these lines to the Times in reply to Mr. Bonar Law's analogy drawn from Canadian affairs. I did not do so, because I think, in a general way, it is unwise that Canadians should enter into a discussion of the local political affairs of the United Kingdom. If, however, you find that misrepresentations are being circulated in Ireland as to the condition of affairs in Canada, you are at liberty to use what I have here written in any way that may best correct these misrepresentations and to use my name as the author."

Needless to say Irishmen at home appreciated the value and effectiveness of first-hand Canadian testimony on Canadian conditions. The letters of the Hon. Mr. Fisher and others were published by the Irish Press Agency in Leaflet No. 55. And wherever the Canadian analogy argument was pressed into service by anti-Home-Rulers it was promptly met by the documents placed in the hands of his countrymen by Senator Coffey.

The quiet, unobtrusive but singularly effective service rendered on this as on many another occasion is characteristic of the Irish patriotism of Thomas Coffey.

THE KINDLY HEART

Seventy-one years ago Thomas Coffey was born at Castle Connell, Co. Limerick, Ireland. Sixty-six years later a lonely student at St. Michael's College was enduring all the bitterness of recent exile from the same fair spot "where the river Shannon flows" when one evening he heard with much surprise that there was a visitor to see him. Utterly unacquainted in the city, the identity of the caller was a complete mys-

tery to him. He descended to the parlor and there met Senator Coffey for the first time. Mr. Coffey was on his way to the capital, but hearing that an Irish cousin had arrived at St. Michael's he broke his journey at Toronto to call upon him.

Some months later the same Irish cousin was ordained to the holy priesthood in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, by the late beloved and sainted Bishop O'Connor, and the first to kneel for the young priest's blessing was Senator Coffey. He was not feeling very well at the time, and the journey from London to Peterborough was long and arduous, but at home in Ireland were hearts that would be gladdened by the knowledge that, even in the land of the stranger, there was at least one among the crowd of witnesses to the ordination who was of kin to their priestly son. These two incidents may appear trivial, but they are characteristic of Thomas Coffey, the man.

It is for other pens to write of Senator Coffey as Citizen, Senator and Journalist. In all three capacities his name is honored throughout this province and the Dominion. But it is to his wonderful gift of sympathetic human kindness as illustrated by the above incidents, that we would pay humble tribute. The cares of his extensive business, the duties of his high position, left his heart as fresh as the waters of his native Shannon. His spirit never grew old. The hair was white above the noble forehead, but the soul was as young as when he heard the lilt of the thrush and the blackbird amid the hedgerows of Limerick.

True Canadian as he was he never forgot the motherland over the waters. His love for Ireland grew with the passing years, and it was his delight to recall the memories of olden days, the while he made the minutest enquiries about present-day conditions, places and persons. He was an enthusiastic believer in the cause of Home Rule, and advocated this debt of justice to Ireland in the pages of the RECORD. Many a time he expressed the wish to be in Dublin for the re-opening of the new Irish Parliament. Like many another stalwart this privilege has been denied him, but before he passed to the great beyond he had the pleasure of knowing that the cause had triumphed.

In the sweet month of the Sacred Heart his great, big, generous heart was stilled in death. The Church that he loved and the country that he served pay tribute to his memory. Nor will the Ireland of his affectionate memory deny him a requiescat.

COLUMBA.

GLEANEER'S APPRECIATION

In the passing of Senator Coffey Catholic journalism in Canada has lost a prudent, zealous friend and worthy representative. While a writer of no mean ability himself, his forte lay rather in careful scrutiny of editorial comment and judicious selection of instructive matter from various sources. This made the RECORD, what it has been for generations, a source of enlightenment and trusted guide in all matters pertaining to faith and practice.

For over a third of a century it has been a perpetual mission especially in the small towns and country parishes of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces. Wherever it has been a constant and welcome visitor to the home, there we find a virile, enlightened faith. In this connection I recall an old neighbor, who invariably in the course of his conversation remarked: "I see by the CATHOLIC RECORD". . . . Needless to say he was able to give a reason for the faith that was in him and that he had an enthusiastic love for his religion, for he knew its history. Unfortunately the type is becoming rare and giving place to the loud applauder of eloquent panegyrics, whose ardor soon cools, for it is not sustained by the habit of good reading and personal study.

But perhaps this is sarcastic, and sarcasm would be out of place in connection with the memory of a man who never "cracked the satiric thong." I have had occasion to know that he often had provocation, but he always chose to keep the even tenor of his way and wait for time to vindicate him. Time has indeed vindicated him. If the RECORD holds to day the place that it occupies among Catholic journals and yields the influence that it does, even outside the fold, it is due to its impersonal character, to its dignity as becomes the servant of that Church that is the greatest school of reverence in the world and to the

truly Christian, charitable spirit that breathes from its pages. These qualities have been but the outward expression of the faith, humility and noble nature of the man, who has so long directed its destinies. "Those who instruct others unto justice," says Holy Writ, "shall shine as stars for all eternity," and surely the late Senator Coffey deserves to be numbered among them.

THE GLEANER.

CHURCH UNION

"Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are."

"And as Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. . . ."

"And not for them only do I pray but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me;

"That they all may be one as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee;

"That they all may be one in us that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

To some it may appear that the effort of several Protestant denominations to effect organic union amongst themselves is a matter of indifference to Catholics. It is far from such to thoughtful Catholics. We glory in the unity of God's visible Church on earth. We deplore sincerely a divided Christianity outside the Church.

Christ prayed for unity—a strikingly visible unity which should convince the world of His own divine mission: "That the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Instead of a unity that should irresistibly draw the world to faith in Christ's mission we see the endless sects of a divided Christianity driving men to infidelity.

That Protestantism begins to realize the evils of division is in itself a deeply significant and hopeful sign. It may indeed be the spirit of God moving over the waters. There is no question of the good faith of sincere Protestants, nor is there question of their love for Jesus Christ. If organic union of several of their churches will make for more effective work in leading their own people to be more religious according to their lights, if it will conduce to the preservation of their hold on the Christian truths and ideals they now possess, Catholics can feel nothing but joy in its accomplishment.

The very strenuous opposition of a strong minority at the recent Presbyterian assembly at Woodstock may well beget a doubt as to the wisdom of attempting a union that entails a sacrifice of all now goes to make up the *esprit de corps* of existing denominations. Wilfrid Ward pointed out that no denomination with any force in it is content with professing the common measure of Christian beliefs. Each holds them in its own way, with the associations and in the forms to which its history has given birth. Rightly or wrongly, on true lines, or on lines only partly true, or in false lines. Each has developed into an organic system with a distinctive character. On this depends its *esprit de corps*. "In point of fact, the very beliefs held in common have their edge and force in individual believers as parts of the living systems in which they are found." Thus undenominationalism necessarily lacks vitality and effectiveness. It may be that those who most bitterly oppose organic union instinctively feel that the force and effectiveness of the old historic denomination will be lost in a new organization which, lacking such inspiration, will be comparatively weak and lifeless.

It would seem to an outsider that if there be sufficient good-will and mutual esteem to make amalgamation at all possible it should not be nearly so difficult to obviate the loss of misdirected energy caused by overlapping; and it is just this overlapping, this multiplicity of weak churches that makes Union appeal to the average Protestant.

Some strong advocates of Union indulge in the unthinking gibe at creed. There must be some creed. Reduce it to its simplest form, belief in God. This creed would be comprehensive enough to include Jews and Mahomedans. But such a collection of theists would probably be ineffective apostles. Add to this creed belief in Jesus Christ, as Divine Redeemer and Mediator between God and man, and you limit membership in the new organization to Christians. But would this common Christian belief prove to a miscellaneous aggregation

life and zeal, force and effectiveness? One can hardly help sympathizing with Rev. Mr. Brown's view that such a mechanical and unnatural union would never bring about the ends which its advocates were seeking. And this without aspersing the purity of motive of the Unionists.

Our belief is that Union will be effected in this and in many other cases; that it will fail utterly as all attempts at Unity, outside the divine plan which makes Peter's successor the centre of Unity, must fail. But we regard it all as the working out of the plan of divine Providence, which will ultimately lead all sincerely Christian souls into the full fruition of Christ's prayer "that they all may be one that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

The Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's Church, London East, will formally erect the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Help on Sunday, June 21st. His Lordship will preside at the ceremony which will take place at 10:00 o'clock. The Fathers are distributing gratis a little book which gives in detail a history of this wonderful picture to which so many miracles have been attributed. Devout clients of Our Lady will consider it a privilege to assist at this ceremony which will no doubt be the occasion of increasing the beautiful devotion to the Mother of God.

CATHOLIC FORBEARANCE

Catholics throughout the world may well be proud of the conduct of their Irish co-religionists in their hour of victory. After long years of sacrifice, after weary decades of disappointed hopes, one would naturally expect that the victorious crowning of their struggle would be celebrated with unbounded enthusiasm. When, moreover, one remembers the terrible provocation to which they have been subjected by Carson, the Covenanters, and the lying Tory agents in Great Britain, their marvellous self-restraint is all the more praiseworthy. Of course the people demonstrated their joy at the passing of the infamous Union, but in the excitement of that glad hour not a word was said that could give offence to that section of their fellow-countrymen to whom Home Rule meant defeat.

Northern Nationalists are especially to be complimented upon their truly Irish and Christian forbearance. As everyone knows, the Unionist counties have ever been notoriously unjust in their treatment of the Catholic and Nationalist minority. The streets of Belfast have run with the blood of defenceless Catholic women and girls. The northern factories have witnessed scenes that would disgrace a mob of naked savages. Ascendancy, in its most bigoted form, lorded it over the despised Papist. The passing of the Home Rule Bill marked the passing of this Ascendancy, and heralded an era of equal rights for Catholic and Protestant. The temptation was strong to bring this fact home to the denizens of Sandy Row. But in that hour the victors only remembered that their bigoted opponents were brother Irishmen, and therefore restrained themselves from adding to the bitterness of defeat.

"We do not regard our victory in the light of a triumph over any section of our fellow-countrymen," declared the Irish leader. This has been the keynote of his action throughout the long drawn struggle. Never did a single expression of bitterness against his opponents cross his lips. Slander and abuse was directed at his head, but throughout it all he carried himself as a Christian gentleman and an Irish patriot. "Ulster disowns Ireland," he said at Waterford, "but Ireland will not disown Ulster." Speaking at Reading, Sir John Simon, English attorney-general, paid public tribute to Mr. Redmond's magnanimity. And Mr. Birrell, Irish secretary, declared that the forbearance of Ulster Nationalists was unequalled in history. And it is to a people such as this that Sir Edward Carson is unwilling to trust the lives and liberties of the gentle lambs of Sandy Row.

In striking contrast to the un-Christian diatribes of the responsible heads of Irish Protestantism is this appeal by the Catholic Bishop of Derry, read in the churches of his diocese on the Sunday preceding the passage of the Home Rule Bill.

"Unless something very unexpected happens the Home Rule Bill

will have passed its third reading on next Tuesday, 26th inst. Owing to the keen and deep interest taken by our people in what they consider an event fraught with untold good for Ireland it is possible that they might be inclined to indulge in jubilation, because the strain of uncertainty has passed and the fulfillment of their long cherished hopes is so near realization. They should not, however, forget that there are others who hold different opinions in regard to the recent political situation, and that it would be highly reprehensible for them to knowingly give cause for offence by outward demonstrations of joy that can serve no good purpose, but may carry in their train much evil. While perfectly justified in striving manfully within the law for the attainment of their rights, there could be no justification for doing anything that could create ill-feeling, or develop into disturbance and riot. You will be good enough to convey to the Catholic people at all the Masses my urgent request that they abstain from everything during the coming week that, though harmless in itself, could be construed as an act of provocation by any member of the community."

Success has never found the Irish people tyrannical. History is witness that they have ever borne themselves magnanimously in the moment of victory. One historic instance may be cited. Bedell, a Protestant Bishop and determined opponent of the Irish Confederates, died in the midst of hostilities in 1641. The Irish "enemy" buried him with all military honors, fired a salute above his grave, and their leader paid eloquent tribute to his character by declaring that after his death he only wished his soul would be with that of Bedell. As everyone knows Irish Catholics refrained from persecution during the brief reign of Mary, and the first Act of the Patriot Parliament of 1689 was a bill guaranteeing liberty of worship and conscience. It is safe to prophecy that under Home Rule Protestant Irishmen will be the spoiled pets of the national government, for the Irish Catholic detests the very suspicion of intolerance, and is usually ready to go out of his way to make it clear that he is actuated by no such motive.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A significant tribute to the ancient character of prayers for the dead and to their usage in the Synagogue before the coming of Christ was forthcoming as a result of the founding of the Empress of Ireland. As announced in the daily papers, special services embracing prayers for the victims of the great disaster in the St. Lawrence were held in the Jewish synagogues in the several cities of Canada. In the University Avenue synagogue, Toronto, we are told, on the Jewish feast of Shevuot, a special service was held for this purpose, great stress being laid upon their utility and necessity for the welfare of those who had thus summarily been called to their account. This was but conforming to the traditional belief and practice of the Jews from the earliest ages. From such a source is voiced anew a rebuke to the "reforming" zealots, who in the dark days of the sixteenth century essayed to trample out of existence one of the truest instincts of the human heart.

THAT THE Church is making substantial progress in the Orient is evidenced by the constant accession to her ranks from the schismatic bodies of ecclesiastics of name and position amongst them. Among recent examples (that is, within the past twelve months) are Mar Halli, Jacobite (Monophysite) Archbishop of Jerusalem, and Mar Abraham David, Archbishop of Apomea, who were reconciled to the Church by the Latin Patriarch of Antioch. The conversion of His Beatitude, Msgr. Abdul Messiah, Jacobite Patriarch, was consummated at the same time. The latter, previous to his reception, sent a letter to His Holiness, Pius X, confirming his profession of faith and his obedience to the Supreme Head of the Church. All three prelates made a preparatory retreat under the direction of a Jesuit missionary, Father Sulhani, who is of Syrian origin. Conversions of this character must have a far-reaching effect upon the various schismatical churches of the East.

THAT THE Presbyterian church of Canada (not, we are persuaded, the Presbyterian rank and file) is still unrepentant of the duplicity and dishonesty of its dealings with the Ruthenians is evident from the Presbyterian's (the official organ) account of the opening of a new mission hall in Toronto a few weeks ago. Relating how so many of these people

(who, it admits, are "Roman Catholics") had come to Canada to escape from the tyranny of the Russian Government...

the kind. An Englishman sat at a New York boarding-house table. One of the boarders was telling a story in which a dachshund figured.

SENATOR COFFEY PASSES AWAY

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CATHOLIC JOURNALISM CALLED TO HIS REWARD

Hon. Thomas Coffey, LL.D., member of the Canadian Senate, editor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and one of the best known Catholic laymen of Ontario, died at his residence, 504 Wellington street, at 7:30 o'clock last night...

Despite his precarious condition, the aged senator had made a gallant fight for life, rallying time after time, after sinking spells that seemed to indicate that the end was but a question of minutes.

Besides the immediate family, His Lordship Bishop Fallon and Monsiigneur Aylward were at the bedside when death came. His wife, son-in-law, R. M. Burns, his daughter Mrs. Burns, and his granddaughters have been in constant attendance since he was first taken ill some weeks ago.

When he first became ill, the late senator's condition was not considered serious. When, however, he experienced several sinking spells, he yielded to the pressure of his family and agreed to medical attendance.

While not unexpected, the death of Senator Coffey is one that is generally mourned throughout the city. With his own personal acquaintances, made when London was just in the growing stages of its birth and "Tom" Coffey was "one of the boys," and later, the acquaintance which he had formed through the medium of his paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, made him known to thousands.

Senator Coffey was born at Castleconnell, county of Limerick, Ireland, on August 12, 1843. He came to Canada with his parents, Patrick and Ellen Coffey, while a child, living in Montreal for some time before coming to this city.

In May, 1869, he was married to Margaret, second daughter of the late James Hevey, of London. The wedding was an unusual one, two of Mr. Hevey's daughters being married in St. Peter's Cathedral here on the same day.

His political career, while only a comparatively short one, has been in the Canadian Senate to which he was called by Lord Minto, then governor-general of Canada, on March 12, 1908.

During that year his name was prominently mentioned for cabinet office in the Laurier Government and also as party leader in the Upper House.

In 1907 the degree of LL. D. was conferred on Senator Coffey by the University of Ottawa in honor of his work as editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Senator Coffey was the dean of London newspapermen. For more than half a century he was actively engaged in newspaper work here, working his way from the galley stick of the printer's devil to the editorial chair of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

In the days of the old "hand set" work on the London papers, the good old days that the old school printers like to recall, he was one of the best known case men in the country. He worked with hundreds of the best known printers of the country, printers who afterwards made names for themselves in American and Canadian cities.

are hundreds in all parts of the Dominion and of the United States who will learn with regret of his death.

Senator Coffey's connection with The Advertiser commenced with the inception of the paper, he having been one of the printers who set the "copy" for its first number in 1863. The Senator started as a printer's devil on the old prototype, learning his trade there. Joining the staff of The Advertiser in 1868 he worked his way upward till he became foreman of the composing room.

When Mr. Coffey took over the CATHOLIC RECORD it was practically defunct, the previous owners having run the paper into bankruptcy and leaving a trail of unpaid wages and bills to mark its somewhat stormy career. His mechanical equipment was of the most limited type there being only a few fonts of type, and an old press. The present CATHOLIC RECORD plant was built up by the Senator from that small beginning.

THE FUNERAL His city, his friends and his Church paid a last tribute to the memory of Hon. Senator Thomas Coffey on Thursday morning, when St. Peter's Cathedral was crowded to the doors during the funeral service of the aged statesman, who died on Monday night.

Pupils of the separate schools, with their teachers; students of St. Angela's College, Knights of Columbus, and the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association were present in a body. The city was represented by the mayor, His Worship C. M. R. Graham, the public utilities' commission by Chairman Philip Pocock, while the Catholic clergy of the diocese was fully represented.

The honorary pallbearers were Hon. Adam Beck, Hon. C. S. Hyman, County Judge Talbot Macbeth, Sir George Gibbons, K. C., R. C. Struthers, M. Masurat, Sheriff C. M. Cameron and T. H. Purdon, K. C., while the active bearers were Messrs. Philip Pocock, R. H. Dignan, William McPhillips, C. J. Fitzgerald, Capt. T. J. Murphy, W. G. Coles, M. P. McDonagh and H. P. Sharpe of Toronto.

Present in the congregation were: His Worship Mayor C. M. R. Graham and Controller Coles, representing the city of London, Mr. H. Carling, Mr. John A. Carling, Mr. T. H. Smallman and many others. Many friends and relatives from out of town were present at the funeral, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Thos Payne, of Buffalo, (Mrs. Payne being a sister of Mrs. Coffey); Charles W. Madden of Boston; Wm. Madden and J. Madden of Rochester, (cousins); Dr. M. L. Casey, of Rochester, (also a cousin); P. J. Coffey, (cousin), County Registrar, Ottawa; H. F. McIntosh of Toronto; H. P. Sharpe of Toronto; T. P. Tansy, of Montreal; John P. Dunne, of Prescott; Jos. J. Fallon, of Cornwall; Rev. Charles Fallon, of Tewkesbury, Mass., and Mrs. D. Fallon, of Kingston.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Aylward led the procession which received the body at the door of the Church. The Right Reverend Bishop Fallon celebrated Pontifical High Mass assisted by Rev. Father West as High Priest, Rev. Father O'Byrne, Buffalo, and Father James Fallon, brother of the Bishop, as deacons of honor. Father Egan, of Stratford, was deacon of the Mass, with Rev. Hubert Dignan as sub deacon. Rev. Father Ball was master of ceremonies, while the priests in the sanctuary were Mgr. Aylward, Rector of Cathedral; Rev. Father McKeon, St. Mary's Church; Rev. Father Goodwin, St. Thomas; Rev. Father McCormick, Ashfield; Rev. Father John Gnam, Ingersoll; Rev. Father Ford, Bothwell; Rev. Father Hogan, Lucan; Rev. Father Forster, Mount Carmel; Rev. Father Stanley, Woodstock; Rev. Father Petrie, Woodstock; Rev. Father White, St. Columban; Rev. Father O'Neil, Parkhill; Rev. Father Doyle, S.S.R., St. Patrick's Church; Rev. Father Laurendeau, St. Martin's Church; Rev. Father Hanlon, St. Michael's Church; Rev. Father Valentin, St. Joseph's Hospital; Rev. Father Foley, Mount St. Joseph; Rev. Father McCullough, Mount Hope; Rev. Fathers O'Connor, Brennan, Labelle, Harding, Quigley, Maiorano of the Seminary and Father Chas. Fallon of Tewkesbury, Mass.

His Lordship Bishop Fallon after having celebrated the Mass of the Feast adverted to the fact that it was not customary in the Catholic Church on such occasions to speak in praise of the dead.

A good life, he said in explanation, needs no comment, eulogy is superfluous. It stands forth in the eyes of God and of men. An indifferently life is not made better by comment. It had better be left alone and a bad life most certainly permits of no discussion. And so eulogies are avoided for the very simple reasons I have given.

But it seems to me that an exception should be made in the present case, even though a good life needs no comment or eulogy.

The man whom we are about to consign to mother earth to day was one of London's oldest citizens, a distinguished public servant, but far more distinguished as a Catholic journalist.

Hon. Thomas Coffey, of the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, was a good, high-minded, honest servant of the State and a typical representative of the Catholic Church. He was the only type of Catholic representative that I would or will recognize. A man who revered his conscience as his king, who served God and his country, for the State has been benefited by the services of him who is gone.

This country has benefited by the services of Senator Coffey, the bishop continued, but over and above this stands the work he did as a Catholic journalist. Few can know what it means to be a Catholic journalist. It means to be humble, yet proud to serve the cause of Catholic truth; loyal yet fearless; aggressive yet giving offence to none. Nevertheless Senator Coffey had built up a paper unequalled amongst religious weeklies in the Dominion of Canada and unsurpassed on the continent of America.

He was a man of strong integrity of character, and had the very highest conception not only of his duties as a member of this chamber but of his obligations as a citizen. He was a man of strong and fixed opinions upon all the great questions and problems particularly which had to do with the upright living of the community at large.

"He had been a journalist of many years' standing, and particularly represented in the opinion of the great religious body to which he belonged, the Roman Catholic Church of Canada. His last public utterance in this chamber was in connection with the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, of which he was a permanent member, and in whose legislation at the time he took a deep interest. A few days thereafter he was taken ill, returned to his home, and we were thus deprived of the services which he had rendered this body so acceptably many years. He was a man most courteous and gentle in his demeanor and in his relations to his fellowmen and in the best sense of the term a high principled gentleman. We extend to the sorrowing family our deepest sympathy in the loss they have sustained and in the bereavement which will rest heavily upon them through the death of one to whom not only his family but all who knew him are deeply attached."

SENATOR BOSTOCK'S TRIBUTE Senator Bostock—"I desire to add a few words to the eloquent and kindly remarks that have been made by the honorable leader of the Government, in reference to the death of our colleague, Hon. Senator Coffey. All who knew Senator Coffey recognized in him an upright, honorable gentleman, who lived his duties to his country and to the community in which he lived. He came here as a child with his parents from Ireland, and most of his life has been spent in and around the city of London, where I presume he is better known than in any other part of the country.

ATTACHED TO COLLEAGUES "There he was very much respected by all who knew him, and was looked upon as an energetic and practical man of business. He was responsible for placing before this country a paper called the CATHOLIC RECORD, which has established for itself a very strong position in the country. To his colleagues in the Senate he was always very much attached, he was looked upon with great respect, and as a man who took a practical interest and did good and energetic work in this chamber. As my honorable friend has mentioned, he took a very keen interest in the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, about which he spoke very eloquently a short time before he went home, not to return to us again. We all on this side of the House extend to his wife and family in their bereavement our most sincere sympathy and regret that we have lost in Senator Coffey a colleague whom we could ill spare."

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When a vacancy occurred in the Senate, to which it was known a Roman Catholic would be appointed, he was chosen as the most representative man of that faith in Western Ontario. His personal popularity and his sound common sense have always been his striking characteristics, and when he became active on the senate committees, and in the upper chamber itself, he impressed his personality and ability upon his fellow members. His city, his church, his host of close friends, and his family are losers through his death. He ranked among the builders of this city, and was a force in the community. Those who know how much his type of citizenship contributes to the strength of a community, and who realize how many men of high integrity have passed in recent years, may well pray for others of their force of character.

As a Liberal Senator Coffey stood in the front rank. He was a man who fought with his party in adversity and prosperity, and who never swerved from his democratic ideals. The Free Press (London, Ont.) Senator Thomas Coffey, of this city, whose death is recorded, following a brave and determined battle against odds, was esteemed and honored by his fellow-citizens in an unusual sense. One whose citizenship covered many years, he had lived at peace with all men, known of most and taking his place among them.

When the choice for a seat in the Upper Chamber of Canada's Parliament came to him Thomas Coffey accepted with due modesty and recog-

TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY FROM HIS COLLEAGUES IN PARLIAMENT Ottawa, June 9.—The news that Senator Thomas Coffey, of London, has passed away was heard with profound regret by members of the both sides of parliament. Senator Coffey was for many years a familiar figure on Parliament Hill and was one of the most respected members of the Senate.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier this morning said of him: "Senator Coffey was a man who filled a useful place in the public life of Canada. He was moderate, reasonable and yet a good fighter for the cause. I regarded him always as a personal friend."

In the Senate tributes were paid at the opening of the morning sitting. Hon. Mr. Loughheed—"Before the orders of the day are proceeded with it is my sad duty to make reference to the death of Senator Coffey, who has passed away, after some weeks' illness at his late residence in the city of London. Senator Coffey had been a member of this chamber for some seven years or more, and during all that time enjoyed the respect and esteem of every one of his colleagues to an exceptional degree.

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THE CITY COUNCIL'S TRIBUTE The City Council, at a special meeting held last night, paid a tribute to the memory of Senator Thos. Coffey, by a standing vote, some of the aldermen speaking in the highest terms of his ability and other splendid qualities.

The resolution carried was as follows: Whereas, the late Honorable Thomas Coffey, after a long illness, died at his home in this city, on the 8th inst: And whereas the late Senator Coffey's life was spent in this city, first as a printer, and then as editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, one of the leading Catholic journals in Canada; his personality dominated the paper and had a wide influence; his sound, common sense, his kindly disposition, and his loyalty to his city, his Church and his friends led to his being called to the Senate by Lord Minto, governor general of Canada, in 1903; where his marked ability won further recognition:

And whereas, the late Senator Coffey was one of the founders of his city, a splendid type of man, and a genial and kindly citizen; and his decease is deeply regretted by the people of London. Be it resolved that the Council of the Corporation of the City of London spread upon its minutes its appreciation of his worth as a private citizen, a public man and a member of the Senate of Canada; his sound common sense, his kindly disposition and his loyalty to his city, his Church and his comrades, and its recognition of the prominent place held by him in the upbuilding of this city.

Be it also resolved that this Council convey to his bereaved wife and daughter its deep sympathy with them in this their hour of sorrow. Be it also resolved that the city clerk be instructed to forward a suitably engrossed copy of this resolution to the members of the family.

TRIBUTES FROM HIS FELLOW CITIZENS W. J. Reid.—I cannot speak too highly of Senator Coffey's excellence as a man or of his efforts to further the interests of London. He was a man of excellent repute, of remarkable ability and a life long and strong worker in the city's behalf. Lieutenant-Col. T. S. Hobbs, of the Hobbs Hardware Company.—"I have known Senator Coffey for thirty-five years and always found him a man of sterling character, not only in his public, but in his private life also. He was a man of whose friendship anyone might well be proud. His death is keenly regretted by all those who knew him."

Frank Coles, Inland Revenue Department.—"I worked with 'Tom' in the old days when we were printers together. He was one of the best men I ever knew and he was always 'Tom' to the boys." T. H. Purdon, K. C.—"I have known Senator Coffey for more than forty years and have always entertained a deep respect for him. He was kind and conscientious, a good citizen, and a man who won the admiration of all for his firm convictions. As a speaker he possessed a way of framing his sentences that went straight to the point. His words carried weight, chiefly because of his earnestness. His utterances were far above those of the average orator, and for that reason he commanded attention in the House. As a Londoner he was beloved by all. He was one of our biggest citizens."

Dr. H. A. McCallum.—"Senator Coffey was at all times optimistic and cheerful. During his long illness there was never a word of complaint heard from his lips. He didn't know how to complain. He was of a lovable disposition. I never knew him so well as I have done since he was taken ill, when I realized more than ever his true worth and lofty character." F. Harper.—"I remember Senator Coffey when he was connected with The Advertiser. I can speak very highly of him, knowing him as I do, as a man of sterling worth and character. It was his splendid executive ability that placed the CATHOLIC RECORD on a firm and sound financial basis. His work at all times was characterized by thought and thoroughness. I am indeed sorry to learn of his death."

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And whereas, the late Senator Coffey was one of the founders of his city, a splendid type of man, and a genial and kindly citizen; and his decease is deeply regretted by the people of London. Be it resolved that the Council of the Corporation of the City of London spread upon its minutes its appreciation of his worth as a private citizen, a public man and a member of the Senate of Canada; his sound common sense, his kindly disposition and his loyalty to his city, his Church and his comrades, and its recognition of the prominent place held by him in the upbuilding of this city.

Be it also resolved that this Council convey to his bereaved wife and daughter its deep sympathy with them in this their hour of sorrow. Be it also resolved that the city clerk be instructed to forward a suitably engrossed copy of this resolution to the members of the family.

TRIBUTES FROM HIS FELLOW CITIZENS W. J. Reid.—I cannot speak too highly of Senator Coffey's excellence as a man or of his efforts to further the interests of London. He was a man of excellent repute, of remarkable ability and a life long and strong worker in the city's behalf. Lieutenant-Col. T. S. Hobbs, of the Hobbs Hardware Company.—"I have known Senator Coffey for thirty-five years and always found him a man of sterling character, not only in his public, but in his private life also. He was a man of whose friendship anyone might well be proud. His death is keenly regretted by all those who knew him."

Frank Coles, Inland Revenue Department.—"I worked with 'Tom' in the old days when we were printers together. He was one of the best men I ever knew and he was always 'Tom' to the boys." T. H. Purdon, K. C.—"I have known Senator Coffey for more than forty years and have always entertained a deep respect for him. He was kind and conscientious, a good citizen, and a man who won the admiration of all for his firm convictions. As a speaker he possessed a way of framing his sentences that went straight to the point. His words carried weight, chiefly because of his earnestness. His utterances were far above those of the average orator, and for that reason he commanded attention in the House. As a Londoner he was beloved by all. He was one of our biggest citizens."

Dr. H. A. McCallum.—"Senator Coffey was at all times optimistic and cheerful. During his long illness there was never a word of complaint heard from his lips. He didn't know how to complain. He was of a lovable disposition. I never knew him so well as I have done since he was taken ill, when I realized more than ever his true worth and lofty character." F. Harper.—"I remember Senator Coffey when he was connected with The Advertiser. I can speak very highly of him, knowing him as I do, as a man of sterling worth and character. It was his splendid executive ability that placed the CATHOLIC RECORD on a firm and sound financial basis. His work at all times was characterized by thought and thoroughness. I am indeed sorry to learn of his death."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-COST

SINFUL AMUSEMENT

Be sober and watch, because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.

I need not tell you, dear brethren, that there is nothing more contrary to the spirit of our holy religion than melancholy. The church would not have her children long-faced and morose, eschewing all pleasure as a thing sinful; nor would she have them unhappy by depriving them of what is good and forbidding what is innocent, but like a wise mother she permits, nay, sanctions, harmless amusements, knowing that this, far from being an impediment to us in our efforts after holiness, is rather a help.

But, unfortunately, all pleasures are not innocent. There are some which are sinful—very sinful—and which, instead of aiding us by getting a holy gladness, fill us with remorse and rob the soul of the grace of God, which is the principle of all our joy. Such pleasures as these she would have us avoid, and she warns us that they come not from God, but from our adversary the devil, who is seeking our ruin. It is with regret that we say it, still we say it with truth, that of late years a very dangerous sort of amusement has taken more or less hold upon numbers of young people, and now that we are at the beginning of summer, it may not be amiss to say a word or two about a certain sort of "picnic."

It is hard to conceive how a young man or woman, who wishes to be deemed respectable, or even to preserve self-respect, can attend any of those moonlight gatherings known as picnics, festivals, etc. Call them by what name you please, as a whole they are bad. The places where these meetings are held, the persons whom you cannot avoid coming in contact with, make them dangerous at least, and very frequently a real occasion of sin. How can a young girl know the character of him with whom she is dancing? She has been introduced, to be sure, but what of that? Does she feel quite certain that she may not be subjected to insult or worse? Is she satisfied that her mother would be pleased to see her with her present companions? Is she not engaged in a dance which borders on immodesty? Take care, my good girl, you have taken your first downward step to-night; retrace your way, and never be found at such a "festival" as this again, if you value your good name. Nor can young men attend these "moonlight rural gatherings" without endangering their fair fame and interests. A pure woman will not marry a man who consorts with bad characters. She will not trust herself to the tender mercies of one who reaches home in the early morning in a half or wholly drunken state. She cannot look forward to a happy life with one of this character, and she will not encourage his attentions. Employers are not over-anxious to have in their service those who come to their occupations with evident marks of debauchery. They believe that young men of this sort are not efficient, and they believe so rightly; they think that these are not altogether trustworthy; that they are constantly exposing themselves to danger and theft. It does not pay, young men, to go to "moonlight picnics." It is not to your interest, either temporal or spiritual. Do not be carried away with the idea that you can be dissipated with impunity. "Be sober and watch" yourselves, remembering that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and certainly to be preferred to the gross pleasures of moonlight orgies.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

THE REV. THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D. D., GIVES COGENT REASONS

To indicate in a few words why I am a Catholic, I must begin by stating clearly several negative reasons for my faith.

First of all, my reason for being a Catholic is not simply because I was born of Catholic parents. That merely removes the question one step backward. My parents were Catholics for the same reason that I am one, and the arguments that I propose using in this short article to support my Catholic faith are precisely the ones my parents used to support their Catholic faith. Hence, the mere accident of birth is not the cause of my Catholicity.

Secondly, my reason for being a Catholic is not because I have a blind faith in the Catholic Church, whose doctrines I do not clearly understand. Just the reverse of this is true. My faith is not blind at all; faith is a light, and my faith is illuminated, and I hold tenaciously to the Catholic faith, not because I do not see or because I see darkly and in an obscure manner, but simply because I see the truths that God has revealed so clearly that not a shadow of doubt crosses the horizon of my faith. Hence ignorance, or lack of instruction, or defective education is not the reason for my Catholic faith.

Thirdly, my reason for being a Catholic is not because I am unfamiliar with the Bible. I have been reading and studying Holy Scripture from my early youth. The Bible held the place of honor in my home, and I have memorized many passages in it, and I am able to quote chapter and verse for every fundamental doctrine of my Catholic faith.

TORTURED WITH RHEUMATISM

Could Not Walk, Until "Fruit-a-lives" Completely Cured Him

CHATHAM, ONT., April 3rd, 1913.

"I am a veteran of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, volunteering from the Royal Artillery into the Royal Engineers, and served under Lord Roberts during the Indian Mutiny, and am a pensioner of the British Government. Fierce hand-to-hand fighting and continual exposure, left me a great sufferer from Rheumatism, so much so that my legs swelled up, making it impossible for me to walk. My bowels were so constipated that I only had one passage a week until I got to using 'Fruit-a-lives'." They cured me of both the Rheumatism and Constipation. In my regular employment, I walk thirty miles a day and enjoy perfect health. No more Rheumatism or Constipation. You are at perfect liberty to publish this letter if it will be advantageous to "Fruit-a-lives".

GEORGE WALKER

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Hence my knowledge of the Bible strengthens my Catholic faith.

Fourthly, my reason for being a Catholic is not due to my lack of knowledge regarding the teachings of other denominations claiming to be the Church of Christ. I am familiar with the basic principles of every Christian and non-Christian denomination. I have weighed and balanced their respective doctrines, and not one of the sects teaches in its fullness the same doctrines that were taught by Christ and the apostles. Hence my being a Catholic is not due to a deliberate unwillingness to seek everywhere for the teachings of Christ, but rather it is because I have investigated so exhaustively that I am a Catholic.

With this preamble, I now pass on to state briefly some of the many reasons that urge me to be a Catholic. First of all, I know from study and investigation that in the Catholic Church and in it alone can I find in its entirety every single doctrine that Christ taught. Hence the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth that can make any sensible claim, supported by documentary and tangible evidence, to be called a Christian Church. By being a Christian, I mean one who believes the truths that Christ taught, and practices them as perfectly as he can.

I am a Catholic because my reason tells me that all the truths necessary to be believed to-day must likewise have been necessary to be believed by the earliest Christians of which the world has record. In other words, there can never be any change in the things which we must believe in order to attain heaven. Souls had to be saved in the time of Christ, and souls have to be saved to-day, and there can be no change in the requirements then and now. But I find that the Catholic Church alone is unchanging and unchangeable, ever one and the same.

I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church is the only Church that is in fact spread all over the known world, and it is the only one that has a right thus to be scattered everywhere, because to it alone was addressed the solemn command of Christ, "Go, teach all nations." No other denomination was given this lawful charge.

I am a Catholic because only in the Catholic Church is there to be found that striking unity for which Our Blessed Lord prayed, and which has ever been one of the most prominent characteristics of His Church. The Catholic Church has preserved her undivided unity at all hazards, even at the price of immense numerical losses. And just as Christ Himself allowed some of His disciples to depart from Him rather than sacrifice His doctrine, so also now, when heresies arise, the Church never compromises or denies her Lord, nor does she jeopardize the divine deposit of sacred truth entrusted to her administration.

I am a Catholic because Christ made it necessary for me to believe in all He taught, but in order to believe what Christ taught it is necessary for me to know exactly, and without the possibility of error, just what Christ did actually teach. Of myself, alone and unaided, I am unable to do this. Hence, the necessity of some authoritative representative of Christ, who, aided from on high, is competent to tell us without error, just what those truths are that were once delivered by Christ to His Apostles. Hence to believe at all, I must know infallibly what to believe, and the only Church that makes any claim at all to be infallible is the Catholic Church.

I am a Catholic because only in the Catholic Church is there any due recognition of the authority of St. Peter as the Prince of Apostles, the Bishop of Rome and the first Pope and, consequently, of the authority of St. Peter's successors as the Bishops of Rome, and the Vicars of Christ. Where Peter is, there is the Church, and without the Pope there can be no genuine Christianity. Hence I am a Catholic because only in the Catholic Church can we find that the Pope assumes his rightful and traditional place as the head of the Church, and the infallible teacher of all the faithful. I am a Catho-

lic because the Catholic Church is the only Church in which there is a striking resemblance to Christ, by reason of the fact that it is constantly persecuted. Christ was a Man of sorrows, and His Church likewise must ever be afflicted. The bark of Peter is always storm tossed, and no other denomination can compare in this respect with the Catholic Church. Hence persecution is practically the fifth mark of the Catholic Church.

I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church has been the origin and the source and the conservator of the civilization of the present day. Even during those ages, which was once the custom to call dark, when the human intelligence lay slumbering, it was the Catholic Church that kept the lantern of science ever burning. If we go through the long annals of the world's history, century after century, we will see that when crushed by tyrants, it was the Catholic Church that founded libraries, opened museums, endowed universities and schools, provided them with teachers, promoted scientific discoveries, fostered intellectual culture, and encouraged the manifold productions of human genius. I am a Catholic because the greatest architect, the greatest sculptor, the greatest painter that this aged world has yet witnessed were all three Catholics. I refer to Bramante, Michel Angelo and Raphael.

The world's greatest poet, Dante, was a Catholic; the most profound intellectual genius the world has ever seen, St. Thomas Aquinas, was a Catholic; the world's greatest discoverer, the man who guessed the greatest secret on record, Columbus, was a Catholic.

I am a Catholic because I am an American, I am a native of the soil. And Americans, more than others, have abundant reasons for being Catholics. Columbus himself was a Catholic; it was his staunch and unwavering allegiance to his Catholic faith that made it possible for him to be introduced to his royal Catholic patrons, who enabled him to set out on his unparalleled voyage of discovery; the primary scope and object of the great navigator in turn his caravels westward was to propagate the Catholic faith; nay, more than all this, it was Catholic money, furnished by the Catholic Church, that purchased and fitted out his three sailing vessels.

But above and beyond all this, there is still another fundamental reason why I am a Catholic, and why all Americans should be Catholics. It is because the very perpetuity of this great country depends upon its profession of the Catholic faith. It does not take one to be a very deep student of philosophy or history to realize that Catholicity alone spells progress and stability. If this country is to continue its greatness and to maintain the proud and noble position it has already achieved such a happy result can be brought about only by the profession of the Catholic faith, and by the practice of Catholic principles. There is no progress, no stability, no great movement onward, no real development anywhere outside the influence of the Catholic Church, and whatever onward march appears to be elsewhere is but the reflection borrowed from Catholic sources, and through the instrumentality of Catholic agencies.

Is it not a simple matter of fact that at this moment the progress of the human race is entirely dependent with the spread and influence of the hope of a world-wide and enduring Empire. How few of us ever stop to consider this great and solemn fact of history? The germ of our national greatness and the guarantee of our future prosperity, spiritual and temporal, is bound up with the profession of the Catholic faith. I am a Catholic, therefore, because no one can be deep in history without embracing Catholicity. In the pages of history we recognize the Catholic Church as the nurse and guardian of our mental and moral life, and the ocean fountain of intellectual and moral illumination that is poured out in floods upon those even who love her least, and who scarcely notice her. The tangible effect of Catholicity upon the face of human society is so obvious that like the sun itself we heed it not until our languid sense is aroused by some observant astronomer or artist. The sense of human brotherhood was unknown to pagan times; society knew not how to be human and kindly disposed until the day that Christ was born, and Catholicity began to penetrate into the hearts of men. The sacredness of human rights is a creation of Catholicity, radiating from the very heart of the Church into the society of the outer world.

I am a Catholic because it was the Catholic Church that first softened slavery and then finally abolished it. It was the Catholic Church that set the seal of dignity upon poverty, and she has championed the cause of the poor in every place that her doctrines have been welcomed and practiced. The hospital is an invention of Catholic charity. It was only when the Catholic nations began to



FOR MAKING SOAP SOFTENING WATER DISINFECTING CLOSETS, DRAINS SINKS, &c

feel the sense of human brotherhood that international law began to have any existence at all, and it rules over a large portion of the civilized world to-day, making it possible for justice to have at least a hearing, and giving ample scope for the exercise of compassion, mercy and generosity, instead of the high-handed barbarous savagery that marked the wars of heathen times.

I am a Catholic because Catholicity has changed many of the external aspects of human existence. It has created a new religious language; it has given us a new form of worship, and has furnished us a new calendar of time; it has opened up new and sublime ideals to art, and it has invested the forms of social intercourse among men with new graces of refinement and mutual consideration.

Who, then, can calculate the immense and ever accumulating debt of gratitude that the nations of the earth owe to Catholicity. When the Catholic Church is strong, great nations rest upon its strength; and when Catholicity is weak, nations speedily totter, for without its sheltering protection they are unable long to stand alone. If we look over the history of the world, ever since the time that nations have had a written history, and began to trace the records of those tribes and dynasties and countries that have never come within the pale of Catholic doctrine, we can discover in them no steady law of progress. There is about them no continual development, no general movement onward, no fixed rule to explain their occasional brilliant outbursts, and their unexpected decline. Instead of a gradual, unceasing evolution, and a tendency upward and onward, there is a perpetual wavering, a continued fluctuation, and never a ceasing oscillation and vicissitude.

On the other hand, if we look at the nations that once were converted to Catholicity, and who for long centuries lived under Catholic influences, and whose populations openly and fervently professed their Catholic faith, we see them making a steady and unremitting progress. When such nations were most Catholic they were most successful. It was then that they led the way in every great achievement that was attempted in their times. But if we look at such nations after they rejected Catholicity, we soon realize that whatever progress they made after that time has mainly been the result of the Catholic influences still left in the country, before the fund of Catholic ideas had been entirely exhausted. It was the overflow, so to speak. There have been, alas! nations that have fallen away from their Catholic faith. But the moment they did so, they tolled their own death knell. Decay set in at once, even though imperceptibly, and sooner or later, and soon at the latest, their power began to wither and at length they perished from the goody company of the great family of nations. Once

Northern Africa was entirely Catholic, and Northern Africa could defy imperial Rome. Once a great portion of Asia was Catholic, and many of the intellectual luminaries of antiquity came out of the Orient. The once flourishing Catholic portions of Africa and Asia are to-day arid deserts, physically, intellectually and morally, because they rejected the Catholic faith.

But let us take a more modern instance which is happening under our very eyes. This will be a concrete case of what I have all along been insisting upon, namely, that the Catholic faith is necessary for the integrity and perpetuity and the progress of nations.

In their revolt against Catholicity, the nations that rejected it have their most conspicuous example in modern France. When France was most Catholic she was the first nation in Europe. The splendors of the reign of the sainted Louis, for instance, have never been surpassed, even when they have been equalled by his successors. France in her most Catholic days and for long centuries led the march in every noble enterprise that could engage the mind of man. But, as the accumulated waters of Catholicity have flowed away from her, there has been a steady ebb of her glory. Her arms no longer dominate Europe, her literary and intellectual eminence has been superseded, and her vital statistics show that in the laboratory of the world's history she is a labeled specimen of moral decadence.

This is a very large subject, and I can only suggest the merest outline of the vast fields of thought that it opens out to us. The amplest leisure of a lifetime, and powers incomparably great, would be insufficient to do justice to it, or to indicate how our individual and national greatness is intimately bound up with the profession of the Catholic faith, for Catholicity alone is the backbone of nations.

I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church is the only Christian institution in existence that can trace its history in a direct line from the present day back to the dim distance of the earliest antiquity, even to the very hour of Christ and the Apostles. The Catholic Church is absolutely the only living link that binds us to the vanished past. What are the reigning houses and the royal families of Europe compared with the unbroken continuity of the Catholic Church? The Hohenstaufen, the Hapsburg, the Bourbon, the Colonna, the Stuart dashed over the world like a meteor, blazed, dazzled and then dropped almost completely extinct. Amid the universal disintegration of all human institutions, and the passing of the pageant of earthly royalty, there is but one society in the world's history that holds its place constant, firm, rigid and inflexible, and that institution is the Catholic Church, ever ancient and ever new, venerable with the traditions of twenty centuries, and fresh with the vigor and the buoyancy of the enthusiasm of perennial youth, teaching all men in all ages and in all lands the unadulterated truths of Christianity, and maintaining in undiminished splendor her own identity amid the strifes of warring kingdoms and the crash of tottering empires.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC RULE IN IRELAND

In connection with a correspondence in the London Tablet on the alleged Bull of Pope Adrian IV, making a grant of Ireland to the English King Henry II, an Irish priest, Canon Murphy, gives facts illustrating English rule in Ireland before the Reformation—at a time when both England and Ireland were Catholic. Canon Murphy thus states:

All the old Irish Columbian monasteries were suppressed and their revenues appropriated by the new Norman cathedral chapters. I happen to hold the title of one of them as my canonical prebend.

"The old Irish inhabitants were treated by their Norman masters (Catholics) pretty much as the negroes were in the United States, prior to the Civil War. They had no civil rights. They had to keep to their churches in Irish towns and districts, and were excluded from the principal monasteries.

"At a Parliament held in Drogheda in 1494, attended by Bishop Cantwell of Ossory and the other Bishops of the Pale (Catholic Bishops), it was enacted that the inhabitants on the frontiers of the Pale should forthwith build and maintain a double ditch, raised 6 feet above the ground on the side which 'meared next to the Irishmen.'

"Imagine Fathers-in-God ordering a double ditch to be built to keep out their own subjects! The Irish Church was allowed to stagnate during this period. There was no university education of any kind. And the end of it was a set of weak prelates, who made a very poor defence of the rights of the Church against Henry VIII."

Such were English Catholics towards Irish Catholics in those times. Has that anti-Irish spirit descended through the centuries to many of our English Catholics of to-day?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MINE OF PRICELESS WEALTH

There is near you, close to you, a mine of priceless and inexhaustible wealth. The key is at your hand; you can go in at all hours and bear away with you the priceless treasures it contains. But remember, your time for doing so is limited. To-day is yours; you are not sure of tomorrow. Would it not be very foolish of you then if you did not avail yourself of this grand opportunity of enriching yourself, and of laying up treasures and wealth that will last you for endless ages.

What is this mine? It is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Of all the blessings and treasures which Jesus Christ has bequeathed to His Church the Sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest and most precious. It is the most solemn and divine act of Christian religion that can be performed on earth. It is nothing else than the offering by Jesus Christ of Himself as a sacrifice to God for sinners. The Holy Mass is a gift from God. It is Jesus Christ Himself Who with all the treasures of His merits becomes our own to do what we like with. Holy Mass renders to God the supreme homage which is due to Him. It offers Him worthy acts of thanksgiving. It procures for us the remission of our sins and the punishment due to them. It obtains for us every grace and blessing we need.

Father Segueri, S. J., says: "By His death and passion Jesus Christ collected the riches which in the Mass are dealt out to us. In the Holy Mass Jesus Christ places in our hands the key of the treasure-house of His infinite merits and allows us to enrich ourselves from this boundless store."

Father Sanchez, S. J., says: "In the Holy Mass we receive treasures most wonderful and gifts divine and precious; benefits pertaining to this temporal life and certain hope for the eternal life which is to come."

St. Lawrence Justinian says: "It is certain that nothing gives God greater glory than the Spotless Victim of the altar. One Mass gives more honor and glory to God than all the efforts of all creatures for all eternity."

Albertus Magnus writes: "By the inestimable gift of the Holy Mass the divine anger against sinners is appeased."

Our sins are continually crying to Heaven for vengeance, but from innumerable altars countless hosts containing verily the Eternal Son of God, are offered up as an atonement between sinful man and His offended Creator. What gives such supreme value to the Mass is the fact that it is Christ Himself, the Man God, Who is the Victim and Who not merely offers Himself, but all the merits of His life and passion and death to His Eternal Father.

The Council of Trent teaches that the souls in purgatory are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. St. Thomas says: "By no other oblation can the souls in purgatory be more speedily relieved than by the Holy Mass. Saint Cyril says: 'This sacrifice affords them extraordinary relief.'"

There is never a moment of the day or night in which the Holy Sacrifice is not being offered up in one or the other parts of the world. Thousands of Masses are being offered up to God every hour. Have the wish and intention of assisting at every one of them. Thus you may join in the perpetual sacrifice of priceless value that is ever going up before the Throne of God.—From "Spiritual Sunbeams," by Sister M. Benedict, Killarney.

A FEW "DON'T'S"

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.

Don't be frustrated with the sole idea that misery loves company.

Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.

Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.

Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.

Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.

Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.

Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.

Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.

Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.

Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.

Don't forget in time of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.

Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such a aimless life that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

TIME

Few people realize the value of time. Many people waste it. All may improve their manner of employing it. Perhaps more time is lost through lack of system in its use than by any other cause. It is especially important for young people to form regular habits of using their time. In order to acquire complete control of our time, it is sometimes wise to lay out an order of the day.

Of course a schedule like this must have more or less flexibility, for circumstances will often oblige you to alter it. But in its main outline it is practicable for most persons, and if persisted in will form a habit of regular work that will save an immense amount of time. And even in the working out of the plan there will be many spare moments to be carefully husbanded. The writer knew a farmer boy once who read several histories through while riding to and fro from the field where his task of daily labor lay. No one need complain for lack of time who has failed to systematize and make good use of those spare moments. Take care of your time. It is more precious than gold.—True voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS

"Please, mister, can you give me a job?" Mr. Brown, the florist turned his head, and saw a freckle-faced lad in tattered garments, whose sunny blue eyes looked fearlessly into his own. "What can you do?" "Oh, I can do lots. I can carry things, and pull weeds, and—and I can do many things. You see to-morrow is Decoration Day, and all the pay I will ask is just a bunch of those pretty violets."

"Here, take this package down to Father Murphy. To-morrow they have a Mass at Saint John's for the nation's heroes, and the flowers are for the altar."

Bobby was glad, for he was sure of his bunch of violets and Father Murphy was one of his special friends. When he returned Mr. Brown gave him two bunches of purple violets. "I will not miss them, boy," he said, "and if you take them right home and put them in water, they will be all right to-morrow."

Bobby did as he was told, and the next day when the sound of martial music greeted the villagers, he was there to follow the procession to the cemetery. He did not wait until the Grand Army men had scattered flowers on the graves of their dead comrades, but hastened to a humble grave in a secluded spot. Tenderly he laid upon it a bunch of violets, then knelt in prayer.

"Is that the grave of a friend?" asked a young lady. "He was my father's friend," replied the boy. "He lost his life fighting for the Stars and Stripes, and every year my father came and placed flowers upon his grave, but the boy's voice dropped lower, 'father died last year, and now there is no one to think of poor Jim. This other bunch is for father.'"

Miss O'Neil knelt beside the boy, while tears filled her eyes at the love and faithfulness of Bobby. The sound of music came near, and in a few moments the men who had faced shot and shell were kneeling around the grave of poor, friendless Jim. After they had gone Miss O'Neil and Bobby went to the grave of his father, where, instead of a single bunch of violets, many beautiful flowers were placed.

THE POWER OF A SONG

Madame Lillian Nordica, the singer, once upon returning from a concert tour, decided to go straight to her villa in France, accompanied only by her maid. She knew there were no servants there at the time, but felt no alarm. They arrived in the early evening, and enjoyed being "home again." Towards midnight they sat softly talking together, with only the mellow moonlight flooding the rooms, when they heard a window off the south balcony being raised, and an instant later steps were heard in the hall.

Almost paralyzed with fear—no one to help, no weapons at hand—there flashed over the prima donna a realization of her power of song. "It has moved thousands," she thought; and with trembling notes she began to sing what had been uppermost in her thoughts before the entrance of the intruder: "Home, Sweet Home!" The exquisite voice grew steadier and it rang out in its sweetest, purest strains. Then followed "Old Folks at Home"—but her audience had gone. The maid saw a dark figure creep through the window and steal across the lawn and out of the gate.

Some weeks later Nordica received the following letter: "Dear Madame—On the night of the 10th I entered your home to relieve you of all your diamonds, jewels and money, but an angel's song rang out in the sweet words of mother's song, and my hand and heart were arrested; and I vowed never, never again to do aught that would sorrow that sainted one. I am now engaged in honest work. God bless you!"—True Voice.

KINDLY SILENCE

The kindness of silence is something that we might all bestow much oftener than we do. Granted that we do not indulge in a scandal, that when we know of the distress and humiliation that have befallen a friend's household in the wrong doing of one of its members we tell the tale only pitying and with very extenuating circumstances, yet why tell it at all? If it were one of our beloved that had stumbled into sin

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and disgrace, if one dear to us had yielded to sudden temptation, if our home had been rent with bitterness and dissension, would not the first impulse, a right and natural impulse, be to hide the hurt and stain from every human eye; would we not bleed the friendship that so far as possible closed its eyes and sealed its lips, and that could be trusted not to repeat what it perceived had seen and heard? Surely this is a place where the Golden Rule might have much wider practice than it has.—True Voice.

TEMPERANCE

A GREAT SOLDIER'S WORD OF HONOR

The magnificent charge of Napoleon's Imperial Guards is remembered by all who read of the famous Battle of Waterloo. The British were apparently beginning to retreat, Napoleon's eyes glistened with assurance of victory. He orders forward his battalions of Imperial, Invincible Guards, thirty-five hundred strong, each man a veteran tried and proved on many a battlefield. Gigantic men on colossal steeds, the Cuirassiers charged. Like a lightning shock, they began to bear all before them. Ah, but hidden from view is a treacherous ditch, sunken ground, a veritable grave. Pell mell the first lines stumble, and horse and rider roll over together. Diminished in number but undaunted in heart, the other lines pass over the dead bodies of their comrades. They hurl themselves on the British squares. In vain Wellington's men stand firm. Heroically, desperately Napoleon's veteran's fight, but they are repulsed, and the British guards complete the defeat.

Who led those brave soldiers of the Imperial Guards? Fondly they had hoped their master Napoleon would ride at their head. No, they had to pass before him, and it was Ney who commanded them as they rushed to duty, and also to doom. Conspicuous too, at their head was another gallant general, hero of a hundred conflicts, dauntless, intrepid, courageous, high-spirited Cambronne. To him are attributed the words, "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas." Whether really uttered or not, the words were true on that day, for when the noble French army was plainly defeated the Guards refused to yield, and almost to a man died where they fought. Gallantly Cambronne bore himself at the head of the Cuirassiers until, surrounded and disarmed, he was performed made prisoner by General Hugh Halkett's men.

The anniversary of Waterloo recalls this incident and Cambronne's name. Like so many of Napoleon's renowned captains, this notable leader had risen from the ranks. Soult, who when he died in 1851 was Grand Marshal of France, entered the army as a common soldier. Ney, who was so prominent at Waterloo, commenced his military career as a private Hussar. Similarly, at the age of twenty, Cambronne was only a corporal, and his distinction in after years, his position as general, even life itself he owed to his word of honor as a young man, and to the fact that he pledged himself to forego entirely and forever the pleasures of the wine cup.

Though little more than a lad, the young corporal had learned, unfortunately, as was usual in those times, to drink heavily, and naturally bold and spirited, when under the influence of wine he became very excited. Brave and daring to a fault, wine proved an exceedingly bad master for him. One day when thus intoxicated an officer gave him an order, and, resenting either the order or the tone in which it was given, the young corporal struck the officer fiercely. There was one punishment for such an offence—death—and the lad was condemned to be executed.

The colonel of the regiment was greatly grieved. He knew the intelligence, smartness and bravery of the young criminal, and spared no pains to obtain, if possible, a pardon. At last he met with no success, but at first he obtained the promise of pardon upon one condition—the prisoner must never again be found intoxicated. The colonel hastened to the military prison and summoned Cambronne. "You are in trouble, corporal," he said. "True, colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow. "It may be so," replied the colonel, briefly. "May be!" responded Cambronne. "You are aware of the strictness of

martial law, colonel, I expect no pardon. I have only to die." "But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition?" The corporal's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, colonel. I would do much to save life and honor." "You must never again become drunk." "Oh, colonel, that is impossible!" "Impossible, boy? You will be shot to-morrow otherwise. Think of that." "I do think of it," replied the young soldier. "See you, colonel, Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well that once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy, could you not promise never to touch wine?" "Not a drop, colonel?" "Yes." "Ah, that is a weighty matter, colonel. Let me reflect. Never, never to touch wine all my life." For a moment or so the young corporal thought. Then he looked up. "But, colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?" "Your word of honor," said the colonel. "I know you. I know you will not fail me."

The lad's eyes lighted. His features brightened. The colonel's confidence touched him. With his face resolutely set, he solemnly replied: "Then I promise—I, Cambronne, swear never to take a drop of wine."

The colonel warmly shook his hand and departed, and the next day Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in the regiment. That was in the year 1795, and in the garrison town of Nantes. Years passed, and step by step the young soldier rose until, in due course, he became General Cambronne, one of the foremost men in the French army, few more distinguished than he for fearlessness and sagacity in the hour of war and few more respected and beloved in times of peace. Twenty-five years after the episode just narrated he was dining in Paris with his old colonel. Many brothers in arms were present. In the midst of the proceedings the general was ordering a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Immediately Cambronne drew himself to full height. "My word of honor, colonel, have you forgotten that?" he cried excitedly. "Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued, striking the table with evident emotion. "Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it, and I have kept my word, and shall keep it, God helping me, to the end."

As many times before, again the old colonel thanked God he had been the means of preserving such a true-hearted man for France.—Charles Bailey in Temperance.

A PLEA FOR ENTHUSIASM

The spirit of enthusiasm with which Catholics should be inflamed and inspired, is in all respects like fire—the driving force of the universe. I can hardly understand how a Catholic, believing what he does, can lack the fire of enthusiasm; for enthusiasm is part of our belongings, and even if we had not the monopoly of it, we ought at least to have the distributing power. Yesterday I visited some great iron foundries of the Black Country, and I saw how men handled tons of iron as easily as children play with toys, lifting them, turning them gold and crimson, and shaping them as they would little figures of wax. What was the transforming power? It was fire. Fire is the transforming power, the driving power, the refining power, and the spiritualizing power. Tongues of fire crowned the heads of the disciples when they went forth like a charged battery to give the world the shock under which it has been reeling ever since. Ignatius of Loyola told his sons to set the world on fire; and the heart of Philip Neri was such a reservoir of flaming grace that his sons have found it a source from which to draw inspiration for their splendid work the world over. Our Lord Himself appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary enveloped in flames of fire. Catholics lacking enthusiasm! What a torture for our Lord! English Catholics have no excuse if they are deficient in enthusiasm, for they are perhaps the most singularly blessed people on God's earth. They belong to an Empire whose motto is: "Justice and Liberty." I have been the world round and nothing has impressed me so deeply as the fact that Catholics throughout the Empire have every opportunity of practising

their faith. As an Englishman, I am proud to pay his tribute to the flag. But if English Catholics belong to the finest Empire in the natural order they belong likewise to the finest empire in the supernatural order. And so we want all Catholics to rise up as Catholic citizens. We want all Catholics to be proud of their religion, and never say, as sometimes I have heard it said: "Do you know he is a Catholic and isn't ashamed of it?" A man said that to me not long ago. I stopped him, saying: "Never sully your lips with such a remark again. Say 'I am a Catholic and I'm proudly proud of it!' If Catholics were fired with enthusiasm, they would be a light to their fellow citizens who would be told on asking 'Who is that on fire?' 'Why, he is a Catholic full of high principles, and he is not only ready to die for his religion, but he lives for it.' Let us lose the parochial spirit, the provincial spirit, the national spirit, and lift ourselves up to the Catholic spirit. Of course, a man's first duty is to his parish, then to his Bishop and diocese, but a Catholic is not to be tethered like an animal to a little plot of land. Wherever the Church ministers, there is an interest for all her children, and so, after doing their best on the stand on which God has placed them, they must all go forward to help on the greater work, and encourage those who have these works in hand.—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

THE CHURCH OF THE JUST AND OF SINNERS

It may be asked, if these agencies for good in the Church are so powerful why do they not produce conditions that are ideal? Why do we see indifferent Catholics? For many reasons, says a writer in Mt. Angel Magazine. There are the seductions of the world, the force of bad example, the power of vicious environment, inherited tendencies to evil, and, more than all, there is the freedom of the human will. The Church cannot force goodness upon her members; she can lead them, persuade them, help them—but they must save themselves. If they will not hear her voice or use her help, she can only wait and pray. Christ would not make Judas honest or honorable, though He was the Lord God. The apostles could not produce a sinless Church.

No; the word of the Church is in a world of sinners, in a world prone to evil. The tares must ever grow with the wheat, until the harvest. The Church faces the situation honestly. Her mission is to save the sinner, as well as to preserve the good. She will have none of Pharisaism. She has no patience with the Donatists' assumption of immaculate virtue and their contention that the Church, in receiving sinners, ceases to be the Church of Christ. She is the Church of Him Who was accused of sitting at meat with sinners. Who forgave Magdalen and sought out the lost sheep, and welcomed the prodigal and pardoned the malefactor in His death agony. She teaches that God alone can judge hearts; that propriety is not synonymous with sanctity; that a well-born son of culture or daughter of fashion, who idles life away and squanders in selfish enjoyment resources that might be productive of great good, may be more guilty in God's sight than the poor laborer who seeks in the saloon a temporary forgetfulness of his ills, though the one may violate no canon of polite society and the other may find himself in the dock of the municipal court. Though adamant to sin, the Church must be a mother to the sinner. Such is the Church and such are her activities.

Need I say to you that this Church with a mother's heart for every human being, has taught but loving solicitude for the welfare of this great and noble nation with whose future are bound up, in so large a measure, the happiness and progress of the human race? Or that Catholic Americans are none the less loyal and enthusiastic lovers of their republic because lovers of their creed? Rather their Catholic faith consecrates and intensifies their devotion to country. From the beginning of her history the Church has enjoined upon all her children obedience and loyalty to their respective countries. She teaches that as the Church is God's representative to lead men to the supernatural end, so the State is God's representative in the natural order to bring men to the end for which society was ordained—the temporal happiness and progress of the race. Disobedience, then, to the State in any matter within the State's competence, is disobedience to God. Obedience to the State is loyalty to God and patriotism is blessed by religion.—St. Paul Bulletin.

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the "minor miseries," that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. When we consider too much our selfish desires and think too blindly of expediency we make mistakes. The first question to ask before we act should be, "Is it right?" When the truth is plainly before you take a definite stand. More harm may be done by a half-hearted friend than by an openly-aggressive enemy. Be sure that your conduct is always courageous and that your influence is positive.

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The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not that reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

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WHY BRO. COOKINGHAM MISSED CHURCH SUNDAY

GIVES REASONS THAT WILL APPEAL TO ALL THINKING PEOPLE

Bro. Cookingham is a consistent member of the M. E. Church at Ayrshire but he did not attend on a recent Sunday. His reasons, we are sure, will interest all. They are as follows: "Instead of going to church last Sunday as we should have done, we took the occasion to scan a few of the so-called 'Yellow Sheets,' viz., the Yellow Jacket, the Buzz Saw, the Menace, the Appeal to Reason, and the Jim Jam Jams. Our object for looking them over was to see if we could find any real reason for their existence. We found that all of them were pretty much on the same order, viz., published by fanatics for the purpose of prejudicing weak minded persons. They are a class of periodicals which, if read to any great extent, will not only steal one's patriotism, but will hurt his morals and lower his estimation of humanity as well. Right-thinking people have taken the matter in hand, to the extent that one or two of the above sheets are barred from passing through the mails, and the ban is on some of the others. The time is not far distant when they will also be barred. Canada recently took the initiative on the Menace and barred it from her mails. The United States should follow and do likewise.

"We were really surprised at the indecent words and innuendoes that were found in nearly every one of the articles that we read. What is more surprising than the fact that the government allows these 'Muck Rakers' mail privileges is the fact that good intelligent people will subscribe for these dirty sheets, and give them to their children to read. What is the use of teaching them to love their country, obey its laws, and then place literature into their hands that will, in all probability, make them law breakers and criminals before they are out of their teens. We can cite you to

more than one instance of where criminals, after confessing to their guilt, said that the reading of one or more of the publications that we have mentioned was the cause of their downfall. Let us all hail the day when the publication of indecent and suggestive literature will be suppressed and the accounts of murders, divorces and such like will be given a line notice in some obscure part of our dailies instead of being placed on the front page under glaring headlines."—The Missionary.

DIED

DOYLE.—In Plympton Ont., May 31st, 1914, Mr. John Doyle, formerly of East Williams, Ont., in his seventy-eighth year. May his soul rest in peace!

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Pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome

Under Episcopal Patronage, will leave Montreal and Quebec By the Palatial Allan R. M. S. "ALSATIAN" (18,000 Tons) July 2nd
And will arrive at Celebrated Shrine of OUR LADY OF LOURDES in time for the Opening Sessions of the

International Eucharistic Congress

Under the Spiritual Direction of Right Reverend Bishop P. E. Roy, Bishop of Quebec, and Rev. P. J. Galvin, B.A., St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterboro, Ont. Several days will be spent in London and Paris before proceeding to Lourdes. After the Congress, Toulouse, Marseilles, Nice, Venice, Lucerne, Milan and Rome will be visited. Bookings for the Pilgrimage should be made as soon as possible, in order that the organizers may be enabled to complete necessary arrangements for accommodation at Lourdes and Rome.
RATES FOR ENTIRE TOURS:
TO LOURDES (Second Class) .. \$282 TO ROME (Second Class) .. \$402
(First Class) .. \$352 (First Class) .. \$472
All Expenses (Hotel Accommodation, Excursions, etc.) included in above prices
FOR FULL INFORMATION, APPLY TO
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