

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXV.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1913

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

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, dear 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.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,281.85
A. Friend, Sudbury.....	1.00
Friend, St. Andrews, N. B.....	25.00
A. Friend, Kingston.....	1.00
A. Friend, London.....	1.00
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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1913

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY

Some years ago we had a few words to say about the Carnegie library. They were not attuned to the note of some public addresses. We did not notice any halo on the head of the millionaire ironmaster, and his library as the fount of universal wisdom we could not, due to our limited powers of observation, see in any satisfactory manner. We even wondered why there were so many of them. Lately, however, Mr. Carnegie said that it was Carlyle's remarks: "The true university of these days is a collection of books," that gave the idea of donating libraries to the people. We are of the opinion that if Carlyle visited some of the Carnegie libraries he would use vitriolic phrases on the amount of fiction they contain and not endorse them as his idea of a university. Any library with the right kind of books can give invaluable aid to the man who wishes to use it. But fiction, taken in immoderate doses, tends to produce a flabby fibre of mind, lowers the power of thinking and bars a conception of standards of dignity and worthiness.

FOOLISHNESS

We have no patience with cynicism. It may be a pose or a habit of mind. But it is always foolishness, pathetically futile and heart corrosive. It dulls the brightness of life and consigns us to habitations of gloom. It fills the mouth with bitterness. It poisons the atmosphere and fills the veins with a virus that racks the nerves, strips us of buoyancy of spirit and marks us as contributors to the practices beloved of the narrow-minded and uncharitable. We have no patience with the cynicism that leers at public men and is ever on the alert to brand them with the stigma of "graft." We cherish the belief that many of these in the public eye are of unimpeachable integrity. They give of their best to the public good. They walk their way, harassed by partisan journals, followed by sycophants and askers of gift, and yet they have a nobility of spirit and of patience that compels admiration. Conscious of the ways of politics and of the men who play it according to no rule, they have not parted with their ideals and look out upon life with the eyes of a boy. Such men are the best assets of

society. Anyone can be a cynic, with words that bite and befool, but a man has always, however skies lower and winds blow, music in his heart. Every day is a miracle. These about him play their parts, inartistically sometimes, with many a halting line and missed cue, but he is content with his own role, leaving the verdict to the Supreme Judge. We hold to our belief that many of our public men wear the white flower of a blameless life and are guided by conscience in their safeguarding of the public interests. In Canada we have leaders of unstained honour. Their views are questioned and derided, but no one, not even the lowest "muckraker," would dare to assail integrity beyond suspicion and manhood in a word which has been tested and tried.

SENSATIONAL FICTION

We have received a letter from a correspondent inquiring why we refrain from denouncing a work of fiction now on the market. We have refrained because other pens have scored it to the delectation, we fancy, of its publishers, and increase of their bank account.

For some people are morbidly curious and have never a scruple about making their minds the vehicles for the insipid outpourings of any writer of fiction. If adults think so little of themselves as to consort with characters of fiction that wallow in impurity what can a poor journalist do to reclaim them. If they allow their memories and imaginations and minds to be bought for a pittance they must pay the price. And the price for a mud-pie, seasoned and designated as a problem novel, is defilement of soul. Their minds become soiled and their eyes blind. They are as puppets in the hands of writers who wish not to teach but to touch their pocketbooks. And what a poor and contemptible thing it is to see men and women looking at corruption, hugging it to their bosoms, and exulting the while in its unloveliness. Catholics, however, should not be guided in this matter by "critics" who are able to inhale any kind of an odor with equanimity, and when told proclaim it as delicious. They must smile at their dupes, and labor mightily to point out the lesson that lurks in sensational fiction. But any sensible parent can discourage novels of the seamy side of life. He can, and should be, the censor of family reading. When he does his duty we can at least hope not to see so many young persons, who are very broadminded and averse to degradation, questing for a book written by a long-haired, garrulous scribbler.

AN EVER-PRESENT PLAGUE

Every hamlet and town in Canada is flooded with these Sunday newspapers that come to us from across the border. Voluminous, decorated with crude illustrations and alleged humor, filled with chatter about things that are valueless, they find a ready market. They are seasoned with scandals and doings of those for whom this world contains all that can enlist human energy. It profits little to denounce them. Our spiritual guides warn us against them, but to little avail. They find access to households only to wear away the edge of principles and to breathe like a pestilence upon the souls of children. They pour out upon the family hearth the refuse of divorce court proceedings, the yarns of imaginative reporters and the editorials that take no account of either history or of truth. And parents who are decent and respectable handle this half-baked stuff and allow their children to feed upon it. Blind or ignorant, they seem to have no sense of their responsibility. Where there should be Catholic austerity there is self-indulgence, and where there should be a sedulous protection against every contaminating influence, there is a laxness that must and does make for disintegration of the household. This kind of newspaper robs children of their dreams, and puts in their place the sordid facts of life that are known to the worldling. They bring them into contact with what is flippant and base. They be little purity—the most valuable thing this side of heaven—and little by little mould them according to the standards of the yellow journal.

They put upon them the mark of the commonplace, and send them into the world to think by proxy and to have a repugnance for reading that has to do with eternity and their immortal souls. Parents could be a barrier against this tide of sensuality, but, unfortunately, too many of them, engrossed with the problem of getting on, and cap in hand before wealth, deem these things as of little importance. They regard these newspapers as trifles, forgetting that many epoch-making events have been founded in the most trifling occurrences of every-day life. A flight of birds, for instance, caused Columbus to change his course southward, with the result that he discovered America. Rain prevented Napoleon's cavalry and artillery from maneuvering and left the map of Europe unchanged. And so in like manner the drippings from the Sunday newspaper may change our outlook upon life and turn the soul into a poor and tawdry thing.

A REMARK

We are far removed from the rush-light period. The days when scholars sat on straw to listen to world-famed masters are gone. It boots little to hark back to them, because we are living in an age of machinery, and the praises of our generations are sung in many keys. And yet there is a suspicion, expressed faintly betimes, that many of our assumptions are but mere statements and some of our glory is but tinsel. Some of us, for instance, are not so sure that the curriculum of the Public schools is as perfect as its framers would have it. They look with dismay at its many subjects and wonder how teachers can inject them into the heads of their pupils. They are afraid that all this matter may not be assimilated and thereby induce mental indigestion that may be beyond the reach of remedy. They have an idea that the multiplication ofologies may, though it produce superficiality, and an acquaintance with learned names and things, tend to retard the growth of mental energy. And business men wonder why many Public school graduates are slow to see an emergency, powerless to deal with an emergency and deficient in the fundamentals. We are of the opinion that a more simplified curriculum would produce better results. It would be less expensive and might help the scholar to think instead of compelling teachers to cram, for purposes of examination, a miscellaneous assortment of facts into the heads of their pupils.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The Catholic Truth Society is doing a work that can not be over-estimated. It explains Catholic doctrine, runs down calumny, exposes godless theories and places within the reach of all well written pamphlets. In them the man in the street has an antidote for the poison that is doled out by some editors. And let us say here that the Catholic who is dumb when his faith was attacked, or when an explanation is in order, is either disloyal or ignorant. He may be disloyal because he has placed himself first and God second, or because he thinks that cowardice is necessary to his worldly success; but he cannot advance the pretext of ignorance with any show of reason. Right at his door he has weapons that can enable him to take his place in the ranks of a militant Church. He can acquire a knowledge of current issues and begin to understand and to be filled with enthusiasm for the Church that stands beautiful and indestructible. The Catholic layman should be on the firing line. He should not give all his time to the banalities of club life. He need not be aggressive, but a word from him when necessary will do good. It may cause thought; it may dissipate prejudices, and it will certainly be more effective than super-heated addresses in our clubrooms. It will cure him of the habit of going through life with bated breath. It may even encourage his friends to drop the cap and baubles and to put on the vesture of manhood. Says Mr. C. Kegan Paul in the account of his conversion: "Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of

spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done and would return but for very shame." "Day by day," he says, "the mystery of the altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly. If I dare use the word, my guardian angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me since God gave me grace to enter His Church, and I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all." And answering those who said that he was confident he remarks: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."

A RUDDERLESS SHIP

The Christian Work and Evangelist (New York) quotes a German pastor as authority for the statement that the Catholic Church in Germany is gaining headway at the cost of Protestantism. The one who testifies to the decline of Protestantism in the land of its birth is described as "one in whom everybody has the greatest confidence." He is quoted as summing up the situation in these words: "The grave symptoms of stagnation or decline—whichever you like to call them—which affect us are not details. He points to the annual Catholic Congress held at Metz a few weeks ago as proof of the vitality of the Catholic Church in the Fatherland. We are told that at that great representative Catholic gathering "prince and peasant, cardinal and deacon, rich and poor, were alike filled with a zeal and a belief in the destiny of their Church wholly unknown in Protestant Germany."

Enumeration is then made of striking facts in support of this statement. Census returns are given as authority for the assertion that Protestantism is on the wane, whilst Catholicism is on the increase. Or as the German pastor puts it: "The faith of Rome absorbs a greater share of the increasing population than the faith of Luther." Whilst Protestantism fails to make an impression upon Catholic Bavaria and the Catholic Rhenish province, Protestant Pomerania and Protestant Mecklenberg are witnessing a steady increase in their Catholic population. We are told that in the vast majority of cases of mixed marriages the Protestant man or woman becomes either wholly neutral or embraces Rome. That the children of such marriages become Catholics goes without saying. We learn also that "race suicide" is thinning the ranks of German Protestants. In Berlin and other important towns social reformers are much puzzled over the decreasing birth rate. "When this phenomenon," writes the German pastor, "is more narrowly examined we realize that the decreasing birth rate is almost altogether confined to Protestant families." In striking contrast to this state of things is the story this Protestant clergyman has to tell of German Catholic provinces. He testifies that in these provinces families are increasing in number. Speaking of the different views of the marriage ceremony taken by Protestants and Catholics, he says: "The celebration of marriages within the churches is decreasing in Germany. The registry office is taking the place of the Church ceremony. Protestants in greater number than ever confine themselves to the civil functions, which in all cases is compulsory. It is rare for a Catholic to neglect the offices of his priest in marriage." There is a similar contrast in Catholic and Protestant burial services. The German pastor tells us: "More and more the Protestant, especially among the working classes, declines to ask the service of his pastor at the graveside. To a Catholic this would be impossible."

And so the story runs. In all directions there are multiplying evidences that the spiritual influence of Protestantism is lessening rapidly in the country of its origin. Thus the number of confirmations among German Protestants does not keep pace with the increase of population. Empty Protestant churches in the great centers of population tell their own tale. In them the communion rail is fast becoming deserted, which in itself is convincing evidence of the dying of faith. We quote once more from The Christian Work and Evangelist article: "There are big Berlin churches where it is rare for a man to be seen at Communion, churches where during the last ten years the number of male communicants has sunk 50 and 60 per cent. In Catholic churches, on the contrary, the priests have no complaint to make of decreasing numbers."

The spiritual weakening of Protestantism in Germany is traceable to the cause which has produced similar results in other parts of the world. Belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, the Protestant rule of faith, has been weakened by criticism which has undermined the foundations of Protestantism. The results are plainly discernible not only in Germany, but in England and in our own land. In these countries Protestantism, like a rudderless ship, is drifting hither and thither in a sea of doubt. What will be the final outcome of the drifting?—Freeman's Journal.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

LITTLE HOME MISSIONARIES.—There is a pastor in the middle west who has introduced the children of his parochial school to the missions. Under the guidance of their good Father the little ones support a student in one of the mission seminaries in China, sending every year a sum of money collected from the children of the school. The good Father recently received the following letter from the director of the seminary in which their student is preparing for the priesthood: "I do not know how to thank your little apostles for their charity. Thanks to them a good young man will become a priest of Jesus Christ; thanks to them a preacher of the Gospel will win to Our Lord the souls of many Chinese who, one day, before the throne of God in heaven will proclaim that they have won eternal happiness through the generosity of these dear children."

"I thank these loving little benefactors and I pray that our Divine Master may Himself be their reward. I wish to assure them that not only their own seminarian, but all of us here pray for them frequently that God may bless them, that He may bless their studies, their families and all their prospects. The alms which will gain souls for heaven and these souls will one day be their crown. The young seminarian whose support is due to the charity of your students, because of his work, his conduct, and his piety gives every reason to hope that he will one day become a worthy priest of Jesus Christ. His good health also gives promise that he will not be overcome by the heavy burdens of the apostolate. May I ask for the help of your fervent prayers for the director and for all the students of our little seminary?"

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND CHINESE ADULTS BAPTIZED IN PEKIN.—We spoke recently of the fear expressed by some publications in the United States that China would become Catholic. In fact the tide of sentiment in that country seems to be set strongly toward the doctrines of our Faith. In confirmation of this comes another report from Pekin. The writer is a Lazarist missionary, Father Blanchet: "The hopes of reaping a good harvest expressed by the last May have not only been realized, but have exceeded my fondest dreams. I need no longer speak of my 35,000 catechumens, but boast rather of 37,000 grown persons, who have just been baptized in this city. The importance of this event cannot fail to impress even the most unobservant. "I make haste to publish this authentic statement in order that those interested in our mission can rejoice with us in the extension of God's kingdom in China."

CATHOLICITY IN UGANDA.—The Very Rev. Father Henry, superior general of the Mill Hill Fathers, has been in Uganda, Africa, for some months past making a tour of inspection of the missions under the care of his spiritual sons. The condition of the missions under the care of Bishop Biermans and the progress made during the past few years has been most encouraging. So impressed was Father Henry that he promised the Bishop to send him more priests from England before the end of the year. Several Franciscan Sisters will also go to the mission within the present.

OUR RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN JAPAN.—The Marist Fathers have been established in Japan since 1888. Their schools have over 800 pupils. The Trappists have been established there since 1896. They cultivate about 1,000 acres of land. The Trappists have returned to Japan in 1906; the Fathers of the Divine Word went there in 1907. The Jesuit Fathers are in Tokio, Japan, and the religious of the Sacred Heart. The Spanish Dominicans have charge of the Island of Shikoku, Japan.

SOME RECENT CONVERSIONS

Within a recent period a number of notable conversions to the Church have been made. Here are a few: Rev. E. F. Elkins, curate of St. Augustine's Church, Kilburn, London, graduate of Oxford and Ely Theological College, son of the late Gen. Elkins; Rev. Franz W. H. Schiewe, late curate at St. Mark's and St. Clement's Episcopal churches, Philadelphia; Rev. Alexander Thompson Grant of the Scottish Episcopal Church and ex-chaplain to Wemyss Castle, Fife, Scotland; the Princess Luigi Colonna of Rome, born a daugh-

ter of Count Victor von Platen of Hanover, Germany, sister of the late Duchess of Devonshire (England), Lutheran. She married Prince Colonna over fifty years ago. Among recent conversions to the Church in France are to be numbered Charles Loui Morice, poet and art critic, and Emile Rochard, formerly director of the Ambigu Theatre, who has just published a "Vie de Jesus" in verse.

WHY NOT TAKE INTEREST?

REV. JOHN A. RYAN OF ST. PAUL STATES FACTS THAT CATHOLICS SHOULD CONSIDER

In the current number of the St. Paul Bulletin, Rev. John A. Ryan calls attention to Catholic apathy. Among other things Dr. Ryan says: "Why is it that Catholics as a rule have such a poor representation in civic and social organizations? First, because they do not in sufficient numbers go into this field in any capacity whatever. Therefore, their names do not occur to the men of influence in these organizations who have the power to select officers. This is a sober and saddening fact. Catholics have not yet developed a social or civic sense. I happen to belong to some half dozen or more state and national organizations of this character, but, with the exception of one, or possibly two, they do not contain enough Catholics to enable any one to know that the membership is not entirely Protestant. At none of the various conventions of these societies that I have attended throughout the country, has the participation of Catholics been anywhere nearly commensurate with their proportion of the population. In such circumstances it is inevitable that they should be passed over."

The second reason for the paucity of Catholic names in the lists of officers in organizations of this kind is the failure of those Catholics who are members to make themselves and their fellow Catholics known. In all these bodies non Catholics are present in the ascendancy. When they think of names for officers they naturally think of their friends, of those whom they know, just as we should do if conditions were reversed. If the Catholic members do not check and correct this process, who is to blame?"

So, there are plenty of reasons to explain the lack of prominence of Catholics in these organizations without having recourse to the ugly hypothesis of bigotry. Ordinary Christian charity would suggest that this explanation should be advanced only as a last reluctant resort, after all the facts had been carefully examined. And yet, too many of us adopt the uncharitable explanation immediately. This is the refuge of weaklings and men of bad will, not of manly men and Christians. It is the attitude of slaves, not of self-respecting and self-reliant freemen. It springs from a mixture of indolence, incompetence, mean spiritiness, and the demoralizing traditions of persecutions and ostracism to Catholics. More than one remedy for it is fair-mindedness and efficiency.

So far as my experience goes, the facts against the religious bias theory are conclusive. I have held positions of honor in all the national and state organizations, have sat in nominating and other committees, and otherwise exercised influence in determining the conduct of these societies. Yet I have never been able to detect more than a microscopic quantity of unfairness to Catholics. More than one remedy for it has been given a place of prominence when I did not deserve it. And the reason was simply because I was a Catholic, and there was no other person of my faith available. More than once I have felt extremely isolated and lonely in these excellent organizations. At this very moment I am chairman of the nominating committee of the Minnesota State Conference of Charities and Corrections, and I am quite certain that the number of Catholics in attendance at the conference does not entitle them to so much influence in the choice of officers for next year.

If we must explain our lack of prominence in social and civic life, in social and civic organizations—and it is well that we should at least make the attempt—let us face the facts bravely and honestly. Let us not take the lazy and whining attitude of hunted incompetents. To vary the lines of Cassius: "The fault is not in our non-Catholic friends, 'But in ourselves, that we are underlings.'"

Goodness can not be hidden very long. If a man is sincerely doing God's work, loving his neighbor, and attending faithfully to the duties of his state of life, no matter how quiet and humble his life may be, somehow or other, like the fragrance from a hidden flower, the perfume of his holiness makes itself known in the world. And weak, discouraged souls are strengthened, and evil men are rebuked and put to shame, by the good life of the least of God's servants.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A cinematograph film depicting the recent national Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes was taken with the permission of the organizers. All the moving incidents of the journey and the daily life and devotions of the pilgrims are shown.

What is said to have been the largest group of the colored converts baptized in the South in recent years received the sacrament in St. Anthony's Church, Memphis, Tenn., on Sunday, Oct. 19, when 35 candidates, with their respective sponsors, assembled at the regenerating fount.

In the diocese of Dijon, France, is an organization named "The Silent League." This league inculcates and practices decent silence in the churches, at funerals and at the tomb, and everywhere where there should be observed reverence and silence.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has announced that the new \$2,000,000 cathedral in that city will probably be opened for services soon after the new year. The immense building is without debt, cash having been paid for each portion of the work.

A movement is started already by the admirers of the late Canon Sheehan to erect a monument in Doneraile dedicated to his memory. And this but right, for Ireland owes much to her writers who have given their talents entirely to her and her religion.

"During the last decade," says the Christian World of London, "Roman Catholics increased by 5,000 among the Europeans and Eurasians in India (who, with the army number 300,000) while Anglicans decreased by 2,000, and the other Protestant bodies decreased proportionately."

Very Rev. Canon Bray, of Leeds, England, was to have undergone a serious operation for an internal growth. Placed under fourteen days' rest preparatory to the operation, he went to Lourdes. On his return the X-ray to the astonishment of the surgeon, revealed no tumor, no growth, and no trace whatever of it. He is perfectly well.

An association known as the Catholic Literature League was organized recently in Montreal at the residence of Lady Hingston, for the purpose of distributing throughout the Dominion good Catholic literature at a nominal price. The establishment of the League is the result of a visit made to Montreal by Ambrose Willis, managing director of the London Tablet.

The Anglican Bishop, Dr. Knox, in opening a conference at Manchester, last month spoke of England's national religious unrest, and prophesied a great change as imminent. He said, the cardinal facts of the Faith, the Incarnation and the Resurrection, are explained away in our time and the "Reformation" repudiated with a frankly expressed desire to revert to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, its liturgies and its rites.

Scannell O'Neill tells us in the Catholic Citizen that "the following persons have lately been reconciled to the Church at Caldey Abbey, South Wales: the Rev. W. Swinsted, curate of All Souls' Church, Clapton; the Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. H. Burnell Hudson, of Wick House, Pershore, now a monk there; Miss E. M. James a well known author of Carnarvon, Wales, and twenty four of the islanders at Caldey. In addition to the aforementioned, we hear of the conversions elsewhere of the following persons: the Rev. Frank Gately, curate of St. Saviour's Church, Birmingham, formerly a novice at Caldey; the Rev. A. Dudley, of London.

The registration at the Catholic University of America shows a notable increase in the lay student body, which has reached the figure of 310, from nearly every state of the Union. The ecclesiastics attending the university number 240, making a total of 550 male students. Trinity College, now affiliated to the university has 170 students, and Teachers' college, 50, while the summer school was attended by 383, making a total of 603 women students, and in all 1,153 students receiving instruction from the professors of the university. The Marist and Paulist preparatory schools nearby have an attendance of about 70.

Chicago Paulist choristers are to lose their founder and director, the Rev. William J. Finn, C. S. P., of St. Mary's church, who leaves Chicago in December to found a training school for church music in St. Louis. A fund of \$200,000 will be required to found the school and it will be raised by individual contributions. Father Finn has the approval of his superior to begin the work; which will be under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers and started in St. Louis by request of Archbishop Glennon. Father Finn's choir of boys has made an international reputation for Chicago, being the first choir of Americans to make a concert tour of Europe, and the winners of the first prize at the international music festival in Paris, in which 497 choirs from all over Europe competed, including the famous Sheffield choir, of England.

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROCKER

CHAPTER XXIV

IN UNCLE'S BLACK BOOKS

"My merry, merry, merry roundelay concludes with Cupid's arrow. They that do change love for love, pray gods, they change for worse."—Peele.

The news of my engagement created a profound sensation in our immediate circle, and I was considered sly, clever, fortunate, or fitted to adorn any sphere, according as our friends had marriageable daughters of their own or not. On the whole I gained a very considerable accession of respect from people who already saw in me the future Lady Rodester. Truly, I was nobly fulfilling Mrs. Roper's prediction. I had soared even beyond her anticipations. Major Percival was actually higher than the mark to which she had encouraged me to aspire. Nevertheless, I did not feel specially elated, nor particularly happy. Somehow, I was not in favor at home, much as I was commended abroad.

Auntie had spoken to me very seriously the morning after the disastrous picnic. She told me that she was exceedingly pained to find that I had never told Maurice of my engagement, but had let him think that I was free, and led him on to care for me, and to suppose that I cared for him. I had behaved altogether in a deceitful, unmanly manner, and there was no doubt that I was a heartless flirt, prepared to sacrifice everything to my insatiable craving for admiration and attention. "Supposing, too, it should come to Major Percival's ears!" This suggestion had no terrors for me—but I was overwhelmed by her displeasure. I could not have believed that she could have looked so austere or spoken so severely. Mrs. Vane was evidently behind the scenes and in Auntie's confidence. She informed me that Maurice had gone away on two months' leave, never to return; he was about to exchange into another battery elsewhere—"the further from Mulakapore the better," she added in a vague, pointed manner. And she was now strangely cool to me; I was no longer her "dear, silly old Noah," her "pet lamb," her "Nora Creina. She treated me with stiff, conventional politeness, and made occasional very stinging allusions to lambs in wolves' clothing, and mercenary marriages. Uncle, too, was altered. My unlukey *affaires de coeur* had come to a crisis all at once. Was it not bad enough that he should hear of Maurice's proposal—that day, the day of Dicky's rejection was wasted to his angry ears? But why, oh, malignant fate, did the irresponsible Globe-trotter select the same epoch for waiting on him, and asking my hand in marriage?

He no longer petted me, teased me, or inveigled me into his study to listen to shikar stories, or to dust his tiger skulls. Oh, dear no! He held completely aloof, and treated me with an air of cool, almost hostile, disapproval. "Why did you flirt with your cousin Maurice? Why did you never tell him of your engagement? Why, raising his voice suddenly, "did you make an utter and complete fool of him?" Then laying down his rifle, and looking me straight in the face, "Here," he proceeded, "within one month to my certain knowledge, you have had three proposals, and you an engaged young woman all the time! I'm ashamed of you—ashamed to think that you belong to me. You have disgraced yourself in my eyes, and fallen immeasurably in my estimation," he concluded decisively.

"Uncle, uncle, you must not say so. As far as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Dalton were concerned, I give you my word of honor that I gave them no encouragement. I did all I could to keep them at a distance, to show them that we were to be the merest friends—nothing more. And, as to Maurice—" I paused.

"Yes, and as to Maurice, you did all in your power to keep him at a distance too. Are you going to tell me that, eh?" he sneered. "Riding with him, walking with him, talking with him, dancing with him; and your aunt and I, like two old idiots, thinking that he knew all about the other fellow the whole time, and was only—I've no patience to think of it!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Bereford was ten times too good for you—that's the pure and unadulterated truth. Now mark my words, we will have no more proposals, no more entanglements; you have made your deliberate choice and must stick to it. I would not be a bit surprised," ironically, "to hear that you were thinking of getting out of your engagement with Major Percival."

Was he reading my thoughts? "But as you have given him your promise you shall certainly marry him; there will be no more playing fast and loose with any one else if I can help it, mark my words," he concluded, once more taking up his rifle and polishing away with extraordinary zeal and energy.

Here ended uncle's lecture. I spent a very miserable time after Maurice's departure; uncle was flint, auntie was ice, and Mrs. Vane intensely disagreeable. At length

Major Percival announced his intention of paying a visit to Mulakapore; a bachelor friend had offered him a house-room. We could not take him in, as Mrs. Vane occupied our only spare room, and uncle, prejudiced uncle, had declared that "he would not have that piano-playing fellow staying in the house." My fiancé duly arrived, and was met by us at the station and brought home to dinner. I beheld him step out of a saloon carriage without any increase of beating of the heart or change of color, although I had not seen him for more than six months.

I was sensible of no emotion as he took my hand in his, excepting that I experienced a strange chill of disappointment. He seemed quite different to what I had pictured him in my mental vision, quite different to the recollections I had brought away from the hills; and yet six months was too short a time to work any really appreciable alteration in his appearance. Had the rarefied hill air sent a halo to his aspect?

No, it had not. The change was in myself. He was no longer, in my eyes, an aristocratic-looking man in the prime of life; but a portly, elderly gentleman, traveling with an enormous amount of impediments, and as solicitous about his small parcels as any old maid. His belongings included an elaborate dressing-bag, tiffin basket, pillows, French novels, umbrellas and sticks, a flask of eau-de-Cologne, and a large fan. When his mind was at length perfectly at rest about their safety, and his two servants had been reduced to the verge of imbecility, Major Percival found time to turn to me, and utter a few stereotyped phrases on the pleasure it gave him to see me again, keeping all the time a sharp lookout on the accumulating pile in front of him. His conversation was rather spasmodic, and his attention divided between his baggage and his betrothed.

"Nora, my dear girl! I have been looking forward to—Chinassawmy," excitedly, "where is my traveling clock?" His anxiety allayed by the prompt production of that article, he resumed, "to this meeting for months, and—" To his servant: "Where are you going to with that white portmanteau, you fool!"

At last he was really under way, and we took our seats in the carriage with a sense of relief; my intended waving a bland but empty hand toward the crowd of clamoring coolies who had helped to carry his luggage, saying, as he leaned back luxuriously, "I never asked those fellows for their services. My own two boys were sufficient for all my requirements; and if they liked to work for the pleasure of the thing, tant mieux."

I thought such a speech savored of intense meanness; and if he was not ashamed of himself, at any rate I blushed for him when I encountered Mrs. Vane's mischievous dark eyes.

Dinner that evening was a stiff affair; and, after a short, drowsy conversation in the drawing room, Auntie and Mrs. Vane deserted the table with a vague or bare excuse, and left me to enjoy (I *deteste* with my lover. *Lover!* the word was a gross misfit for the gentleman opposite to me, who lolled back in his arm-chair, the very embodiment of luxurious self-satisfaction, pleased with himself, with his dinner, and his surroundings.

I sat at the center-table some distance from him, pretending to work by the light of a reading-lamp, and discussing of the weather and his journey in a vague or bare excuse, and left me to enjoy (I *deteste* with my lover. *Lover!* the word was a gross misfit for the gentleman opposite to me, who lolled back in his arm-chair, the very embodiment of luxurious self-satisfaction, pleased with himself, with his dinner, and his surroundings.

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"It is, indeed," he replied, with unusual animation, and in a tone of voice that showed me that he regarded my loss of looks as a distinctly personal grievance.

"Suppose you go and sing something," he added, with the air of a three-tailed bawhaw; "you have not lost your voice, I hope?"

I had not lost my voice, but I was very near losing my temper as I walked to the piano, and singled out my last new song. It gave me a very disagreeable sensation to find that it was valued for my looks and my accomplishments, and not for myself. How different to one's accepted idea of a lover! If Maurice had thought that I looked ill and thin, would he have grumbled at my altered appearance?

All night long I lay awake, tumbling and tossing, revolving many things in my excited brain. The more my thoughts dwelt on the future, the more wretched and miserable I felt. A pretty state of mind for the young lady who was about to make the best match of the season in her majesty's Indian empire!

I did not love Major Percival. Alas, never could love him now! I did not know if I even liked my future husband. How, then, could I marry him? I asked myself this question over and over again, and toward dawn fell into a restless slumber, with the query still unanswered. Major Percival established himself speedily in Mulakapore, lost no time in calling on the residents, and arranged his day so that a generous portion of it fell to my share.

Every morning he walked over to chotah-hazree; and every afternoon I went out driving with him in his smart high stanhope—the envy, and let us hope, admiration of all the maids and matrons in the place. Major Percival's friend had placed his turn-out at his disposal, with its high-stepping horses and gaudy eyes; and every evening, as I have said before, we drove about Mulakapore in state—that highly interesting spectacle, an "engaged couple."

We did not indulge in much conversation, as my partner was a wretched whip, and mortally afraid of our borrowed steeds.

All his mind was on the stretch on their behalf; all his thoughts anxiously bent on steering them triumphantly in and out among the various vehicles we met, and they were many. Only for the swaggar of the thing, he would have infinitely preferred taking me for a walk; but to be seen on foot in Mulakapore means social extinction, no more and no less. At least three times a week we embellished the hand-stand in the public gardens. Our carriage safely anchored, with a syc squatting in front of either horse, my companion; temporarily relieved from the mental agony his coaching efforts entailed, would, so to speak, preen himself, adjust his glass, and look leisurely round, discharging magnificent bows in various directions. He was undoubtedly a great man at Mulakapore; a far more brilliant star than our hills, where his light had been only one of a large constellation. Here he had the hemisphere entirely to himself, and was complacently aware of the fact.

He generally sauntered over to Mrs. St. Ube's landau, and exchanged a few ideas with her. Sometimes he lingered for a considerable time, and I did not grudge his society to Mrs. St. Ube. On the contrary, I was glad to see him so well amused. I was not always a very brilliant companion, and in company with her conversation was often laborious, uphill task—to me, at any rate. In spite of our mutual taste for botany and music we had no tender confidences nor reciprocal outpourings to make to each other, like other happy lovers. Our present feelings and future hopes we never touched upon.

People's dress and looks, society anecdotes, the weather, the shape of my new hat, and the state of Major Percival's liver formed our most usual topics. I could see that Mrs. St. Ube used all her fascinations to keep my cavalier literally at her chariot-wheels. Often, when he was on the eve of taking his leave, she detained him with one more little scandal, just one more piquant jest.

Each evening his visits were imperceptibly prolonged, till at last they reached to half an hour; and, as my companion returned to his vacant seat, he was often accompanied by a look of open, malicious triumph from the lady, who was evidently pleased to consider herself my rival. But I was not the least bit jealous; I did not care for my fiancé sufficiently to be a prey to the agonizing attacks of the green-eyed one. Major Percival did not dance at the various "afternoons" and small dances we attended. He was an invariable white flower, nor lounging in doorways, not enthroned among the chaperons, but a very pleasantly planted flower, sharing a sofa with Mrs. St. Ube, sunning himself in her smiles, and making pungent remarks on the company behind the wide expanse of her gigantic black fan. And here again I was not in the least jealous; his companion searched in vain for a trace of vexation in my countenance when I occasionally came up to talk to them between the dances, escorted by a recent partner. Major Percival would sometimes say, half apologetically, "You do your share of dancing and mine too, Nora; it really does me good to see you enjoying yourself so much." But I imagine that he had even a nearer source of enjoyment than my dancing, in Mrs. St. Ube's low murmurs and eloquent dark eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED

ORANGE NOTIONS OF EQUALITY

The Orangemen of Belfast have a great fear of Catholic intolerance when Home Rule is given. It is an interesting commentary on this complaint to consider the distribution of offices in the city of Belfast. The Board of Guardians pay \$84,000 in salaries of which Catholics get \$3,400. The Harbor Board pays \$56,345, and the one Catholic official gets \$1,250. The Water Board has on its pay roll one Catholic, whose wages are \$325 out of a total of \$29,000. Of the twenty-five medical officers not one is a Catholic. There are 100,000 Catholics in Belfast, more than a fourth of the population.

A SOLDIER'S SACRIFICE

It was at the close of 1776, Washington, compelled to abandon Fort Lee, was retreating through New Jersey, with Cornwallis in hot pursuit. The god of battles appeared to have definitely sided with the biggest battalions. Disaster had succeeded disaster in rapid succession and despondency prevailed among the patriots everywhere.

The American commander-in-chief had been balked at every turn, his best-laid plans had been frustrated, his most audacious coups anticipated. It was evident that the British were kept informed of the plans and movements of the little army. But how? By whom? The strictest investigation, the utmost vigilance had failed to show. The fact, as was inevitable, was gradually causing a demoralizing effect upon the force. Comrades began to regard each other with suspicion. Enthusiasm had been succeeded by uneasiness, which in turn was given place to vague terror.

Col. Edward Dayton, one of the chief's trustees and most zealous officers, had been specially charged to elucidate the mystery and had set about the task with the thoroughness that characterized all his actions. He had devised all manner of ingenious but futile schemes to entrap the traitor and had sworn to make a terrible example of him if he ever caught him.

Col. Dayton was a stern man, a martinet in all matters pertaining to military discipline, but of a kindly nature at heart. Of old Colonial stock, he had served with Washington against the Indians and was intensely patriotic. When the struggle for freedom began he had at once issued from the retirement in which he had been living in New York and hurried to the field, accompanied by his son George and Ernest Travers, a distant relative. Young Travers, who was about the same age as George, had been left an orphan and destitute when a little child. Mrs. Dayton had suggested that they could do no less than take the boy and bring him up with their own children. Her husband had readily acquiesced and had never had reason to regret his kindness. Ernest, in fact, was engaged to marry Priscilla Dayton the colonel's only other child.

The retreating army, by a series of rapid marches, had finally succeeded in baffling their pursuers and found themselves at nightfall on the outskirts of a wood. The commander-in-chief decided to call a brief halt.

As a precaution no fires were allowed, but despite the bitter cold the exhausted soldiers, with the exception of those told off to guard the camp, threw themselves on the snow-covered ground and soon forgot their troubles and hardships in sleep.

Ernest Travers was among the unfortunate men detailed for outpost duty. He found himself stationed at the edge of the wood, out of sight of the camp and of every other sentry. It was dreadfully lonely. The moon was at the full, but veiled by clouds and, but despite the bitter cold the exhausted soldiers, with the exception of those told off to guard the camp, threw themselves on the snow-covered ground and soon forgot their troubles and hardships in sleep.

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Under the strain of physical exhaustion, supplemented by the freezing temperature, he at length became drowsy and numb. His legs began to give way. He felt that he was slowly but surely losing consciousness, notwithstanding his efforts to fight it off. He staggered against a tree and, sliding to the ground in the shadow of it, rolled over on his face. The snow that melted upon his lips and temples revived him after he had lain there a few minutes, and he gathered his wits together sufficiently to realize the danger which the army stood of being surprised by the enemy and his own peril if found in his present position by the round. No explanation would be listened to. Accused of sleeping at his post, he would be summarily court-martialed and shot.

This thought galvanized him into activity again, and he bent his stiffened limbs in an effort to struggle to his feet. As he did so he thought he saw something moving among the trees, and his heart came into his mouth as he made that something out to be a man. His first impulse was to secure his musket, which was lying where he had dropped in a few yards away, and challenge the prowler. He checked himself, however, for he reflected that if he moved out of the shadow of the tree he would certainly be seen and the man would get clear away in the wood before he could fire at him. At the same time it occurred to him that he might be watching the spy whose identity his uncle, everybody, had vainly sought to discover. His surmise was strengthened by the fact that the man was coming from the direction of the camp, not going toward it.

However this might be, the man was plainly ignorant of the sentry's proximity. He advanced to the edge of the wood, peered rapidly in every

direction, and running along in the shadow, entered the wood again a few yards from where Travers was crouching. Leaping out upon him Ernest grabbed him with both hands. The man uttered a low, startled yell and struggled desperately to free himself. Back and forth they swayed, the sentry shouting for help until he was borne against a tree with such violence that he nearly stunned.

Suddenly the man ceased struggling. "I am lost! Here comes the guard. Don't shout. For God's sake, have mercy upon me and let me go," he supplicated, hoarsely.

Travers started as though he had been shot. Dragging the man into a clearing, where it was light enough for him to see his face, he pushed him away from him after a moment's hesitation and said:

"Run!"

The man needed no second bidding. As he disappeared in the darkness, Travers trying to calm his violent agitation, hurried back toward his post, but ere he had taken many steps, a stern voice ordered him to halt, and he found himself surrounded by the guard. One of the soldiers was carrying the musket he had dropped.

"What are you doing off post and without your musket?" demanded the sergeant.

"I—I—nothing," stammered Travers, confusedly.

"I saw something run into yonder thicket. Here, Putnam, van Zandt, Holloway, quick after him. Get him, alive or dead. Shoot at anything you see moving. You others arrest this fellow and fill him full of slugs if he attempts to break away."

The three men named darted away into the wood, while the others seized Travers, who offered no resistance. The sergeant struck a light with a tinder box and flint and explored the ground round about.

"I thought I was not mistaken," he exclaimed. "Another man has been here. The footmarks are different. Oh, if it were only daylight, so that we could follow his trail. Ah! what is this?"

He picked up a slip of folded paper. It bore a number of figures and capital letters.

"A cipher message! Oh, ho! We're on a red-hot clue this time, and no mistake."

"Sergeant," began Travers, "I—" "Silence, traitor!" commanded the sergeant. "Keep your lies for Col. Dayton and the chief. You'll need to invent a mighty plausible explanation to escape facing a firing party at daybreak."

The soldiers who had been sent in pursuit of the fugitive presently returned and reported that they had seen nothing of him. The guard then closed around Travers and he was marched back to the main command. The army was already astir and the other sentries had been called in, for Washington was very anxious to put the Delaware between him and the British. Travers' comrades looked wonderingly at him as he was brought in.

Col. Dayton listened to the sergeant's report without saying a word, and taking the cipher message examined it long and intently. His face waxed very pale and hard as he said shortly:

"Bring the prisoner here."

Travers, heavily manacled, was brought forward.

The colonel motioned to the sergeant to draw off his men, and the guard, lining up and grounding arms at a respectful distance, left uncle and nephew facing each other.

For a moment neither spoke. Travers, with head erect, eyed the old soldier calmly and waited to be questioned.

"Ernest Travers," said the colonel at last, and his voice was harsh, "when you joined the army of liberty you for the time being severed all family ties and became the servant of your country, which you swore to serve faithfully and defend with your life. Remember that you are dealing not with your uncle, but your superior officer, and the claims of relationship cannot be evoked. You are accused of a terrible crime, the punishment of which is an ignominious death. Unless you can prove to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that you are innocent, the penalty will be inflicted and pitilessly."

"The charge against you is that you are a spy in the service of your country's enemies; that you have systematically kept them informed of the movements of the army of liberty; that while on outpost duty you were caught holding intercourse with some person or persons unknown, emissary or emissaries of the enemy; that in the confusion caused by the unexpected arrival of the guard you, or the person to whom you had given it, dropped a cipher message written by you, the meaning of which is not yet known to your superior officers, but which is thought to betray military secrets of which you by some means yet to be discovered have obtained possession. What have you to say?"

"That I am innocent, sir."

"That is no answer. Facts and details are what I want, not empty phrases. I warn you again not to trifle with me. It is a matter of life or death to you."

"I was on outpost duty and saw a man advancing through the wood. I suspected that he might be a spy and tried to arrest him. He escaped as the guard came up."

"Your duty was to challenge him and if necessary fire upon him. Did you do that?"

"No, sir. From some cause or other I had fainted a little while previously and dropped my musket some paces from where I fell. When I recovered I saw the man coming

through the wood and feared that if I moved to reach my musket he would see me and get away. I sprang out upon him as he passed me."

"You fainted! A likely story, truly. At any rate, you must have seen the man's face if you struggled with him. Do you know him? Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"It was pitch dark in the wood," "Why did you say you did not know what you were doing off post duty when the sergeant caught you?"

"I was probably dazed by a blow received in the struggle, which made my head bleed, as you see."

"That proves nothing. You may have struck your head against a tree in your precipitation to return on the approach of the guard. What is the meaning of this cipher?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Who gave it to you?"

"No one; it must have been dropped by the man with whom I struggled."

"Is that the only explanation you can offer?"

"That is all, sir."

"What you have told me is a tissue of absurd, patently absurd, falsehoods."

"I admit that circumstantial evidence is strongly against me, but I assure you on my honor, sir, that I am innocent."

"The honor of a traitor and a spy!"

"No, sir; the honor of an honest man and a patriot."

"I do not believe you," said the colonel, fiercely. The sergeant's account of the circumstances in which he had arrested the young man appeared to leave no room for doubt as to his guilt. He thought upon all that he had done for him. The base ingratitude with which he had apparently been requited and the fact that a member of his family had been the traitor who had so long eluded him and wrought such harm to the patriot army maddened him.

For a moment he lost his head, forgot the dignity of his position and struck the prisoner with his clenched fist.

The news of Travers' arrest and of the charge against him had spread through the camp like wildfire and caused the greatest excitement. The men, disregarding for once the authority of their officers, rushed at the prisoner as he was marched through the lines and would have torn him to pieces had they not been beaten back by the guard, who vigorously used their muskets as clubs. As it was, when, half an hour later, he was taken before the drum-head court-martial, over which Washington himself presided, he was fearfully bruised and covered with blood. He made no defense. He seemed to be completely crushed and returned no answer at all or responded in scarcely audible monosyllables to the questions addressed to him.

It was agreed that his explanations of Col. Dayton were too weak to merit serious consideration when compared with the straightforward report of the sergeant, given with great embellishment of detail.

The deliberation of the court was brief. Ernest Travers was sentenced to be shot in the presence of the whole army.

There was no time to lose. The safety of the force depended upon a hurried advance. Washington's anxiety was depicted upon his martial visage. But it was imperative that the execution should be summary and as imposing as possible, in order to properly impress the troops with the heinousness of the offense and to serve as a warning to the prisoner's accomplices, for it was not doubted that there were other traitors in the camp.

It was deemed impossible for any member of the rank and file to obtain unaided the information in which had been sent to the enemy, and the court had exhausted every means of inducing Travers to disclose the names of his fellow-culprits.

The army was drawn up in three sides of a square, with the commander-in-chief and his staff in the center space. The condemned man, after being marched along the front of the ranks, was placed against a tree. The muskets of the execution platform were leveled at his breast and the officer in command had raised his sword which, when lowered, would give the fatal signal, when a shriek was heard, there was a commotion on one side of the square and a soldier rushed forward calling wildly upon the men not to fire.

The general held up his hand as a signal to the officer commanding the firing party to wait. Col. Dayton had immediately spurred his horse toward the man who was the cause of this sensational interruption. The soldier clasped the officer's knee and said something to him as he bent from his saddle. Suddenly Dayton shook him off, ordered a sergeant to arrest him and, ghastly pale, galloped back to the chief, who was waiting with visible impatience and annoyance at the delay. A few minutes' earnest conversation passed between them while the army looked on in breathless wonder at it all. The colonel's report resulted in the postponement of the execution and the immediate resumption of the march to the Delaware. Meanwhile the condemned man had fainted.

The army had quietly crossed the river and was quartered in a large village. Enthusiastic recruits were pouring in from every direction, and Washington was preparing to turn back and resume the offensive in New Jersey.

Travers, imprisoned in an upper room of a farmhouse, and recovered

somewhat from the terrible emotions through which he had passed and the ill usage to which he had been subjected, but he was haggard and emaciated. He spent most of the time stretched upon his mattress. He did not know why he had been resplended. None of the men who guarded him and brought him food ever spoke to him. He lived in hourly expectation of being led out to die, and indeed he would have welcomed death as a happy release from his sufferings.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of his incarceration the door was thrown open and Col. Dayton stalked in. Travers staggered painfully to his feet and the Colonel faced him with folded arms. The prisoner stood at attention, with lowered eyes and dogged listless mien, waiting to be questioned, but Dayton did not speak. Then the former looked up wearily, and a flush came into his white cheeks. His uncle, with heaving breast and the tears streaming down his face, was gazing at him with an expression of unspeakable tenderness and grief.

"My boy, my poor, poor boy!" he cried, clasping him to his breast. "My old heart is broken. Can you ever forgive me? Could I, as I gladly would, give my life for you, I could not recompense you for your noble sacrifice and the suffering I and mine have caused you. Oh, Ernest, Ernest, I am not deserving of your pity, yet I need it sorely."

"Don't uncle; don't talk so; you are killing me! This is the hardest of all to bear," sobbed Travers, greatly agitated.

The old man sank into the only chair in the room, and his nephew, kneeling beside him and clasping his hand, learned what had happened.

"God could not permit the perpetration of such a crime as the ignoble snuffing out of our life," said the colonel. "He has marked you for a higher destiny. In His infinite mercy He maddened with remorse him in whose stead you had suffered and would have died, forced him at the supreme moment to confess his infamy, and I, my pride justly humbled, thank Him reverently on my benighted knees for having saved my wretched son from the additional guilt of murder."

The story of George's undoing is an old one—none the less pitiable for the retelling. Unknown to me he had been living a fast life with debauched and wealthier young fools than himself. To procure the money wherewith to gratify his vicious tastes and pose as their equal, he took to gambling, got heavily, hopelessly into debt, and was shown the only way to save himself and me from ruin by a boon companion, rich and in the service of the king. He succumbed to the temptation.

"In whom can a father have confidence if not in his son? When I became attached to the general staff I employed George to do clerical work for me, and in this way he was able to obtain from confidential dispatches and otherwise information valuable to the enemy. Of course I never doubted him for a minute. He feigned to second me zealously in my efforts to discover the traitor who was betraying us. The improbability of your story, the suspicious circumstances of your arrest, compelled me to judge you guilty. George confessed that agents of the king's government are posted in every hamlet. He had the list and was seeking the nearest agent, whom he supposed was stationed at no great distance from where we were encamped that night, when he lost his way in the wood and was captured by me. He did not know who you were till you dragged him into the light after his appeal to you to let him go. You were misguided, my poor boy, in releasing him."

"How so, uncle? What else could I do? It was not for his sake. Had he been my own brother I would have had no pity. But could I, by delivering him up to justice, wreck the lives, break the hearts of you and my aunt, who have been more than father and mother to me, and of my gentle little Priscilla, my affianced wife? Surely not. I had intended on returning to camp to arouse him to a sense of the enormity of his conduct, force him to quit the army, and to prove in some way, on pain of exposure, his devotedness to the cause for which we are fighting. I felt that this threat, held over his head, would keep him in the right path. But when I found myself in the unfortunate position in which I was placed, there remained only one way of repaying you—for all your kindness to me, and that was by hiding the truth. Anybody in my place would have done the same."

"I fear not, my dear Ernest. Nevertheless, when George had confessed I divined your generous motives, understood the full extent of your pardon and an officer's commission conferred upon you by the commander-in-chief, who was greatly impressed when I acquainted him with the circumstances of the case, and orders you to report to him personally when you are in condition to return to service."

"And George?" faltered Travers, making a mighty effort to control his emotion at finding himself thus suddenly raised from the lowest depths of degradation and despair to love and honor.

"George," said the old man brokenly, "blew out his brains last night. Some unknown friend smuggled a pistol to him. As for me, my life, alas! is not mine to take. It belongs to my country. But I beseech

you to be true to my country. But I beseech

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God to send me a soldier's death in that heat of battle against my country's foes. He will grant my prayer if He judge best, and thus I may in a measure atone for my son's sins." — John W. Harding, in New York Times.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

MR. BELLOC ON THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

The eleventh annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland was held in the Round Room of the Dublin Mansion House on Wednesday last week. Cardinal Logue presiding. The prelates present were the Archbishop of Tuam, President of the Society, and the Bishops of Raphoe, Cloyne, Clonfert, Meath, Ossory, Elphin, Kilmaclesh, Achonry, Kilmore, and Richmond, U. S. A.

Cardinal Logue, in a brief introductory address, spoke of the good work which the Society was doing, and of the great appreciation of it shown by people in the country. He wished that the leading laity would show more interest in the work. The gatherings of the Society were the only meetings they had in the country for the purpose of concentrating and taking measures for the justification of religion and for the welfare of our Catholic people, and he assured them that they stood in bad need of Catholic action at the present day. "I do not," His Eminence explained, "mean offensive action or anything that would interfere with the rights of others. I would not even point a wooden gun at one of my own countrymen, no matter what his religion or his politics are. I do not mean aggressive action. I mean action taken for instructing our people, and helping them, and making them more comfortable and taking measures for improving their conditions, and especially for pointing out to them and endeavoring to guard them against the many snares that are set for them at the present day. That is what I understand by Catholic action. There is a good deal of that action in other countries. Perhaps we might have more of it here in Ireland. We may not have felt the need of it more, but the need will be felt before long. We bishops and priests would be simply helpless without the active co-operation of the laity. We could not carry on our works of charity, or build churches, or have our schools as they should be." His Eminence concluded by introducing Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who, he said, was one of the most distinguished literary men in England and the British Empire.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who was given an enthusiastic reception, then delivered the inaugural address of the Conference. He took for his subject "The Church and the Modern World," reports the Freeman's Journal, and in the course of an inquiry into what he said might be called European civilization, he distinguished the Catholic Church as "an institution on differing altogether from anything arising, or proceeding from the whole, or in any manner of institution commonly actually in antagonism with its environment precisely where that environment was one of high vigour." This strange body, he said, could claim in its membership some of the citizens of every nation, and yet not all the citizens of any. Paradoxical enough this cosmopolitan thing carried, in more than one society, the banner of nationality, and where it was in conflict with nationality and with patriotism, appeared to suffer. Though spread throughout the world it was an institution so amenable to so strict a discipline that a short, open, and not minatory letter addressed from the Pope to the very wealthiest of its sections—the French Church—caused all the members of that body at once to abandon property worth many millions of pounds, and yet on the other hand intelligence was nowhere more acutely alive nor intellectual discussion more spontaneous and logically ordered than within this apparently too obedient army. It possessed no power of physical constraint, and so far from relying upon the vulgar and ephemeral tricks of a secret society, all that was done was open. Without police as without lodges, without armies as without initiation or pass words, it preserved a very strong, and surely majestic, unity. Turning to the history of the Church the impartial observer, Mr. Belloc, asserted, would discover two things, the first of which might seem to explain its modern position, the second of which would prove as inexplicable as and as arousing to his curiosity as the unique discipline and character to which reference had been made. He would learn that this institution was historically at the root of all that expanded civilization about him, but that there had broken out some centuries ago a successful revolt against it. This first point might help to explain its peculiar mission to day, though it would not wholly explain it. But he would next learn an inexplicable thing, to wit, that for century after century this association, this Catholic Church, had maintained a highly personal life, and that not after the fashion of a social tradition or as a

habit—vague and amorphous things were naturally long lived—but as a deliberately conceived individual, vividly possessed of all the marks which mark a person.

FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

The future of the Catholic Church in the modern world, judged upon temporal indices alone, seems to me, said Mr. Belloc, "to depend upon three factors—(a) the political factors of numbers and equality, (b) the intellectual factor of recognition, and (c) what I may call the practical factor of culture." In this connection he discussed three types of Catholic society. There was first the type of Catholic society represented by France, and what he found there he would find in any other sovereign (i. e., wholly independent) country, the Catholic tradition of which was not broken in the sixteenth century. There was next the type of Catholic nations which were less subject to non-Catholic Governments. There was lastly the type of Catholic societies existing without any natural bond to cement them in the midst of their non-Catholic fellows.

ANTICLERICALISM

In some countries (and besides France they had the Catholic Netherlands, now called Belgium; all Latin America, all Spain and Portugal, Italy, and to some extent the Catholic cantons of Switzerland) the Catholic Church and its atmosphere were the groundwork of the whole picture. Social memory extended to a time when an unreformed state of hierarchy, or the alliance of the hierarchy at some moment with some unpopular party in the State, was popular to all. Therefore, in such countries, where they had no inducement of patriotism, no example of what came in the absence of faith to make Catholics close their ranks, they always had—even within the Catholic body—what was called "Anticlericalism." Again, in these countries the Catholic Church being everywhere morally predominant, the reaction against her was general, clear cut, and the structure of it admitted and open. In such countries the Masonic organization, which was still, though declining in power, the great world-wide opponent of the Catholic Church, came out into the open, stated its programme, and received the active support of the anti-Catholic forces of the Jewish race. The Protestant historian, from the alien colony of tourists to the anarchic and alien refugee. "In this first set of countries," said Mr. Belloc, "you may safely take it that in spite of phases of indifference, in spite of the most violent anti-Catholic legislation, the mass of the population set down in statistics as nominally Catholic, will remain on the roll call of the Faith. The best that you are right in so doing is twofold. First, that the actual numbers of those who rigorously practise their religion has been upon the increase for now more than a generation. Secondly, by the test that the moment anti-Catholic forces appear to be winning, all national feeling begins to run again towards the Catholic side.

HERBS OF ALL THE ARTS

"We Catholics," the speaker said, "are not only the heirs of all the arts, we are also the guardians of all tradition; and it is in the very nature of things that men setting out once again to solve upon their own account problems which are as old as the race will come to regard, next to be moulded by, and, at last, to accept the old solutions which alone can determine the permanent happiness of mankind—in so far as happiness is possible to the human race. Of these solutions we, Catholics, are the possessors. To take two fundamental institutions upon which all men's eyes are now turned—property and marriage. It is clearly apparent that the first negotiations have come at last to disappoint the first generation of sceptics. Only the old men, the valiant fathers of the cause, still preach the economic salvation of mankind through the despoiling of ownership and the placing of land and machinery into the hands of professional politicians. Collectivism has burst. And while generous minds of a younger generation are hurrying here and there to find a solution for our economic troubles, the Church will persistently present the normal institution of property widely established throughout the Christian state as the natural economic habitat of mankind, and to that doctrine, by an inevitable process of exhaustion and reaction, in revolt against that hideous and monstrous product of the sixteenth century schism, must at last return. The same thing may be observed with the institution of marriage. In practice, every act, private or public, which wounds the family, so jars the human nerve that the toleration of such acts is very brief, and, here again, men are brought back inevitably to the culture which we defend. That lack of respect for the human kind, that lecturer said, "and show how the first perceptions of philosophy will by a natural gravitation return to the Catholic postulates of an intelligent and personal Creator of an immortal soul, of free will, and of a consequence following upon good and evil. One may descend to the lesser manifestations of truth, and show how the Catholic humor is, in fact, the only humor which is shown by the human race, where the Puritanic fasting and fasting the same, and the Catholic fitness with mysteries and the Catholic devotion to the dead. Better still, one may rely upon that ultimate factor, the Catholic love of arms, and be certain that sooner or later the Catholic temperament must be physically victorious in the field. For myself, I find that my chief consolation. I say again, we are the heirs of all the arts; we are the guardians of all tradition. Using a purely temporal argument, that is the pull which should, or must, drag back to us the world which we made."—London Tablet.

REVILED SOUTH AMERICA

"Americans have but a vague idea of the conditions in South America," said Dr. Rosalie S. Morton, of the Polytechnic Hospital staff, New York, on her recent return from a four-months' tour of the Latin-American Republics. "I was very pleasantly surprised," she continued, "to find such excellent work being done in the hospitals of the countries I visited. Most of us have an idea that if we were in South America and needed an operation we would have to come to this country, but this is not so. I was particularly anxious to see what philanthropic work was being done for the blind, deaf and dumb, and orphans. Naturally I could not visit every city, but in Buenos Aires I found some very excellent treatment of the blind, and in Lima splendid work is being done for children. There they have nurseries such as

exist here, where mothers who work during the day may leave their babies, knowing that they will receive proper care." The light is spreading. If such disclosures go on, the average American citizen will actually begin to believe that those benighted, papistical South Americans are occupied now and then with something besides fiestas, bull fights and revolutions. But the old Protestant tradition will die hard.—America.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

I cannot answer as an old-time Democrat did, and say I am one because my father and grandfather were, says W. G. Hume in the current number of Extension Magazine, for my paternal ancestors were Presbyterians and my great grandfather was a Presbyterian minister.

I am a Catholic, first, because I could not be anything else. By the process of elimination after investigating all other creeds the Catholic Church is the only existing religion that possesses the mark or attributes of the one true Church founded by Christ.

Every earnest Christian must admit: First—That Jesus Christ founded some Church. Second—That the Church of which He was, and is, the head was to last for all time and therefore must exist on earth to-day.

Now, accepting my premises, the One Church of Christ can not be divided into many branches teaching different doctrines. Many good Protestants say that if we believe in Christ and keep His commandments, it matters not with what denomination we affiliate—unless—Oh, shades of logic—we are Catholics! If Presbyterians are right, then Baptists and Lutherans are wrong, for each sect teaches different things; and Unitarians certainly cannot be included in a Church of which Baptists and Episcopalians claim to be branches.

The usual arguments of many non-Catholics is something like this: "Yes, we admit that during the seven or eight centuries after Christ there was a Church which was founded by Him and which taught truly the things He told His apostles to preach. But in the course of time errors crept in and a large part of the Church became corrupt. Then the good members of this Church withdrew and united together to continue the early Christian Church and perpetuate Christ's original commandments as laid down in the Bible."

Without admitting the accusation, I will acknowledge that if all Protestants had united together and formed one Church, and if all the members of this Church believed the same things, their positions would at least be more tenable. In this respect the Greek Church has an advantage over Protestants. Following their argument, however, there is on earth to-day one Church, one form of divine worship founded by our Lord Jesus Christ, and only one. Which is it? If it is not the Catholic Church, which Church did He found? Which of the many creeds and "isms" is the one true branch that perpetuates the early Church which is to continue until the end of time? Unless a Protestant can answer this question positively and to his own satisfaction, he had no excuse for remaining what he is.

The Episcopalians, I believe, are the only Protestants who seriously even claim a direct succession from the apostles, but they are obliged to trace through the "Roman Catholic Church," and they themselves in so doing admit that during a certain period the Catholic Church was the true Church. The gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Once the true Church, she is bound to be so still, otherwise hell has prevailed. If Episcopalians could show true succession (which they cannot), how can they reconcile high and low church, one claiming to acknowledge the Real Presence, and the other denying it. Can Christ's Church be divided against itself?

The direct apostolic succession has always seemed to me the simplest and at the same time the most vital test of any Church's claiming divine authority. Strangely to say, most Protestants admit the claims of the Catholic Church in this regard. One thing has always impressed me. There are, of course, exceptions, but in almost every case of which I have had personal knowledge this rule will apply. Lukewarm or bad Catholics are the ones who leave the Church, but our converts are good, earnest Protestants who are seeking truth and their eternal salvation.

Again, "By their fruits you shall know them." Look back through the pages of history and count, if you can, the mighty names upon the roll of the Catholic Church—just to mention a few—St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis Xavier, St. Ignatius Loyola, Thomas A' Kempis, Fenelon, Michelangelo, Raphael, Dante, Dryden, Newman, Manning, Spaulding. Is it not a privilege to be brothers in the Faith to such as these? Is it possible for such men to have been wrong in their method of serving God?

Protestants sometimes say: "I can not understand how Catholics believe this or that. Of course they cannot; otherwise, if in earnest, they would become Catholic. Right here we come to the main point: Faith is not understanding, but believing what we cannot understand. Help Thou our unbelief,

And give us grace to say Like the repentant thief, 'Have mercy, Lord, to day.' Yes, help us to believe And hope—to love Thee, too; Let us at last ourselves deceive, Our failing faith renew. We do not ask to see, Enough that we may know The path that leads to Thee, The way that we should go. Enough that Thou hast said: 'Believe, believe in Me, And thou shalt even raise the dead, Cast mountains in the sea.'

A FATHER FABER MEMORIAL

There are two tributes—no, there are three—to Father Faber, which many of those who love him must have pigeon-holed. "Father Faber was a great loss to the whole Church but he is still doing a great work by his writings." That tribute from Pius IX, carries with it a high and a man untimely dead. The greatest, may have lived so long that their passing cannot be considered a great loss—they have said their say, they have done their deeds, their night had already come before they descended to the tomb. Faber, dying at not much more than half the age of some of his contemporaries, might still, had he lived, had lived to great purpose. But of him it might truly be said that into a short time he crowded the emotion, the industry, the love of a far longer span of life. Hour for hour, nobody perhaps did quite so much—certainly nobody did more. For his was pre-eminently the gift of facility. If Newman said that "he never knocked anything off," Faber might have made a very different boast, and with no disparagement to the use of his amazing powers. Had he begun to erase, he would have left a blank—with him mending would have meant no ending. That the resulting want of form here, or failure of exact taste there, has not lessened the right understanding of him, that the pinch of salt which we occasionally have to take the "obiter dicta" of "Father Faber," as he once sweetly called himself, is proved by the second testimony which comes to mind for quotation. "I know no man who has done more to make the men of his day love God and aspire to a higher path of the interior life." That is the testimony of Cardinal Manning, who knew of what he spoke. Praise from him can rank to a Catholic Englishman as the most precious that could come from any of his fellows. Lastly, the very informal tribute of Mother Margaret Mary O'Halloran cries out to us with a note of human sympathy, "What a man you are, what a man you are!"

As a rule, non Catholics do not seem to realize that if one acknowledges a Church of God through which He still speaks and teaches, that whatever His Church teaches is divine truth and, even if it certain doctrines cannot be entirely understood by men's finite minds, they must accept them, and Faith says "I believe." On the other hand, however, many of the devotions and practices of the Catholic Church help to strengthen our belief in her divine institution. I have always found that, even from a human standpoint, the more we study and investigate the Church the more we see how logical are her teachings. What is more natural than to believe that the Mother of God was the ever Virgin Mary? The mind revolts at the non-Catholic attitude toward the Blessed Virgin. Again, how can Christians dislike the crucifix emblem of Christ's death for sinners? What a consolation to mankind is the Sign of the Cross, the pledge of our salvation. Or take the sacraments, viewed merely as temporal benefits. Like a loving mother the Church takes us in infancy, and from the day the waters of baptism are poured over us she never relaxes her watchful care. She leads us gently along the path of life, ever ready with a shield in each emergency, and a balm for every pain. Are we wounded? She offers us the sacrament of penance, in which we may be healed. Then she strengthens us with confirmation and the Holy Eucharist. When we are grown and choose our state in life, there, awaiting our coming are the holy orders or the sacrament of matrimony. And at the end, when the light begins to fade, when the weary spirit falters and we long at last for rest; then, when death approaches and the demon of discouragement strives to claim us for his own, does our mother forsake us then? Nay, she stands by our side, gives us the Bread of Life, anoints us with holy oil, and she has led us from the cradle to manhood, and from youth to old age, she now leads us to the gates of that heavenly city which she has taught us to seek. Believing, therefore, that our divine Lord established a Church which exists to-day, I must either believe in and accept her teachings, or doubt the truth of Christ's own words.

So if you ask me why I am a Catholic, I answer: "Because I must be either a Catholic or an atheist."

Such lives as these are living prayers by which, as Tenison says, "the whole wide world is ever where bound by gold chains around the feet of God." God sees and knows. Daily graces are showered upon the world through these hidden channels. You and I are constantly helped and strengthened by the good lives of people whom we do not know. Similarly, our lives, if we are earnestly striving to make them worthy of our Divine Master, are helping others.

The fiftieth anniversary of Faber's death has just been kept, and in June next year the centenary of his birth offers an opportunity, which is to be taken, for making some visible memorial in association with his name. We do not think that to this country will be confined all those who wish to take a part in the celebration. In the United States many a man, out of his own experience, echoes the words of Father Hecker, "Not for several ages," declared the illustrious founder of the Paulists of New York, "has God given to His Church a teacher whose thoughts of love and light will fall, like Heaven's dew, on a wider extent of that field in which the Son of God Himself labored." And though the Catholic ardours of Faber took him out of an environment in which he was born, making him as much a denizen of the skies as the prophet who was charioted thither, we shall not lack the sympathy of many an outsider in any effort to honor his memory. Dogmatic Dean Stanley it was who said of him (ridiculously) that he was the only one of the Oxford converts who gained in force and character by his conversion. Even Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in a frivolous setting out to curse stayed to bless.

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The fiftieth anniversary of Faber's death has just been kept, and in June next year the centenary of his birth offers an opportunity, which is to be taken, for making some visible memorial in association with his name. We do not think that to this country will be confined all those who wish to take a part in the celebration. In the United States many a man, out of his own experience, echoes the words of Father Hecker, "Not for several ages," declared the illustrious founder of the Paulists of New York, "has God given to His Church a teacher whose thoughts of love and light will fall, like Heaven's dew, on a wider extent of that field in which the Son of God Himself labored." And though the Catholic ardours of Faber took him out of an environment in which he was born, making him as much a denizen of the skies as the prophet who was charioted thither, we shall not lack the sympathy of many an outsider in any effort to honor his memory. Dogmatic Dean Stanley it was who said of him (ridiculously) that he was the only one of the Oxford converts who gained in force and character by his conversion. Even Bishop Samuel Wilberforce in a frivolous setting out to curse stayed to bless.

"The greatest list that ever lived—but a perfect saint—" they who speak the language of exaltation will ever speak to incredulous ears because "clay-shuttered." In the houses of Nonconformists such hymns as "O Paradise" and

Angels of Jesus" are daily and not vainly sung. All sorts of popular hymn books contain these and other specimens of Faber's religious muse, and the publishers who have encouraged by free permissions thus uncovered circulation have also tried, and with large success, to see that their text has been kept intact. Father Faber's treatises bear out iation as ill as his hymns. He has a right to be listened to by the end of his sentences—to be read with his full context. That is surely the least return we can make to an author who has taken pains never to weary us. He never fails in his unctuous—a word on which Isaac D'Israeli twitted the "Romanists" as a preservation of their own. And it is unctious from on high, it is the need of the time, and the sure foe to formalism. Because Faber stands for the law, yet knows that the law kills unless the Spirit make it alive, he too lives. That is the secret of his abiding strength and his abiding charm. He lets out the secret himself when he says of the readers of that most alluring of all spiritual treatises, "All for Jesus"—"I am putting before them things which I tend to raise their fervour, and to increase their sensible sweetness in practical religion and its duties. I want to make piety bright and happy to those who need such helps as I do myself."—Tablet.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir:—I have read your admirable paper, 'The Catholic Record,' and congratulate you upon the manner in which you have treated the matter and put it in such a clear and true Catholic spirit.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1918

THE "RITUAL MURDER" TRIAL

For some time past every reader of the newspapers has been kept in touch with a famous trial for murder which has just concluded in Russia. It is difficult for us to realize that with regard to the Jewish race conditions depicted by Sir Walter Scott in Ivanhoe, and Shakespeare in the Merchant of Venice, still obtain in some counties in the twentieth century.

A PRESSING EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

Education is a much-abused word. Its use in the loose sense of what is learned in school or college will probably continue to be the popular meaning of the term. It is regrettable that this should be so, for the popular conception of education resulting from the misuse of the word is bound to be inadequate and misleading, with serious practical consequences flowing therefrom.

olice can boast of. It is, therefore, well worth while reproducing an extract or two:

"I venture to approach Your Eminence on a matter in which leading Catholic prelates have for centuries taken the side of truth, justice and humanity. This monstrous fable of child-murder, so effectively used against the early Christians by their heathen prosecutors, and a generation ago by the Chinese against Christian missionaries, has never failed to inflame a world of fathers and mothers against the unpopular minority to whom this hideous crime was imputed."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Cardinal Bourne acceded to the request. It is interesting to note that in 1840, when this hoary old calumny was responsible for a terrible persecution of the Jews in Damascus, Daniel O'Connell took part in an English meeting of protest. In the particular "ritual murder" trial of that date the victim was a Capuchin monk, but the great Irish lawyer scouted the evidence as utterly unreliable.

"Could there be any necessity for reasons? He believed it to be decidedly and manifestly false. He thought the case was weakened by argument. Every feeling of nature, every feeling of humanity contradicted the foul, the murderous charge. Was there a human being so degraded as to believe that they made human blood a part of the preparation for their ceremonies?"

Catholics, and especially English-speaking Catholics, have suffered too long and too keenly from similar baseless charges to refuse to the Jewish race their heartfelt sympathy in their efforts to cast off the unmerited stigma of so foul a calumny as that contained in the term "ritual murder."

There is a deep truth in Emerson's saying that you send your child to the school-master but it is his companions that educate him. In the crowded homes of the city poor, whose struggle for existence absorbs all their energies, there is often but little time or opportunity for real home life. Then the influence of the companions of the street, of amusements and environment is intensified. Hence the shocking and alarming increase of juvenile crime in our cities. In Montreal the other day a lad shot and killed a companion. If that were an isolated or exceptional occurrence its significance would be small. But the Montreal Star of Nov. 8th gave us a picture of Judge Choquet and the officials of the Juvenile Court over which he presides. Below was a photograph of "a bristling array of artillery, including small and large firearms, which have been found in the possession of offenders under sixteen taken into custody."

been committed by juvenile offenders during the last two years."

A couple of weeks ago, ten girls ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years, were in one day brought before this same court for serious offences against morality. They told their stories in a matter-of-fact way, without shame, without embarrassment; and the group chatted, amused themselves and acted altogether like normal children of their age, seeming not to realize at all their sad condition. Five hundred such girls have appeared in the Juvenile Court within the year.

In its account of the trial of the boy who recently shot a companion the Telegraph says: "But Judge Choquet was not greatly interested in the details of the actual occurrence. He wanted to discover what was behind it all, the recondite influences which have formed the boy's life." Here is indicated a great sphere of usefulness for the Juvenile Court. Apart altogether from the desirability of keeping wayward children away from contact with adult criminals, and the necessity for their own sakes of special treatment looking to their reformation, the knowledge gained of the causes of juvenile delinquency must be of incalculable benefit to society in general, and to conscientious parents in particular.

The greatest weight, therefore, should be given to the deliberate judgment of one so well qualified by his experience in the discharge of his special duties as judge in a juvenile court. Judge Choquet recently said: "There are three influences which are undermining the morality of the young in the city. The moving picture show is one, the attraction of the automobile is another, and the third is the cigarette habit."

They have in Montreal an intelligent and efficient Board of Censors for the moving picture films. The evil lies not in the immoral shows, but in the craving for the excitement that even the censored plays afford. An unhealthy appetite is formed which is demoralizing and insatiable. While the occasional attendance at moving picture shows in company with parents or other adult friends may be harmless or even useful, the habitual indulgence is pernicious in the extreme.

According to Constable Bernard, who is attached to the Juvenile Court, the attendance of young children, unaccompanied, is very large. I could go along St. Lawrence Boulevard this afternoon between 2 and 4 o'clock, and find two hundred boys in picture shows without any parent or guardian. They are crazy about them."

Judge Choquet urging the enforcement of the law which prohibits the admittance of children unaccompanied by parents or guardians, thus expressed himself: "I am convinced that not a little of the petty pilfering which has become so alarming among young children is the outgrowth of this fondness for the 'movies,'" said His Honor. The children become infatuated with the dramas, and under this strong influence think it but a small thing to steal ten cents and stay away from school to go.

That is where the evil is. The films themselves, now that they are censored, are of a high order, and nothing immoral can be shown. The youngsters do not learn crime at these theatres, but they practice, it to attend them."

The petty pilfering, bad as it is in itself, and worse as initiating children into habits of dishonesty and crime, is in our opinion not so serious an evil as that condition which justifies His Honor's statement that "the children become infatuated with the dramas," and Constable Bernard's remark, "They are crazy about them."

That automobile rides with strangers are taken even by young girls who consider themselves respectable is a sad commentary on the upbringing they receive from their fool mothers. The demoralizing influence of cigarette-smoking on children may be inferred from Judge Choquet's observation of the little unfortunates who appear before him:

"Practically all the boys, from nine years of age up, who come here smoke cigarettes, and in many cases the habit is strong. The evil lies not only in the effects of the habit on the growth and mentality, but the youngsters steal in order to buy the cigarettes, just as they do to go to the moving picture shows."

fit of juvenile courts will reach far and away beyond the children summoned before them. The great need of the time is a deepening of the sense of parental responsibility.

A HOT HEAD IN SYDNEY

It is unpleasant to have to refer to the coarse utterances of some of our non-Catholic clerical friends. The Sydney, N. S., Daily Post tells us that Rev. Dr. Pringle delivered an interesting and instructive sermon on the school question in St. Andrew's Church in that city. The reporter adds that the rev. doctor was in fine fettle and dealt with his subject in an exhaustive manner. He is entirely in favor of educating all the children together and thinks it is detrimental to the welfare of the State to have them segregated. In this he takes issue with some of his clerical brethren in other parts of the country, who are working with might and main to restore religion to the schools. But let us see how in one respect this grand conception of Rev. Mr. Pringle works out. Up to within about fifteen years ago all the children, Catholic and Protestant, in Woodstock, Ont., attended the Public schools. Margaret Shepherd came from Rev. Mr. Pringle's province and lectured in the city. This lady was characterized by Rev. Mr. MacDonald, now editor of the Globe, then pastor of St. Thomas, as a creature morally rotten. But, notwithstanding, she was acclaimed by thousands in the city of Woodstock. The Protestant children in the Public schools then made it very uncomfortable for the Catholic little ones. Margaret Shepherd's sayings were quoted and flung in their faces, and, in consequence, the Catholics were obliged to establish Separate schools. But what we want to draw particular attention to in Dr. Pringle's address is the following: "When the Catholics attempt to have Separate schools they are breaking the laws of Canada. Just as much I say as do the men who run rum shops." The comparison betrays a coarse-grained person upon whom the clerical garb is ill-fitting. Evidently he is devoid of the intelligence of the average Canadian, as he is weighted with a type of bigotry which tends to promote discord in the community. Did the rev. doctor ever hear that there was such a thing as the British North America Act? We extend our sympathy to the congregation of St. Andrew's, Sydney.

REV. C. E. AMARON, D. D., PROSELYTISER

A subscriber sends us a clipping from a Presbyterian book entitled the Intermediate Quarterly, the author of which is the gentleman above named. As in all anti-Catholic literature of this sort he is brilliantly indefinite. Names, places and dates are studiously discarded. Well, here is the story. The Rev. Mr. Amaron states that some years ago one of "our missionaries" passed through a French Roman Catholic parish for the purpose of scattering the gospel seed. He saw a man working in the potato field, but at sight of the missionary this poor fellow straightway proceeded to hide. Finally he came out of his hiding place quite frightened. The "messenger of truth" spoke to him about the weather, the prospects of the crops and similar matters, and the poor man soon became convinced that he was speaking to a fellow-being. This gave him encouragement and the hair that stood straight upon his head began to fall again. The honest habitant then queried: "Is it true that you are the emissary of the devil? Our priest said so last Sunday from the pulpit and declared that the proof of it was that your left foot was cloven." In such a sad plight what could the poor missionary do but take off his shoes and stockings, and, behold! the two feet were found perfect. Rev. Mr. Amaron says the effect was magical. The scales fell from the habitant's eyes and the "messenger of God" was invited to the home of the potato digger. The man, we are told is still alive, in his ninety-sixth year, and pores over his Bible praising God for sending him God's servant. And so on and so on. Not a name, not a place, not a date.

This reminds us of the late Father Chiniquy's mode of doing business. We heard him telling a most pathetic story, carefully composed in novelistic form, about a poor widow woman in the province of Quebec who was unable to pay her tithes to the priest. The cure would have his pound of flesh, or, rather, his pound of pork, so he seized and carried away a little pig belonging to the widow woman.

Wherever the unfortunate apostate went he told the story and as a consequence the collections were always generous. Rev. Mr. Amaron is apparently following in his wake. The surprise is not so much that the rev. gentleman would write such nonsense, but that a reputable publication would print it. The rev. gentleman has a comfortable berth as missionary to the French Canadians. He wishes no doubt to retain his liberal allowance, and it is not after all surprising, from the business point of view, that he would give the world such fairy tales that his position might be secured. If, even by the greatest stretch of imagination, we were to admit that his story is literally true, and that there existed such an nincompoop as the potato-digger referred to, he would not be a whit worse than many so-called intelligent non-Catholics in the province of Ontario who hold firmly to the belief that there is something uncanny in the physical makeup of the Pope. As to the priest having told his flock about the deformity of colporteurs we simply do not believe it.

"FATHER RALPH"

Michael MacCarthy and F. Hugh O'Donnell are threatened with an invasion of their vested rights. They have for long constituted themselves Chief Advisers and Lord High Protectors of the Catholics of Ireland, but now they had better look to their deeds and credentials, for a new prophet has arisen in Israel. In spite of all the Chief Advisers' efforts the Catholic Church in general, and the Irish portion of it in particular, still kept on going to the dogs. But the cause eventually finds the man, and we may now possess our souls in peace, for where MacCarthy and O'Donnell failed the Great Reformer is going to succeed. And Gerald O'Donovan is the great Reformer.

Now don't expect us to tell you all about Gerald O'Donovan—indeed, bearing in mind our shortcomings, don't expect us to tell you anything about him. Please remember we were educated in one of those places where the said Gerald says they treat scholarship as a joke, so if you think we are inclined to treat Gerald as a joke, the fault is not ours. It is due to our intellectual training—or lack of such. And how can you expect blood out of a turnip?

For all our ignorance of him Gerald must be a great man, else how could he write a great book? And Gerald has written "Father Ralph," and the reviewers say "Father Ralph" is a great book, ergo Gerald is a great man. If there is anything wrong with that syllogism we ask Gerald's pardon. That is how we were taught to reason in that place where they treat scholarship as a joke.

"Father Ralph" is the story of a young man dedicated to the Church from his very birth, who becomes a priest to please his mother, and because his idealistic soul has had visions of the greatness of that vocation. His ideals got many a jar during the years of his preparation in the diocesan seminary and in Maynooth, and a few years "on the mission" complete his disillusionment. The Church was merely a "monstrous organization, self-seeking, material, thinking only of itself—an iron-bound auto-crate drunk with power, wedded to a theology and a philosophy divorced from religion as well as from life." At first he had hopes it might be reformed. This thing men called the Church was but the husk, but the soul must be there if only the veil could be pierced. Then the decrees Lamentable Sane, the syllabus of Modernist errors, finished everything. "Religion, as he understood and felt it, was condemned as heresy. Life and growth, and development were anathema." He refused to accept the Church's judgment—and so exit "Father Ralph," but not before he had broken his father's heart, and made a raving lunatic of his mother.

"Father Ralph" is hailed by the reviewers as a "sane and convincing" contribution to religious controversy. But if we be allowed to venture an opinion we would say it is the most utterly ridiculous 494 pages of balderdash that has ever been put together outside of a lunatic asylum, besides being the most brazen caricature of things Irish and Catholic we have ever happened upon. "Father Ralph" ever existed outside the imagination of the writer of this book we don't wonder at his becoming a Modernist. A person of that build would become anything from a Baptist to a Buddhist. A child of nine years who could talk of God

and Vocations in the way young Ralph O'Brien does should be placed on exhibition. And he becomes less convincing, if possible, as he grows up. Young Irish ecclesiastics do not go around gazing at sunsets after the manner of lovesick maidens, and evolving new religions out of the clouds. Neither do they think scholarship a joke unless the college library is stocked with Hall Caine and Marie Corelli (?) Ralph's father, an educated gentleman, is as impossible as Ralph. He sets his face against Ralph becoming a priest, but he waits until Ralph has entered the ministry, and until he himself is on his death-bed, to express his disapproval of it. But Ralph's mother is the author's masterpiece. With a mother like that Ralph couldn't very well help making a fool of himself. We happen to know very many Irish mothers with priestly sons, but we must confess Mrs. O'Brien is a new experience. Indeed, the entire book is a new experience to us. We lived the greater part of our years in Ireland, we were educated in an Irish seminary, we mixed with the professors and the priests, and even met a Bishop or two, and yet we never met bishop, priest, or layman that bears the slightest resemblance to Gerald O'Donovan's collection of curiosities. Gerald has unearthed some rare specimens. If he could only prevail upon them to go on tour with him he would make a fortune. "Ex-priests" and "escaped nuns" are a drug on the market, but a real live Bishop like his lordship of Bunnahone and his precious dioceses, a few nuns like Sister Veronica, rounded out with a selection of the Bunnahone laity, would be sure to make a hit. We make no charge for the suggestion.

Gerald O'Donovan, "Prophet and Reformer," as the reviewers hail him, is going to do wonders for the Irish Church. Previous attempts at reform have failed because the reformers' zeal ran away with their discretion. But Gerald has profited by their mistakes. In his "sane and very convincing" book he has set about his task "in a manner that should make all except the most fanatical stop and think." Now who that knows the head of the Irish Church, the dear old Cardinal Logue, would accuse him of being a fanatic? So "Father Ralph" is sure to make him stop and think. And of course if he once thinks he must agree with Gerald O'Donovan, and then the "reformation" is bound to come. It is all so delightfully simple when you come to think of it.

We do not claim anything like impeccability for the Catholic Church, much less for individuals, be they bishops, priests or laymen. "It must needs be that scandals come," and since Catholics, whether in orders or out of them, are but human they will sometimes make mistakes like other people. But Gerald O'Donovan "doth protest too much," to put it mildly. Conditions represented in "Father Ralph" as typical of the Church have never been duplicated outside the author's imagination. His picture of seminary life is so obviously grotesque that it scarcely calls for comment. We have been educated in an Irish ecclesiastical seminary, and we would never recognize the portrait. The calibre of the Irish priesthood is the best refutation of Gerald O'Donovan's caricature. The educational system of Maynooth is not modern enough for the author of "Father Ralph." But is he himself so very modern? Is there anything new about his brand of religious thought? His groping after a new religion is as old as the world. The only thing modern about "the synthesis of all the heresies" is its name. There have always been Gerald O'Donovan's who have been led astray by its will-o-the-wisp. But, thank God, there have always been old-fashioned people like the Maynooth professors who preferred the "True Light" that shineth in the darkness.

Not one whit less grotesque is the author's description of life "on the mission." Here again Gerald O'Donovan has over-shot the mark. It is too palpably exaggerated to deceive even the most bigoted. We never in all our experience met a body of priests, or even an individual priest, that in any way resembled the Bunnahone dioceses. Fancy the Administrator of the Cathedral giving a dance in the rectory during the bishop's absence? And if they had any other object in life except collecting "the dues" and angling for Mass stipends it would seem to be making love to the nuns. And this in Ireland where the people will throw the mantle of

Charity over any fault save the violation of priestly chastity? Of course there is the usual condemnation of excessive church building, and unnecessary ecclesiastical foundations, against which the people are represented as being in a state of veiled rebellion. Of this and some other matters touched on in this "sane and very convincing" book we may have something to say later.

"Father Ralph" is simply a glorification of Modernism in the guise of an attack on the supposed abuses of the Irish Church. No one out of bedlam will be deceived by it into thinking conditions are as therein represented. Nevertheless it may be well to take measures, each in our own locality, to have it excluded from the public libraries. We may say, in passing, that at least one publishing house, the Macmillan Co. of New York, positively refused to have anything to do with it.

COLUMBA.

MODERN MORAL LAXITY

ABANDONMENT OF CHRISTIAN STANDARDS OF MORALITY DEPLORED BY BISHOP GARRIGAN

In his sermon at the Cathedral of the Epiphany recently Bishop Garrigan of Sioux City declared that modern man as judged by the gross vices in which he indulges is not unlike the ancient Romans, who were notorious for their licentiousness and degradation. Bishop Garrigan, in comparing the ancient pagans and many of the so-called respectable people of to-day, said that the latter were rotten to the core, and "filled with dead men's bones." Men in their outraging of the sexual laws were largely blamed for present day conditions.

SHOULD RESIST TEMPTATION

"St. Paul in his epistle to the Philippians warns them against the dangers that surround them and implores them to resist the temptations offered them from those who are enemies of Christ," Bishop Garrigan said. "Words fail to express the depths of moral degradation which society had reached in those first days of Christianity. St. Paul speaks of these in the first chapters of his epistle to the Romans. The worst of vices were sheltered in the temples dedicated to the worship of their gods. Vice and crime in every form went unchecked and even became fashionable in society.

"Amusements and activities of various kinds were given over to the cruel and depraved, and all human passions opposed the spread of the gospel of Christ and endangered the faith of its converts. As a result of this vast bulk of opposition to this new religion, there ensued 400 years of galling trials and cruelties and the persecution of the early church. "No wonder St. Paul was solicitous for his Philippian converts, and no wonder that he warns them against the bad example of their pagan neighbors.

IN MIDST OF PAGANISM

"We are in the midst of paganism which strongly resembles the paganism of the ancient Romans. Morals are lax, family ties are loosened and often broken, the stage is largely immoral. Modern pleasures develop licentiousness, and the mad rush toward the accumulation of wealth. We are worshipping mammon because it indulges the passions. "There is among us a certain sense of respectability which largely determines the external conduct of men and women. But even this external conduct cannot conceal the depths of immorality which float under the surface of so-called respectable society.

"The world is still proud to call itself Christian, but Christianity in very many instances to-day means good dress, polished manners and an air of patronage toward the poor and the oppressed. The private lives of many people would not bear investigation, and unfortunately there are many men and women who lead double lives. These have a ghastly skeleton in their closets. They are trying to balance themselves between what they call two standards of morality.

"WHITENED SEPULCHERS"

"There are thousands of men who throw their wives plenty of pin money with which to buy clothes and indulge in riotous living and who think that therefore the wife should have no objection to his bestowing his affection upon other women. Men of this stamp are whitened sepulchers. They are often respected and prominent in the progress of the community, but internally they are rotten and filled with 'dead men's bones.' "This is a species of paganism which is very much akin to that indulged in by the Romans. And because of this indulgence many are not Christians and are not going to Christ. As St. Paul said of the ancient Latins, they have no excuse for their unbelief except that they do not like a God in their creed.

"There are no two standards of morality in the Bible, and there are no two standards in Christianity. There is but one God and Father who gave us the Ten Commandments, and so there are fixed and eternal principles of truth and but one standard of morality in religion."—True Voice.

THE POLICY OF HUSH

Now, it is a mistake to imagine that the people approve of the policy of hush. When the faith they cherish so dearly is maligned or ridiculed in any way, they naturally expect some one to "take up the cudgels" for the Catholic Church. They are proud of the man who obliquely and openly defends the cause of country and religion.

THE PROSELYTIZERS

HOW CATHOLIC DUBLIN CARED FOR ITS CHILDREN

The blessings promised to the peacemaker may be fairly claimed this week for the Archbishop of Dublin, whose energetic intervention in the great strike now seems certain to bring peace to a distracted city. But for the moment the economic issue has been overshadowed by a consideration which is essentially religious.

have been the fate of these children if the words of the Archbishop of Dublin had not aroused the whole countryside may be easily imagined. And here it becomes necessary to note the unscrupulous methods by which these benevolent kidnappers tried to capture the little victims.

A CARSONITE CLERGYMAN

CRITICIZED BY MR. T. J. MURPHY

The following clever letter written by Mr. T. J. Murphy, Barrister, of this city, appeared in the London Advertiser of the 13th. It deals with a clergyman who has lately come to us from Ireland bringing with him a disposition to foster and perpetuate those creed hatreds which have made Northeast Ulster a howling wilderness.

to the thing possessed. Capital represents money value. It seems a unique idea that a dollar in his pocket would be Protestant money while if transferred to mine it would be Catholic money, and if I donated it to the Protestant Orphans' Home it would again be Protestant money.

It is still more painful that his letter reflects upon the character of his own countrymen, identical with himself in race and creed. A relatively large number of respectable, law-abiding, highly-esteemed Protestants in Ireland are Nationalists.

THE EPISCOPALIAN CONVENTION

London, Nov. 13.

The meeting of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is always interesting. It is the supreme authority of that denomination, it is made up of bishops, ministers and laymen from all parts of the country, and so one expects to find in it the true spirit of Episcopalianism.

a matter of life or death, of the true faith, or of its denial, of believing Our Lord, or of giving Him the lie. No, only a matter of resolutions, of voting, of majority, bare or two-thirds, of constitutional amendment.

Marriage came up in the convention in a rather contradictory way. One resolution urged that the rights of Americans and Protestant Episcopalians had been trampled on by the late marriage legislation of the Holy See.

"ANGLICAN ORDERS"

In a recently published booklet

entitled "Leaves From My Diary" (Burns and Oates), Abbot Gasquet lets the reader into the secret history of one of the most remarkable Church episodes of modern times in which, it is not an exaggeration to say, an attempt was made by interested parties to "rush" the Vatican into declaring that the Orders of the ecclesiastics of the Church of England were as sacred and as positive in character as those of ordained priests in our own Church.

at the Catholic Church, its teaching and practice. In fact, he seemed to wish not so much for the privilege of invoking the saints as such, as of invoking some of his particular friends, leaders in the High Church movement, that is to say, the privilege of canonizing such as he thought worthy of the distinction.

Dr. Gasquet tells us that it was on Dec. 5, 1894, he received from a friend in Rome a letter in which it said that a movement promoted by Anglicans and some Frenchmen was on foot for the purpose of bringing about the reunion of England with Rome.

SUGGESTING AN EXPERIMENT

From the Holy Name Journal

The amount of evil done to-day by the reading of immoral literature is incalculable. We must counteract it largely by good reading. We must urge Catholic families, especially our Catholic men, to read Catholic weekly papers. It is a matter of regret that many priests do not take a larger view of the question of reading Catholic papers.

Portal) the reason why England had not become Catholic was that the "hostility of the Catholics kept them back."

Vaughan (who was being received in private audience when the Pope made these remarks) replied that the authority of the Church and the Supreme Pontiff, an objection which surprised the Pope into looking at an English view of the situation.

DAILY PRESS AND MORTAL SINS

They who read the daily papers are

ever in the presence of mortal sin. They take it with their morning meal, and with their dinner, after work, and when they ride to their work in the morning, and ride home again in the evening. They thus become so familiar with mortal sin, that it becomes a common thing, and they cannot hate it as they should.

David, Dr. Gasquet returned to Rome for the work of the Commission, which was never composed of more than eleven members, including Merry del Val, the secretary.

While the Episcopalian convention was in session in New York one of the delegates, Bishop Weller, of Fond du Lac, preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which is so imitative in its ritual that simple people often mistake it for a Catholic church.

AN EPISCOPALIAN TRIUMPH

THE "ENTIRE CONGREGATION" OF CATHOLICS RECEIVED BY BISHOP WELLER COMPRISED SEVEN FAMILIES, AND THEY ARE RETURNING

While the Episcopalian convention was in session in New York one of the delegates, Bishop Weller, of Fond du Lac, preached in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which is so imitative in its ritual that simple people often mistake it for a Catholic church. According to the New York Sun of October 6, Bishop Weller announced that an entire congregation of Catholics in the part of the country in which he officiates had been received into the Episcopal Church.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PATH OF PAIN
Everybody must suffer. On coming into the world, on the journey through life and before death...

In almost every case, the traveler on the path of pain comes to the end either distinctly worse or distinctly better in character.

Pain stirs up the heart. The soul that has never known pain is shallower than the soul that has suffered.

George Eliot says, in a fine passage: "The fuller life which a sad experience has brought us is worth our own personal share of pain."

The origin of pain has been a problem to all philosophers. But the Christian philosophy looks to Christ, and sees in Him the Man of sorrows, bearing pain, leading His disciples on through pain, and promising no immunity from the cross to all those who follow Him.

Those who have suffered in following Christ have always understood Him better than those who sit at ease. Out of suffering nobly taken up, nobly borne, come deep sympathies and wide vision.

Who never has bread in sorrow ate Who never throughout the midnight hours Watered his darksome couch with tears, He knows ye not, ye Heavenly Powers!

The light, the careless, cannot reach the hearts of others. It takes a soul wise and tender through suffering and sacrifice to do that.

Pain teaches the soul its smallness, the mystery of the universe and the dependence of man on an infinite and loving Power behind pain. It humbles mere, careless pride and rouses the high, courageous pride that fights for valiant control of self.

Pain often makes a man more optimistic than he has ever been—more truly and soundly so. This is not strange; for he has been through the depths, and found that God is there, strengthening and comforting the soul at the very hardest point, so that victory is possible.

The circle of his vision had been widened, not narrowed, by pain. It should be thus with all Christians, as they climb the path of the cross.

BBAINY JOB SEEKER

Garfield MacLean, who is prominently identified with Boston real estate interests, told recently of a man whom he termed "the brainiest job seeker" he ever had met.

Some weeks ago, while inspecting houses which I was having built in Everett, Massachusetts, I was accosted by a travel stained carpenter, who asked me to put him to work."

"But why from Bunker Hill monument, sir," was his response. "Then the story came out: 'I could not afford to give a week's wages to an employment bureau, so I spent my last quarter in reaching the top of Bunker Hill monument, I hoped that the view of the surrounding country would post me as to where new houses were being erected."

"And," concluded Mr. MacLean, "that man has proved one of the most valuable workmen in my employ, and he is still with me."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LAME SUNBEAM

Genuine regret was felt in a city hospital when one of the patients was discharged cured. At parting, tears came into the nurses' eyes as the little eight-year-old girl smilingly kissed them goodbye and limped away.

She had been carried to the hospital when they first met her, this child whose father was a drunkard. Some kind hearted ladies had found her painfully limping into a saloon carrying with her a few pennies and a tin pail to be filled.

The doctors found the whole knee so diseased that the bone and flesh had to be removed. As the child lay on the operating table she smiled confidently at the surgeons, and when the pain was hard to bear, she closed her eyes, set her teeth, clenched her fists, and made no complaints.

When the diseased place had all been cleaned away, only a strip of skin on the under side held the two parts of the poor little leg together.

The skillful surgeons modeled a piece of ivory to take the place of the missing knee, and accurately jointed it to the bones that were left, the bits of skin were brought together, and the little lame sunbeam was home.

was laid on a cot to be nursed and to get well.

Her bright, sweet face, and cheery grateful manner were veritable boons to the hospital where there is so much sadness and misery.

When holiday time was near one of the nurses asked her what she would like to have for Christmas. Laughing at her own extravagance, the sunbeam named a doll, a silver tumbler, a "kitty hood," and a gold ring.

It was a part of a fairy dream with her; but the hospital board of managers found it altogether too good an opportunity to be lost, and Christmas morning when the sunbeam opened her eyes, on the pillow beside her lay a beautiful doll, near by was the coveted "kitty hood," the silver tumbler, and actually a bit of a gold ring.

The skillful and tender work of doctors and nurses was at last rewarded, and with only a slight limp in what at first seemed to be quite a hopeless leg, the lame sunbeam went back to shed brightness in the dismal courts and alleys whence she came.

The world is very beautiful despite the trouble that is in it, when many hearts are so full of generous impulses and so ready to help those in need, and other hearts are so warm with loving gratitude, says C. Nottingham.

THE HIGHEST DUTY

Don't rush your prayers. Don't shorten or omit them on the pretext that duty calls you to some other task.

The highest of all duties commands you to make ample provision for this daily communion with God. There will always be distractions. There will always be something to be done, if you permit such things to stand between you and God.

It is no economy of time when there is a question of useless conversation, amusements or recreation. Hour after hour is spent with our families, friends, and neighbors, but the time spent with God is, as a general rule, exceedingly brief.

Now that wasn't a great deed, but it was a golden deed, and the girl who did it had a kind and true heart.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE

At the Protestant Church Congress, which met recently in England, Dr. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham asked the question, "Where is the Christian law of marriage to be found?"

"Christ's words on the subject," he said, "had been variously reported by the evangelists. If marriage were absolutely indissoluble, as the earliest version of His pronouncement declared, then it could not be dissolved for adultery, as the latter version permitted."

Proceeding, Dr. Henson said: "A plain man, therefore, may be excused if in such a maze of dubiety he cuts the Gordian knot by accepting the law of the land as sufficiently authoritative for his guidance."

The question at once arises, can this be a true statement? Obviously it is not. It must be a falsehood. Otherwise scripture lieth. The testimony of the apostles and evangelists clearly proves that Christ ordained the law of indissoluble marriage.

According to St. Mark x, 11, Christ said: "Whoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her, and if she shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery."

And according to St. Luke xvi, 18, Christ said: "Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another committeth adultery, and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery."

Again, we have St. Paul's statement in I Cor. vii, 10-11, as follows: "But the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife."

In these above texts we have the clearest testimony of the mind of Christ from three inspired writers who leave no doubt that He ordained the institution of absolutely indissoluble monogamy. Where, then does "the maze of dubiety" arise which justifies Dean Henson's plain

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of that boy's qualifications for good citizenship. "Pride, industry and honesty. Good luck to you, boy!"

CHASING AN OLD HAT

I saw a simple little deed on the part of a girl the other day that was golden in my estimation. An old and extremely shabby and unattractive looking woman was getting off a car when she stumbled and fell to the ground.

It came to my knowledge afterward that one of the girls said to the girl who had captured the hat: "Why did you go chasing after that old hat for, May?"

"Well," she said simply, "I just thought what if that old woman had been my grandmother. Then I wouldn't have wanted anyone to laugh at her and I would have been glad to have had someone to get her hat for her."

Now that wasn't a great deed, but it was a golden deed, and the girl who did it had a kind and true heart.

man in cutting the Gordian knot and dispensing with the Christian law of marriage?

The only possible source of doubt is contained in St. Matthew's gospel where certain words have suggested the question whether the putting away of the wife, and the dissolution of the marriage bond were not allowed on account of adultery.

The Catholic Church has always maintained that these words cannot be interpreted so as to allow of dissolution and divorce. For if they were so interpreted they would be in open contradiction not only to St. Mary, St. Luke and St. Paul but to the rest of the context of St. Matthew. The words of the evangelist which immediately precede are these: "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh. Therefore now they are not two but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together let no man put asunder. They say to Him: Why, then, did Moses command to give a bill of divorce, and to put away? He saith to them: 'Because Moses, by reason of the hardness of your heart, permitted you to put away your wives: But from the beginning it was not so.'"

If the clause "except for fornication" permits divorce, then St. Matthew contradicts himself, and there is an end of the infallibility of the apostolic teaching and of the inerrancy of Holy Writ. Catholic exegesis, therefore, insists on the natural explanation, that is, of adultery, the wife may be put away, but even then the husband cannot marry another as long as the wife is living.

There are other specific respects in which Dean Henson's paper outlines Christian sentiment and doctrine. But I do not propose to deal with them now. The real danger of the argument against the strictly monogamous theory of marriage, and countenances the debased theories of the relations of the sexes which are now unhappily in vogue. The tendency of all these is to throw off the old social forms and safeguards of love, and to substitute for them the freedom of individual animal passion. The danger and depravity of such doctrine is not far to seek. It destroys marriage, outrages nature and undermines society.

The essence of marriage consists in the natural fact of permanent union. This constitutes marriage, and is identical with the sacrament. The sin of all illicit intercourse is that it separates that union from the relations and duties which the divine order has attached to it, and makes it simply minister to the lusts of man's lower nature. For the same reason that indissoluble monogamy arises out of the responsibilities and consequences of the sexual relation, every attempt to loosen the bonds of marriage is an outrage against the sacredness and dignity of human nature itself.

Lax and naturalistic proposals, such as those of Dean Henson's address and of the current literature of the day, so far from being "cementing factors," are principles of disintegration. If realized, they could only lead to moral chaos, and to the break up of civilization. Constancy and responsibility, resting on sacrifice is the lesson of Christianity, and all progressive morality must be built on this foundation.

The theory of marriage reform through divorce has its source in a restricted and particular view of human life which refuses to gauge the universal good, and is incapable of seeing in individual and immediate sacrifice the necessary price of the permanent welfare of the race. The efforts of all teachers and legislators should be to raise the standard of duty and never to acquiesce in its debasement. The utterance of the

Dean of Durham is a scandal to the Christian churches. God grant it may be a warning.—Rev. Henry Day, S. J.

A LAY APOSTLE

CATHOLIC LAWYER MAKES A SHARP REPLY TO EPISCOPAL PREACHER

In the columns of the Jersey Journal, a daily newspaper of Jersey City, N. J., which journal was at one time a virulent anti-Catholic sheet, and is yet to some extent, was published a lengthy and spirited article from the pen of Joseph M. Noonan, a Catholic lawyer of that city, to Rev. William P. Brush, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church, in which he takes exception to the latter's special sermon recently on the "Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre," and charges that the sermon in question was flippant. The article is an example of the manner in which some of our Catholic laymen can do apostolic work. We quote from Mr. Noonan in part:

Rev. William P. Brush, St. Paul's P. E. Church, Jersey City.

My dear Sir—You tell me that the report of your sermon on the "Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada," which was published in the Jersey Journal of Sept. 29th, is correct, except for "a few typographical errors and some omissions." I am sorry to learn this, because I thought that we had emerged from that fetid atmosphere of ignorance and bigotry which is essential to the luxurious cultivation of the ideas expressed in your Sabbatical discourse for the edification of your flock. However, for these ideas and for teaching and publishing them you must assume the full responsibility.

It seems to come with particularly bad grace from you to object to the building of temples to honor the saints. Your own church is called for St. Paul. Do you think that the pious founders of that church edifice were moved thus to call it in order that they might exhibit their scorn and contempt for the great apostle of the Gentiles? Or do you, perhaps, suspect that they meant to honor him? And if this latter be, by any possibility, your present concept of the matter, why, in your opinion, should they have wished to honor him—a man, according to you, of like passion with themselves? I think you had better revise yourself on this topic.

Your reminiscence of the "blind man holding a tin cup, begging for money" at the gate of one of the chapels at Beaupre and the helpless woman in a wheel chair who were not cured, while others were more fortunate, leads you to ask: "If some are restored, why not all? God is no respecter of persons." It is true, indeed, that God is no respecter of persons. But He is the Supreme Judge of persons and of their motives and dispositions. If any were miraculously cured at the Shrine of St. Anne, on the occasion of which you speak, or elsewhere, they were cured by the power of God, not by the power or at the discretion of St. Anne or any other saint or saints. And if some were cured by Him and others were not, will you presume to dispute or question the justice of His Providence?

As a Christian you cannot very well deny the possibility of miracles. If you do not, therefore, perceive where you contracted your antipathy to the fact of miracles. As a man with eyes to see you must know that the whole cosmic system is an aggregation and series of miracles. And even you—especially in the pulpit—are no mean miracle.

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The Rite for baptizing Adults is also included in the book, because in some dioceses, the privilege of using the short form for infants, instead of this long form, when baptizing adults, is not permitted.

It contains the Rev. Dr. Hueser's, Editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review and Professor at St. Charles' Seminary, Philadelphia, Commentary and brief Summary of the Administration of the Sacrament of Baptism in English.

A list of Baptismal Names, for boys and girls as well as a list of corruptions of Baptismal Names, compiled from various approved sources, will be found very handy.

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He told me the calculus was reduced in size, still he could not relieve me of it, although he tried for two and a half hours. I returned home and continued to take GIN PILLS as they reduced the pain very much, but I did not expect they would relieve me of the stone, but to my great joy, I passed the stone on October 3rd, and am now a well man and very happy.

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